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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE STEAMSHIP,

AND THE LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION OF 1886.

By Commander F. E. Chadwick, U. S. Navy.

IT is a wonderful fact in the swift expansion of mechanical knowledge and appliances of the last hundred years that while for unknown ages the wind was the only propelling force used for purposes of navigation, apart from the rude application of power through oars worked by men, the whole scheme of steam transport has grown, practically, to its present wonderful perfection within the lifetime of men yet living.

Of course, the idea, as is that of all great inventions, was one of slow growth. It cropped up at various stages through the eighteenth century, and there are faint evidences of gropings in this direction in the latter part of the seventeenth; but these latter were not much more definite than the embodiment of the idea of the telegraph in Puck's girdle round the earth, and the evidence that men really thought of propelling boats by steam is very meagre until we come to the pamphlet written by Jonathan Hulls, in 1737, in which he gave utterance to a very clear and distinct idea in the matter. It struggled through a very backward infancy of fifty years and more, certain memorable names appearing now and then to help it along, as that of Watt (without whose improvements in the steam-engine it must still have remained in swaddling-clothes), Fitch, De Jouffroy, Rumsey, Symington, and finally Fulton, who, however much he may have learned from his predecessors, has unquestionably the credit of putting afloat the first commercially successful steamboat. He is thus worthy of all the honor accorded him: much of it came too late, as he died at the comparatively early age of fifty, after passing through the harassments which seem naturally to lie in the path of the innovator.

A graphic history of the wonderful changes wrought in this great factor of the world's progress was set forth during the summer of 1886, at the International Exhibition at Liverpool, where, by model and drawing, the various steps were made more completely visible and tangible than, perhaps, ever before. True, the relics of the earlier phases of the steamship age, when its believers were but few and generally of small account, were sparse, but the exhibits of later models, from the date of the inception of transatlantic traffic, preparations for which were begun in earnest by laying down the steamship Great Western exactly fifty years ago, were frequent enough, and the whole of the steps in the development of the means of ocean traffic from then till now are sufficiently well shown.

The exhibition, of course, did not confine itself to the steam era alone. It even had a model of an Egyptian vessel, which was exhibited by the Liverpool Library Society, as taken from Thebes, and estimated to date about 1,500 years

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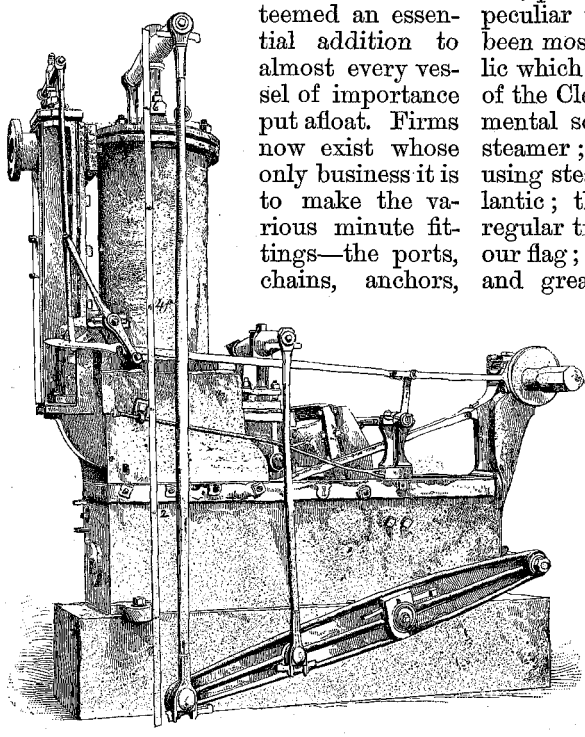
B.C., and which Moses himself might thus have seen. It was a long stretch, however, to the next in date, as no others antedated 1700 A.D. There were many of the handsome and dignified eighteenth-century men-of-war, built at a time when men began to preserve a record of their work in the miniature ships which are now esteemed an essential addition to almost every vessel of importance put afloat. Firms now exist whose only business it is to make the various minute fittings—the ports, chains, anchors, blocks, etc.—of the Lilliputian craft, so that every detail of the original is given with an exact verisimilitude in very often most beautiful and elaborate work.



Engines of the Comet.

It would have been very interesting had the early struggles of the steamboat been thus illustrated *in extenso*, but there is nothing of its concrete history earlier than a small model of the original Comet, built by Henry Bell, at Glasgow, in 1812, and so named because of the extraordinary comet of that year, and the engines of her successor, built in 1820. These recall, however, the vessel which was the first steamer engaged in passenger traffic in Europe, and are thus worthy of honor.

In looking over the beautiful array of models which thus represented almost every stage of progress in British steamship building, from the Comet onward, one cannot help regretting that an effort had not been made by our Government to bring together models, of which there must be some, at least, available, illustrative of our earlier practice, particularly as there is much in it peculiar to us, and which would have been most interesting to the great public which visited the exhibition. Models of the Clermont; of the Stevens experimental screw boat; a later Mississippi steamer; the Savannah—the first vessel using steam which ever crossed the Atlantic; the Washington, the pioneer of regular transatlantic steam traffic under our flag; the Adriatic; the Hudson River and great Sound steamers of to-day, would, apart from any warship models of interest which could have been sent, have made a most interesting and attractive collection. The only things, however, which were visible were the drawings of a New York ferry-boat (the type of which, by the way, we owe to Fulton), so placed as to be scarcely discoverable. These boats are so typical, so different from anything found in Europe, and so interesting to any student of steam ferriage, that a complete model of the boat and its ferry slip would have been a most satisfactory addition.

Ships, both for war and for peaceful pursuits, of almost every European type were present, with the exception of the great armor-clads of France; but the examples I have just mentioned were certainly needed to round out the exhibition to a complete show of the varieties employed in passenger traffic. It must be remembered that the steamboat had in its earlier days a much greater extension in America than elsewhere. Our great rivers were an especially attractive field for its use. The Mississippi had but lately come under our control, and the beginning of the great tide of Western emigration and exploration was almost coincident with the steamboat's advent, so that through

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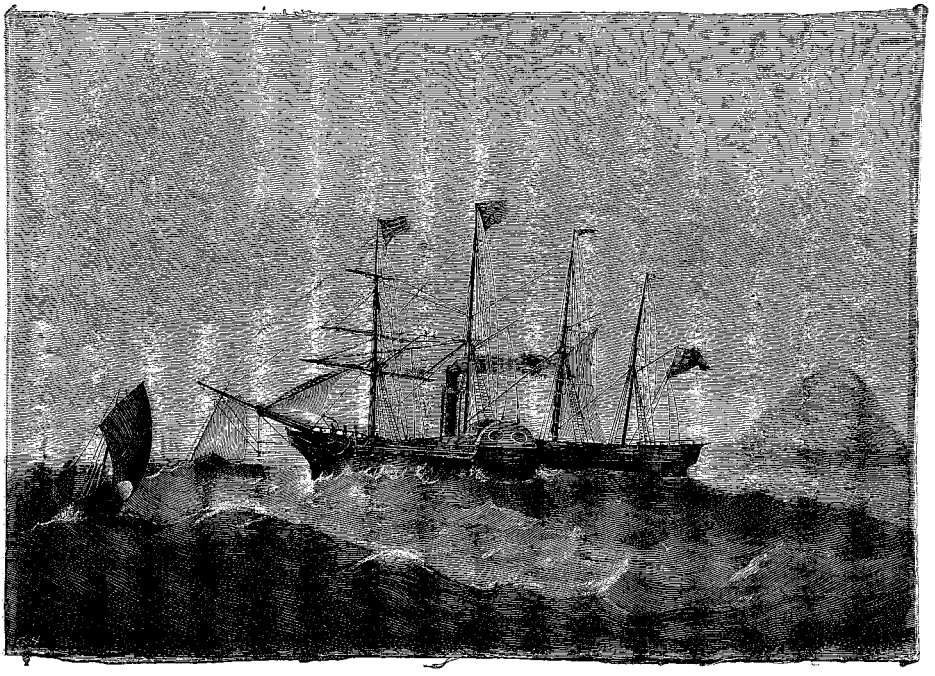
these favoring conditions it had a much more rapid growth among us than elsewhere.

The display, however, of British models was as complete as it could well be made. Private owners and builders, the Admiralty, and Lloyds' Registry, united to make the collection a very complete and perfect one. Of continental European exhibits, that of the Italian Government, which sent a very splendid collection of models of its great war-ships, was the most important. Associated with it was the exhibit of the Fratelli Orlando of Leghorn who have done much of both the public and private building of Italy. The only French exhibit was that of the Bureau Veritas, which followed the example of its English rival, Lloyds, in making a very striking and instructive show.

and comprehensive as can be made in some time to come. It is one also in which Britain may well take pride, as, however great we ourselves were as pioneers or as more than equals in the beginning of the race, we have long since been distanced by our kinsmen, and we must refer to Great Britain to study the principal changes in hull and machinery of the last half-century.

It is useless to draw comparisons between the value of claims of precedence in the history of steam navigation. The fact that Fulton's efforts finally started the world to building steamboats is indisputable. All preceding cases were simply sporadic, and had none of the contagious power possessed by the experiments on the Hudson. Fulton himself had already built six steamboats



The Great Western, from an old painting.

The only exhibits of modern war-ships were those of England and Italy, unless we except the numerous vessels built for foreign powers by English builders. The remainder of the display was chiefly connected with the strife of commerce, and in this it is likely to remain as complete

before one was built elsewhere than in America. His boats, too, from the beginning were of practical value, and not small experiments, the Clermont herself being 136 feet long, 18 feet broad, 7 feet deep, of 160 tons ; and the diameter of her wheels was 15 feet.

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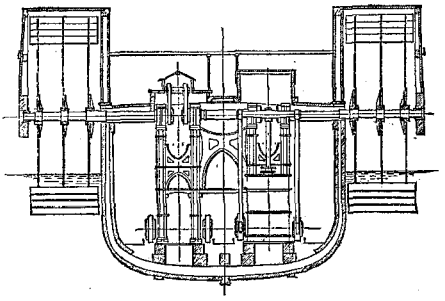

Cross-section of the Great Western.

In 1809 the first steamboat, the Accommodation, was seen on the St. Lawrence, and in 1811 the first (built at Pittsburgh) appeared on the Mississippi. A year after this the Comet, already alluded to, was put upon the Clyde by Henry Bell. She was only 40 feet long on the keel, and 10½ broad, with 2 small paddle-wheels on each side, driven by a gearing which geared into a wheel on the axle of each set of paddle-wheels. Her original engines are still in existence, and are deposited in the Museum at South Kensington, where they were set up by the same engineer (Mr. John Robertson) who placed them in the Comet.

Fulton also has the honor of being the first to design and build a war steamer, which for her time was a most remarkable production, and by far the largest steam vessel built before 1838. She was a fitting monument to the genius of the man who unfortunately did not live to see her completion and successful trials.

The Demologos, or Fulton the First, was laid down June 20, 1814, and launched October 29th of the same year. "Her dimensions were: length, 150 feet; breadth, 56 feet; depth, 20 feet; water-wheel, 16 feet diameter, length of bucket 14 feet, dip 4 feet; engine, 48-inch cylinder, 5 feet stroke; boiler length 22 feet, breadth 12 feet, and depth 8 feet; tonnage, 2,475."

The commissioners appointed to examine her say in their report:

"She is a structure resting upon two boats, keels separated from end to end by a canal 15 feet wide and 66 feet long. One boat contains the caldrons of copper to prepare her steam. The vast cylinder of iron, with its piston, levers, and wheels, occupies a part of its fellow; the great water-wheel revolves in the space between them; the main or gun deck supporting her armament is protected by a bulwark *four feet* ten inches thick of solid timber. This is pierced by 30 port-holes, to enable as many 32-pounders to fire red-hot balls. . . . She is rigged with 2 short masts, each of which supports a large lateen yard and sails. She has 2 bowsprits and jibs, and 4 rudders, 2 at each extremity of the boat, so that she can be steered with either end foremost. Her machinery is calculated for the addition of an engine which will discharge an immense column of water, which it is intended to throw upon the decks and through the ports of an enemy." She was also intended to carry 4 100-pounders.

She made her first trial on June 1, 1815, and on the Fourth of July she steamed outside of Sandy Hook and back, a distance of 53 miles, in 8 hours and 20 minutes. She was then supposably light, as it is stated that she was again tried September 11, 1815, with 26 of her guns on board, and ammunition and stores to bring her down to nearly 11 feet draught. She steamed from 4½ to 5 miles an hour, Fulton having only promised 3, and may certainly be considered to have been a success. She was never commissioned, but was used as a receiving ship at New York until June 4, 1829, when she accidentally blew up.

The general slowness with which men in the early part of the century received the idea of the mighty changes impending may be recognized when we look over the few publications connected with navigation then published. Mind seemed to move more slowly in those days; communication was tedious and difficult. Edinburgh was as far from London in length of time taken for the journey as is now New York from New Orleans; few papers were published; there were no scientific journals of value; no great associations of men given to meeting and discussing scientific questions excepting the few ponderous societies which dealt more in abstract questions than in the daily advances of the mechanical world.

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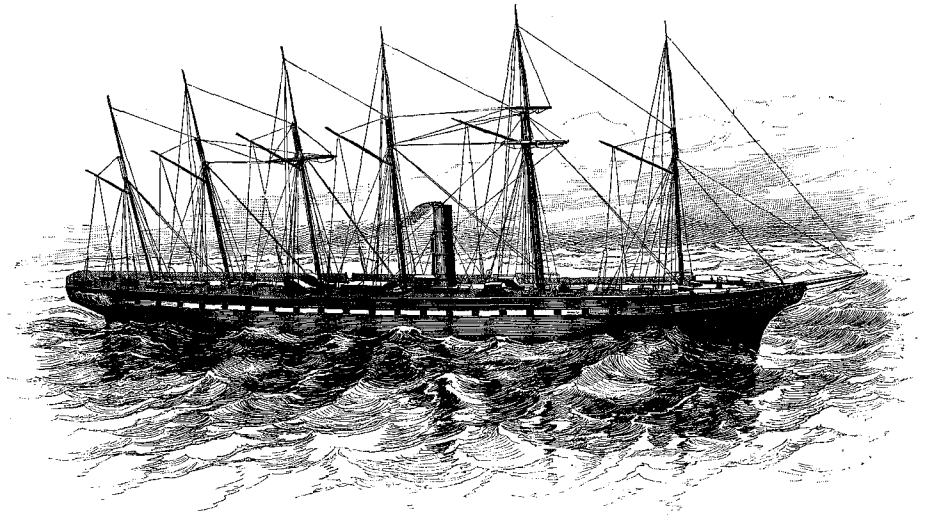
It was thus that the steam vessel came slowly to the front, and that it took more than a third of the whole time which has elapsed since Fulton's successful effort to convince men that it might be possible to carry on traffic by steam across the Atlantic. Dr. Lardner is almost chiefly remembered by his famous unwillingness to grant the possibility of steaming directly from Liverpool to New York; and by his remark, "As to the project, however, which was announced in the newspapers, of making the voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, it was, he had no hesitation in saying, perfectly chimerical, and that they might as well talk of making a voyage from New York or Liverpool to the moon."* He strongly urged dividing the transit by using Ireland as one of the intermediate steps, and going thence to Newfoundland. He curiously limited the size of ships which might be used, and their coal-carrying powers. Though a philosopher, he did not seem to grasp that if the steamship had grown to what it was in 1835 from the small beginnings of 1807 it might grow even more, and its machinery be subject to development in later times as it had been in the earlier. Lardner seems to have typified the general state of mind when in 1836 the Great Western Steamship Company was formed, from which really dates transatlantic traffic.

A slight retrospect is necessary to enable us to understand the status of steam at the time. Little really had been done beyond the establishment of coast, river, and lake navigation in the United States and coastwise traffic in Great Britain; a few small vessels had been built for the British navy. In 1825 the Enterprise (122 feet length of keel and 27 feet beam) had gone to Calcutta from London in 113 days, 10 of which had been spent in stoppages; and steam mail communication with India was about being definitely established when the keel of the Great Western was laid.

Up to this time America had undergone much the greater development, both in number of steam vessels and tonnage.

In 1829 our enrolled tonnage was 54,037 tons, or rather more than twice that of the United Kingdom. Charleston and Savannah had regular steam communication with our northern ports.



The Great Britain.

A few years later, in 1838, returns show that the former had 14 steamers, the largest being of 466 tons; Philadelphia had 11, the largest being of 563 tons; New York had 77, of which 39 were of a large class, exceeding generally 300 tons

* Report of Lecture in the Liverpool Albion, delivered in Liverpool, December, 1835.

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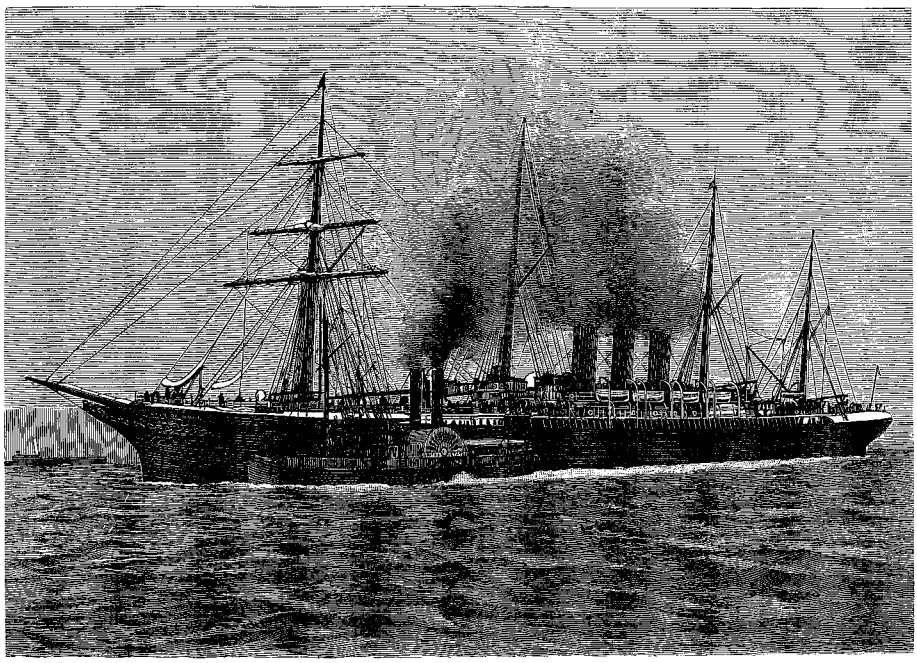
—the largest was the President, of 615 tons, built in 1829. Liverpool had at this date 41 steamers; the largest was of 559 tons, 4 others exceeded 200 tons, and all the others were much smaller. London had 169, of which the largest was the British Queen, just built, of 1,053 tons; the next largest was of 497 tons. Glasgow and Belfast had been in regular steam communication since 1818; Glasgow and Liverpool, London and Leith, since 1822. The first ferry-boat on the Mersey, it may be noted, the Etna, 63 feet long, with a paddle-wheel in the centre, began her trips in 1816.

In 1819 the Atlantic was first crossed by a ship using steam. This was the Savannah, of 380 tons, launched at Corlear's Hook, New York, August 22, 1818.*



The City of Rome.

She was built to ply between New York and Savannah as a sailing-packet. She was, however, purchased by Savannah merchants and fitted with steam machinery, the paddle-wheels being constructed to fold up and be laid upon the deck when not in use, her shaft also having a joint for that purpose. She left Savannah on the 26th of May, and reached Liverpool in 25 days, using steam 18 days. The log-book, still preserved, notes several times taking the wheels in on deck in thirty minutes.

In August she left Liverpool for Cronstadt. An effort was made to sell her to Russia, which failed. She sailed for Savannah, touching at Copenhagen and Arendal, and arrived in 53 days. Her machinery later was taken out, and she resumed her original character as a sailing-packet, and ended her days by being wrecked on the south coast of Long Island.

But steam power had by 1830 grown large enough to strike out more boldly. The Savannah's effort was an attempt in which steam was only an auxiliary, and one, too, of a not very powerful kind. Our coastwise steamers, as well as those employed in Great Britain, as also the voyage of the Enterprise to Calcutta in 1825 (though she took 113 days in doing it), had settled the possibility of the use of steam at sea, and the question had now become whether a ship

* The account given of the Savannah is condensed from Admiral Preble's Notes for a History of Steam Navigation.

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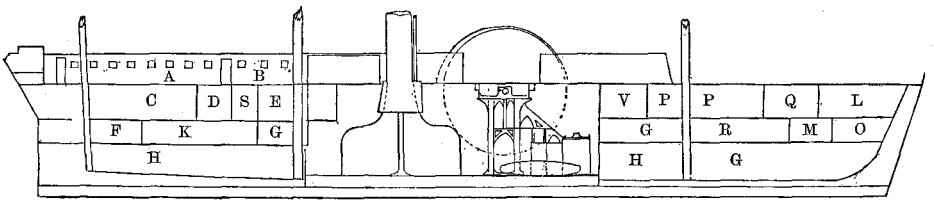
could be built to cross the Atlantic depending entirely on her steam power. It had become wholly a question of fuel

Brunel's large ideas were shown in this ship, though in comparatively a less degree, as well as in his later ones.



Plan of the Hibernia and Cambria.

A, saloon; B, pantry; C, centre state-rooms; D, gentlemen's cabin; E, ladies' cabin; S, stairs; F, wine cellar; G, G, G, goods; K, stewards' berths in centre; H, H, coal hold; P, P, fore-cabin; Q, steerage; L, forecastle; R, store-room; M, mail-room; O, sail-room; V, engineers and firemen.

consumption. The Savannah, it may be said, used pitch-pine on her outward voyage, and wood was for a very long time the chief fuel for steaming purposes in America. How very important this question was will be understood when it is known that Mr. McGregor Laird, the founder of the Birkenhead firm, in 1834, laid before the committee of the House of Commons, on steam navigation to India, the following estimate of coal consumption:

Under 120	horse-power,	10½ lbs.	per h.-p.
160	"	9½ "	"
200	"	8½ "	"
240	"	8 "	"

Or more than four times what is consumed to-day in moderately economical ships. In other words, to steam at her present rate across the Atlantic the Umbria would need to start with something like 6,000 tons of coal on board were her consumption per indicated horse-power equal to that of the best sea practice of that date, which could hardly have been under 6 pounds per indicated horse-power per hour.

This may be said to have been the status of affairs when, in 1836, under the influence of Brunel's bold genius, the Great Western Steamship Company was founded as an off-shoot of the Great Western Railway, whose terminus was then Bristol. Brunel wished to know why the line should not extend itself to New York, and the result of his suggestion was the formation of the steamship company and the laying down at Bristol of their first ship, the Great Western (see pages 517 and 518).

She was of unprecedented size, determined on by Brunel as being necessary for the requisite power and coal-carrying capacity. The following were her principal dimensions: Length over all, 236 ft.; length between perpendiculars, 212 ft.; length of keel, 205 ft.; breadth, 35 ft. 4 in.; depth of hold, 23 ft. 2 in.; draught of water, 16 ft. 8 in.; length of engine-room, 72 ft.; tonnage by measurement, 1,340 tons; displacement at load-draught, 2,300 tons.

Dimensions of engines: Diameter of cylinders, 73½ in.; length of stroke, 7 ft.; weight of engines, wheels, etc., 310 tons; number of boilers, 4; weight of boilers, 90 tons; weight of water in boilers, 80 tons; diameter of wheel, 28 ft., 9 in.; width of floats, 10 ft.

Her engines (side-lever) were built by the great firm of Maudslay & Field, who had been for some time one of the most notable marine-engine building firms of the period in Great Britain. They had, up to 1836, built 66 engines for steamers; the first being in 1815, when they built those of the Richmond, of 17 horse-power. The indicated power of the Great Western was 750; and a notable measure of the stride which steam has taken in the half-century since they undertook this contract is that to-day they have in construction twin-screw engines from which they have guaranteed to produce 19,500 horse-power, but from which they expect to obtain 24,000. These are to drive a great armor-clad, which has six times the displacement of the Great Western and will have twice her ordinary speed.

The Great Western was launched on

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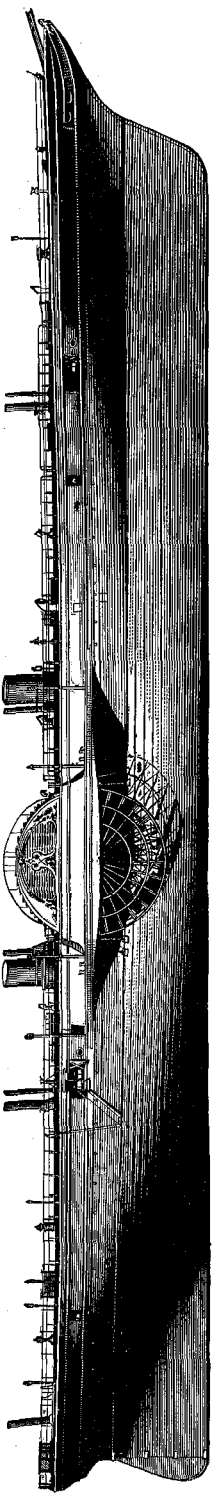

Model of the Persia and Scotia.

July 19, 1837, and was towed from Bristol to the Thames to receive her machinery, where she was the wonder of London. She left for Bristol on March 31, 1838; and arrived, after having had a serious fire on board, on April 2d.

In the meantime others had been struck with the possibility of steaming to New York; and a company, of which the moving spirit was Mr. J. Laird, of Birkenhead, purchased the Sirius, of 700 tons, employed between London and Cork, and prepared her for a voyage to New York. The completion of the Great Western was consequently hastened; and she left Bristol on Sunday, April 8, 1838, at 10 A.M., with 7 passengers on board, and reached New York on Monday, the 23d, the afternoon of the same day with the Sirius, which had left Cork Harbor (where she had touched en route from London) four days before the Great Western had left Bristol. The latter still had nearly 200 tons of coal, of the total of 800, on board on arrival; the Sirius had consumed her whole supply, and was barely able to make harbor.

It is needless to speak of the reception of these two ships at New York. It was an event which stirred the whole country, and with reason; it had practically, at one stroke, reduced the breadth of the Atlantic by half, and brought the Old and New World by so much the nearer together. The Great Western started on her return voyage, May 7th, with 66 passengers. This was made in 14 days, though one was lost by a stoppage at sea. Her average daily run out was 202 miles, or about 8½ knots per hour; in returning she made an average of close upon 9. Her coal consumption to New York was 655 tons, though in returning it was but 392 tons—due no doubt to the aid from the westerly winds which generally prevail in the North Atlantic in the higher latitudes. She made in all, between 1838 and 1843, 64 voyages across the Atlantic, her average time from Bristol or Liverpool to New York, with an average distance of 3,062½ knots, being 15 days 12 hours, and from New York eastward, over an average distance of 3,105 knots, 13 days 6 hours. Her fastest westward passage was in 12 days 18 hours; her longest, in 22 days 6 hours. Her fastest eastward was in 12 days 7½ hours; and longest, in 15 days. The largest number of passengers carried was 152, and she averaged throughout 85. In 1847 she was sold to the West India Steam Packet Company, and in 1857, about the time that Mr. Brunel was launching his last and greatest ship, she was broken up at Vauxhall; and her final province no doubt was to feed the drawing-room fires of the West End of London, a fate to which many a worn-out wayfarer of the seas is yearly devoted.

Steam communication between England and America had thus been demonstrated as possible beyond a doubt, and others were not slow to make the venture. The Great Western Company themselves determined to lay down a second ship; and it having been quickly seen that the mails must be henceforth carried by steam, a gentleman from

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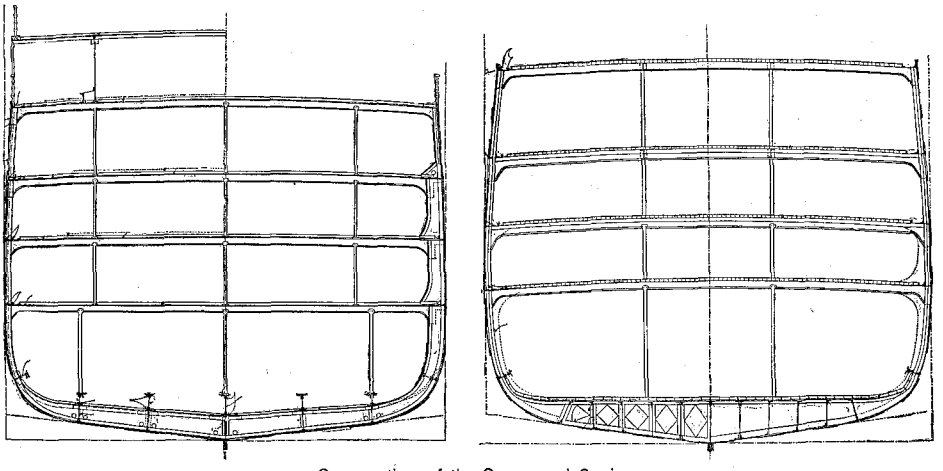
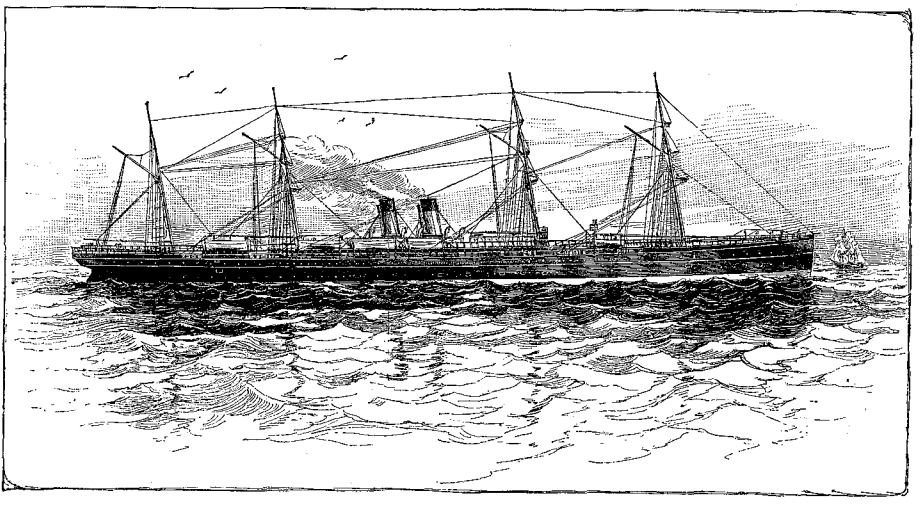
Halifax, Nova Scotia, appeared upon the scene, who was destined to connect his name indelibly with the history of steam



Cross-sections of the Oregon and Servia.

upon the Atlantic. This was Mr. Samuel Cunard, who had nursed the idea of such a steam line for some years, and who now, with Mr. George Burns, of Glasgow, and Mr. David McIver, of Liverpool, founded the great company known by Mr. Cunard's name. The establishment of this line and the building of the Great Britain (page 519) by the Great Western



The Britannic.

Company are two most notable events in steam navigation—the one putting the steam traffic between the two

countries on a firm and secure basis; the other marking a notable step in the revolution in construction and means of applying the propelling power, destined before many years to be completely accepted to the exclusion of the wooden hull and the paddle-wheel. It is not fair to speak of the use of iron in the Great Britain for the hull, in a general way, as the beginning of the change; she was only the first large ship to be built of this material. The credit of the introduction of iron is largely to be awarded to Mr. John Laird, of Birkenhead, who in 1829 built a lighter

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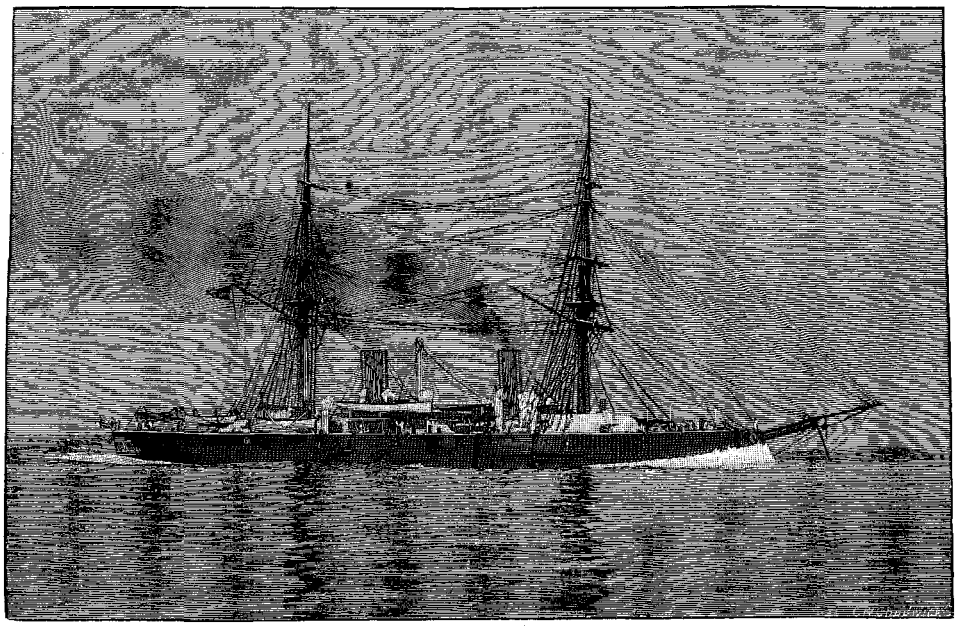
60 feet long, 13 feet 4 inches in breadth, and 6 feet depth of hold; and in 1833, a paddle-wheel steamer, the Lady Lansdowne, of 148 tons, 133 feet long, 17 feet broad, and 9 feet 6 inches deep. "In the following year Mr. Laird constructed a second paddle-steamer, for G. B. Lamar, Esq., of Savannah, United States, called the John Randolph. This was the first iron vessel ever seen in American waters. She was shipped in pieces at Liverpool, and riveted together in the Savannah River, where for several years afterward she was used as a tug-boat." Though Mr. Laird was the ablest upholder of iron as a material for shipbuilding, and was the largest builder in it, the idea existed before him—Richard Wilson, near Glasgow—the first steam vessel being the Aaron Manby, "constructed in 1821 at Horsley" (Lindsay). "Up to 1834, Mr. Laird had constructed six iron vessels altogether;" the largest of these was the Garryowen, of 300 tons, for the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company. Others of considerable size by the same builder followed, and the material began to come into use elsewhere. In 1837 the Rainbow, of 600 tons, by far the largest iron steamer which had yet been built, was laid down at Birkenhead. It will thus be seen how bold was the step taken by Mr. Brunel when, in 1838, he advised the Great Western Company to use iron as the material for their new ship, which was to



The Impérieuse going at Full Speed. (From an instantaneous photograph.)

Trevithick and Robert Stevenson so early as 1809 proposing iron vessels, "and even suggested 'masts, yards, and spars to be constructed in plates, with telescope-joints or screwed together;' and in 1815 Mr. Dickenson patented an invention for vessels, or rather boats, to be built of iron, with a hollow water-tight gunwale" (Lindsay, vol. iv., p. 85). But nothing came of these proposals, and the first iron vessel mentioned was built in 1818 by Thomas

be of the startling size of 3,443 tons displacement. Nor were his innovations to stop with size and material. On his earnest recommendation to the company it was decided, in 1839, to change from the first design of the usual paddle-wheels to a screw.

Three years before (in 1836), a Swede, whose name was destined to become much more famous in our own land, had successfully shown the practicability of screw propulsion, in the Francis B.

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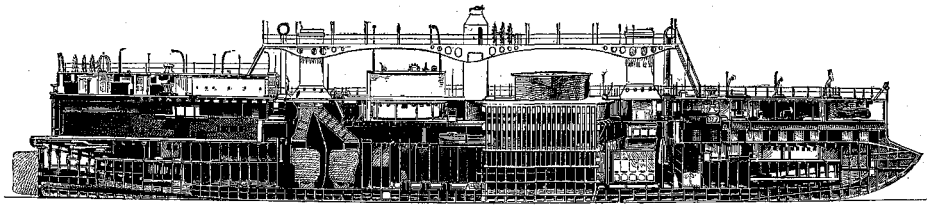
Ogden, on the Thames. "She was 45 feet long and 8 feet wide, drawing 2 feet 3 inches of water. In this vessel he fitted his engine and two propellers, each of 5 feet 3 inches diameter" (Lindsay). She made ten miles an hour, and showed her capabilities by towing a large packet-ship at good speed. There was no question of the success of this little vessel, which was witnessed on one occasion by several of the lords of the admiralty. Notwithstanding her unqualified success, Ericsson had no support in England. It happened, however, that Commodore Stockton, of our navy, was then in London; and witnessing a trial of the Ogden, ordered two small boats of him. One, the Robert F. Stockton, was built in 1838, of iron, by Laird—63 feet 5 inches in length, 10 feet in breadth, and 7 feet in depth. She was taken—April, 1839—under sail, to the United States by a crew of a master and four men. This little vessel was the forerunner of the famous Princeton, built after the designs of Ericsson, who had been induced by Commodore Stockton to come to America as offering a more kindly field for his talents.

In the same year with Ericsson's trial of the Ogden, Mr. Thomas Pettit Smith took out a patent for a screw; and it was by the company formed by Smith that the screw propeller was first tried on a large scale, in the Archimedes, of 237 tons, in 1839. Of course the names mentioned by no means exhaust the list of claimants to this great invention. Nor can it be said to have been invented by either of these two, but they were the first to score decisive successes and convince the world of its practicability.

In 1770, Watt wrote to Dr. Smalls (who, a Scot, was at one time a professor at William and Mary College, in Virginia, but returned to England in 1785) regarding the latter's experiments in relation to canal navigation, asking him, "Have you ever considered a spiral oar for that purpose, or are you for two wheels?" In the letter is the sketch, a fac-simile of which is here shown.

Dr. Smalls answers that, "I have tried models of spiral oars, and have found them all inferior to oars of either of the other forms" (Muirhead's "Life of Watt," p. 203).

Joseph Bramah, in 1785, took out a patent for propelling vessels by steam,



Longitudinal Section of the Gallia.

wherein, after describing the method figured in his specification of using a wheel at the stern of a vessel, in which he places the rudder at the bow, he proceeds as follows:

"Instead of this wheel A may be introduced a wheel with inclined fans, or wings, similar to the fly of a smoke-jack, or the vertical sails of a wind-mill. This wheel, or fly, may be fixed on the spindle C alone, and may be wholly under water, when it would, by being turned round either way, cause the ship to be forced backward or forward, as the inclination of the fans, or wings, will act as oars with equal force both ways; and their power will be in proportion to the size and velocity of the wheel, allowing the fans to have a proper inclination. The steam-engine will also serve to clear the ship of water with singular expedition, which is a circumstance of much consequence."

Bramah thus very clearly describes the screw, and in so doing must unquestionably be numbered as one of the many fathers of this system of propulsion. Fitch, as before stated, is recorded, on

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most trustworthy evidence, to have been another; and Mr. Stevens, of Hoboken, not only carried out successful experiments with the screw in 1804, at New York, but even experimented with twin screws. Charles Cummerow, "in the City of London, merchant," patented, in 1828, "certain improvements in propelling vessels, communicated to me by a certain foreigner residing abroad," in which the screw is set forth in a manner not to be questioned. Who the "certain foreigner" was, who communicated the invention to Mr. Cummerow, has not come down to us.

It had, however, like the steamboat as a whole, to wait for a certain preparedness in the human intellect. Invention knocked hard, and sometimes often, in the early years of the century, before the doors of the mind were opened to receive it; and too frequently then the reception was but a surly one, and attention deferred from visitor to visitor until one came, as did Fulton, or Ericsson, who would not be denied.

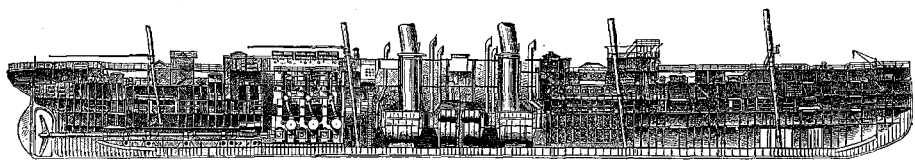
The transfer of Ericsson to America left an open field for Mr. Pettit Smith, and the experiments carried out by the Screw Propeller Company had the effect of permanently directing the attention in Great Britain of those interested in such subjects. The screw used in the Archimedes "consisted of two half-threads, of an 8 feet pitch, 5 feet 9 inches in diameter. Each was 4 feet in length, and they were placed diametrically opposite each other at an angle of about 45 degrees on the propeller-shaft" (Lindsay). She was tried in 1839, and in 1840 Mr. Brunel spent some time in investigating her performance. His mind, bold and original in all its own conceptions, was quick to appreciate the new method; and, although the engines of the Great Britain were already begun, designed for paddle-wheels, he brought the directors of the company, who had undertaken the building of their own machinery, to consent to a change. The following details of the ship are taken from the "Life of Brunel:" Total length, 322 ft.; length of keel, 289 ft.; beam, 51 ft.; depth, 32 ft. 6 in.; draught of water, 16 ft.; tonnage measurement, 3,443 tons; displacement, 2,984 tons; number of cylinders, 4; diameter of cylinder, 88 in.; length of stroke, 6 ft.; weight of engines, 340 tons; weight of boilers, 200 tons; weight of water in boilers, 200 tons; weight of screw-shaft, 38 tons; diameter of screw, 15 ft. 6 in.; pitch of screw, 25 ft.; weight of screw, 4 tons; diameter of main drum, 18 ft.; diameter of screw-shaft drum, 6 ft.; weight of coal, 1,200 tons.

"In the construction of the Great Britain, the same care which had been spent in securing longitudinal strength in the wooden hull of the Great Western was now given to the suitable distribution of the metal."

A balanced rudder was a part of her original construction, and the unusual method of lapping the plates will be noticed. "Apart from their size, the design of the engines of the Great Britain necessarily presented many peculiarities. The boilers, which were 6 in number, were placed touching each other, so as to form one large boiler about 33 feet square, divided by one transverse and two longitudinal partitions.

"It would seem that the boiler was worked with a pressure of about 8 pounds on the square inch.

"The main shaft of the engine had a crank at either end of it, and was made hollow; a stream of water being kept running through it, so as to prevent heating in the bearings. An important part in the design was the method by which motion was transmitted from the engine-shaft to the screw-shaft, for the screw was arranged to go three revolu-



Longitudinal Section of the Champagne,

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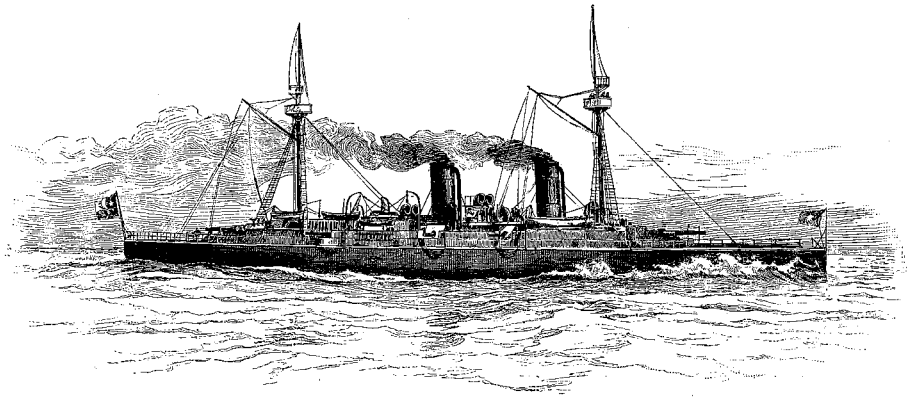
tions to each revolution of the engines. Where the engines do not drive the screw directly, this is now universally effected by means of toothed gearing; but when the engines of the Great Britain were made, it was thought that this arrangement would be too jarring and noisy. After much consideration, chains were used, working round different-sized drums, with notches in them into which fitted projections on the chains."

On July 19, 1843, this (for the time) great ship was floated out of dock; but it was not until January 23, 1845, that she left Bristol for London, making on her voyage an average of 12⅓ knots an hour. She left Liverpool for New York on August 26th, and arrived on September 10th, having made the passage out in 14 days and 21 hours; she returned in 15½ days. During the next winter, after one more voyage to New York, alterations were made, to give a better supply of steam, and a new screw was fitted. She made two voyages to New York in 1846; and on September 22d she left Liverpool on a third, but overran her reckoning and stranded in Dundrum Bay, on the northeast coast of Ireland, when it was supposed she was only rounding the Isle of Man. This unfortunate event completed the ruin of the company, already in financial straits through the competition of the Cunard line; and the ship, after her rescue, effected August 27, 1847, almost a year after grounding, was "sold to Messrs. Gibbs, Bright & Co., of Liverpool, by whom she was repaired and fitted with auxiliary engines of 500 nominal horse-power. On a general survey being made it was found that she had not suffered any alteration of form, nor was she at all strained. She was taken out of dock in October, 1851, and since that time she has made regular voyages between Liverpool and Australia."

These last few lines appear in the "Life of Brunel," published in 1870. But she was later changed into a sailing-ship, and only last year (1886) stranded again at the Falkland Islands. She has been floated; but being badly injured, was sold to serve as a hulk, and there no doubt will be passed the last days of what may be regarded one of the famous ships of the world. She was, for the time, as bold a conception as was her great designer's later venture, the Great Eastern.



The Chilian Cruiser Esmeralda.

The acceptance by the English Government of the Cunard company's bid for the contract for carrying the mails to America resulted in putting afloat, in 1840, the Acadia, Britannia, Columbia, and Caledonia. The first vessels of the Cunard line were all wooden paddle-wheel steamers, with engines by Napier, of Glasgow, of the usual side-lever class; the return-flue boilers and jet-condensers were used, the latter holding their place for many years to come, though surface condensation had already appeared as an experiment. The company was to carry the mails fortnightly between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, regular sailings to be adhered to, and

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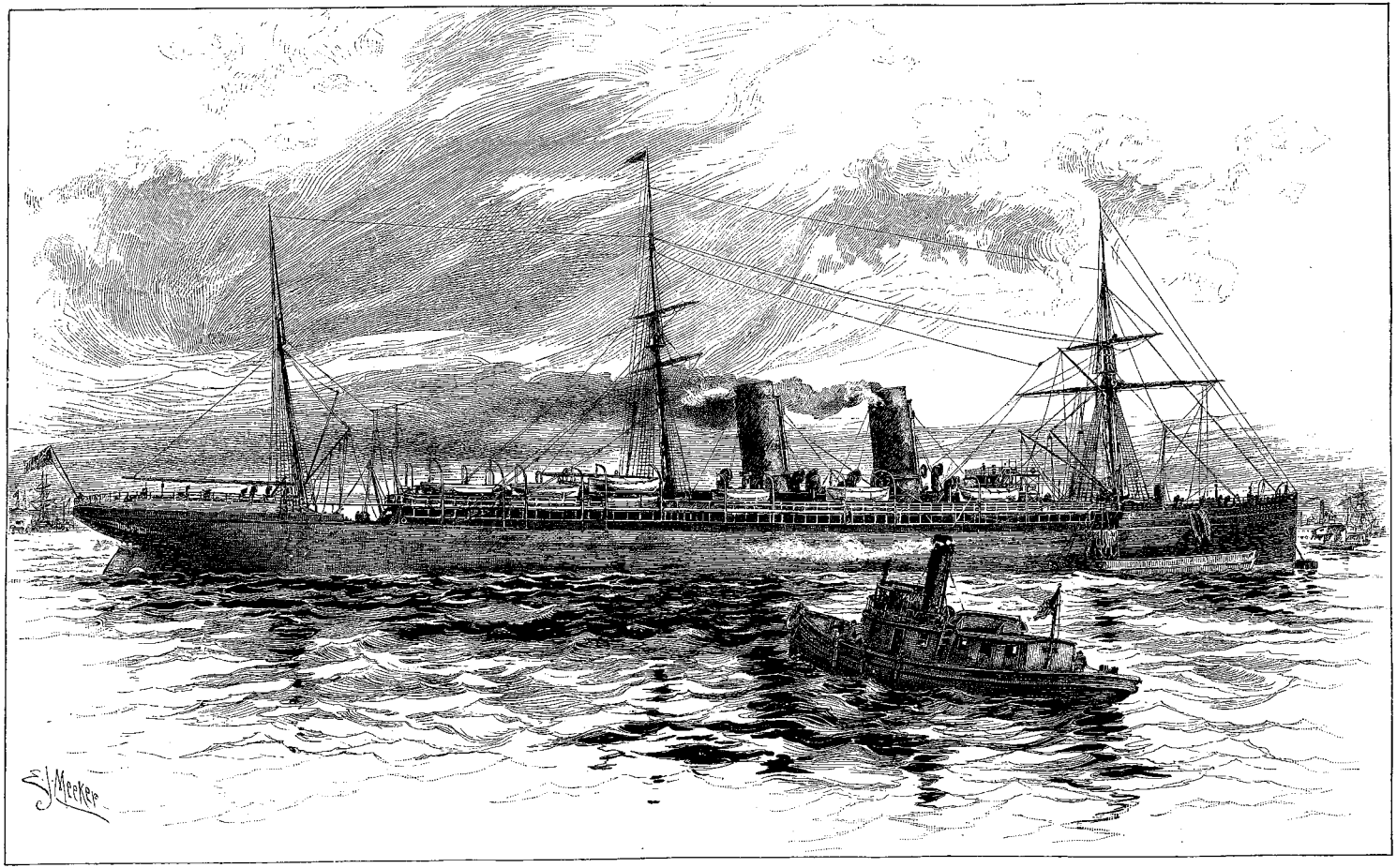

The Etruria.

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four vessels to be employed, for the sum of £81,000 ($400,000) per annum. The contract was made for seven years, but was continued from time to time for forty-six—no break occurring in this nearly half-century's service until within a short time of the present writing, when the Umbria—November 4, 1886—was the first ship in the history of the company to leave Liverpool on the regular day of sailing for America without mails.

The Britannia was the first of the fleet to sail; and, strange to say (from the usual seaman's point of view), Friday, July 4, 1840, was the day selected. She arrived at Boston in 14 days and 8 hours, a very successful passage for the time.

It must have required considerable moral courage in the projectors to inaugurate such an undertaking on a day of the week which has been so long on the black-list of sailor superstition, notwithstanding it had the advantage of being the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. The success of this line ought certainly to rehabilitate Friday to a position of equality among the more fortunate days, though it will be observed that none of the transatlantic lines have yet selected it as a day of sailing.

The Britannia, which was representative of the quartette, was of the following dimensions: Length of keel and fore rake, 207 ft.; breadth of beam, 34 ft. 2 in.; depth of hold, 22 ft. 4 in.; mean draught, 16 ft. 10 in.; displacement, 2,050 tons; diameter of cylinder, 72½ in.; length of stroke, 82 in.; number of boilers, 4; pressure carried, 9 lbs. per sq. in.; number of furnaces, 12; fire-grate area, 222 ft.; indicated horse-power, 740; coal consumption per indicated horse-power per hour, 5.1 lbs.; coal consumption per day, 38 tons; bunker capacity, 640 tons; cargo capacity, 225 tons; cabin passengers carried, 90; average speed, 8.5 knots.

It will thus be seen that these ships were not an advance upon the Great Western, but were even slightly smaller, with about the same coal consumption and with rather less speed.

The Hibernia and Cambria followed in 1843 and 1845, 530 tons larger in displacement, with 1,040 indicated horse-power, and steaming about 9½ knots per hour. The plan (shown on page 521) gives an idea of these vessels which is far from fulfilling the ideas of the present Atlantic traveller, who considers himself a much-injured person if he has not electric lights and bells, baths *ad libitum*, and a reasonable amount of cubic space in which to bestow himself. None of the least of these existed in the earlier passenger ships; a narrow berth to sleep in and a plentiful supply of food were afforded, but beyond these there was little—notwithstanding the whole of the ship was given up to first-cabin passengers, emigrants not being carried in steamers until 1850, and it was not until 1853 that any steamer of the Cunard line was fitted for their accommodation.

How little it was possible to do for the wanderer to Europe in those days may be seen when comparison shows the Britannia to have been but half the length of the Umbria, but two-thirds her breadth, but six-tenths her depth, with much less than half her speed, and less than one-twentieth her power.

The establishment of the Cunard line marked the setting of ocean steam traffic firmly on its feet. What in 1835 had been stated by one of the most trusted scientific men of that time as an impossibility, and even in 1838 was in doubt, had become an accomplished fact; and while the proof of the practicability of the American route was making, preparations were in progress for the extension of steam lines which were soon to reach the ends of the world. A detailed statement of historic events is, of course, here out of place, but a mere mention of other prominent landmarks in steam navigation is almost a necessity. The founding of the Peninsular Company, in 1837, soon to extend its operations, under the name of the Peninsular and Oriental, to India, and the establishment, in 1840, of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, are dates not to be passed by. The establishment of the latter line was due to one of our own countrymen—William Wheelright, of Newburyport, who, when consul at Guayaquil, grasped the conditions of the coast, and through his foresight became one of its greatest benefactors, and at the same time one of its most successful men. He failed in in-

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teresting our own people in the venture, and turned to London, where his success was greater. The Chili and Peru, the first vessels of this now great fleet, despatched in 1840, were but 198 feet long and of 700 tons. It was not until 1868 that the line was brought into direct communication with England by the establishment of monthly steamers from Liverpool to Valparaiso, *via* the Straits of Magellan. They had to await the diminished fuel consumption, which the company itself did so much to bring about through compound engines and surface condensation.

In the following years we ourselves were not idle. In 1843 the celebrated screw steamer Princeton—whose name is connected in so melancholy a manner with the bursting of the "Peacemaker" and the death of the then Secretary of the Navy, when he and a number of other high officials were visiting the ship—was built for the navy after Ericsson's designs, and fitted with one of his propellers. She was 164 feet long, with 30 feet 6 inches beam, and a displacement, at 18 feet draught, of 1,046 tons. She had a very flat floor, with great sharpness forward and excessive leanness aft. She may almost be taken as representative of the later type in model. She had three boilers, each 26 feet long, 9 feet 4 inches high, and 7 feet wide, with a grate-surface of 134 square feet. In 1845, Mr. R. B. Forbes, of Boston, so long known for his intimate and successful connection with shipping interests, built the auxiliary screw steamers Massachusetts and Edith, for transatlantic trade. The former was somewhat the larger, and was 178 feet long and 32 broad. Her machinery was designed by Ericsson, and had two cylinders, 25 inches diameter, working nearly at right angles to each other. The machinery was built by Hogg & Delamater, of New York, and had the peculiarity of having the shaft pass through the stern at the side of the stern-post, under a patent of Ericsson's. The propeller, on Ericsson's principle, was 9½ feet diameter, and could be hoisted when the ship was under sail. She made but one voyage to Liverpool, and was then chartered by our Government to carry troops to Mexico, in 1846; but was later bought into the naval service, and known as the Farralones.

In June, 1847, the same year which witnessed the establishment of the Pacific Mail Company, the Washington, of 4,000 tons displacement, and of 2,000 indicated horse-power, was the pioneer of a line between New York and Bremen, touching at Southampton. The Hermann followed a little later, but was somewhat larger, the dimensions of the two ships being:

	Washington.	Hermann.
Total length	236	241
Beam	39	40
Depth.....	31	31

Their displacement was about 4,000 tons. The Franklin followed in 1848, and the Humboldt in 1850, both being a good deal larger than the two preceding The latter two were, however, employed only between New York and Havre.

In 1850 the Collins line was formed, with a large Government subsidy. In the same year the Inman line was established, with screw steamers built of iron—two differences from the prevailing construction, which were to bear so powerful an influence in a few years against the success of steamers of the type brought out by the Collins company. In 1858 came the North German Lloyd, with the modest beginnings of its now great fleet, and in 1861 the French Compagnie Transatlantique. In 1863 the National line was established; in 1866 the Williams & Guion (now the Guion), which had previously existed as a line of sailing-packets; and in 1870 the White Star.

These are those in which we are most interested, as they touch our shores; but in the interval other lines were directed to all parts of the world, few seaports remaining, of however little importance, or lying however far from civilization, that cannot now be reached by regular steam communication.

The establishment of the Collins line was one of the great events of steamship history. We had been so successful upon our coasts, rivers, and lakes, that it was but natural we should make some effort to do our part with steam upon the greater field of international trade.

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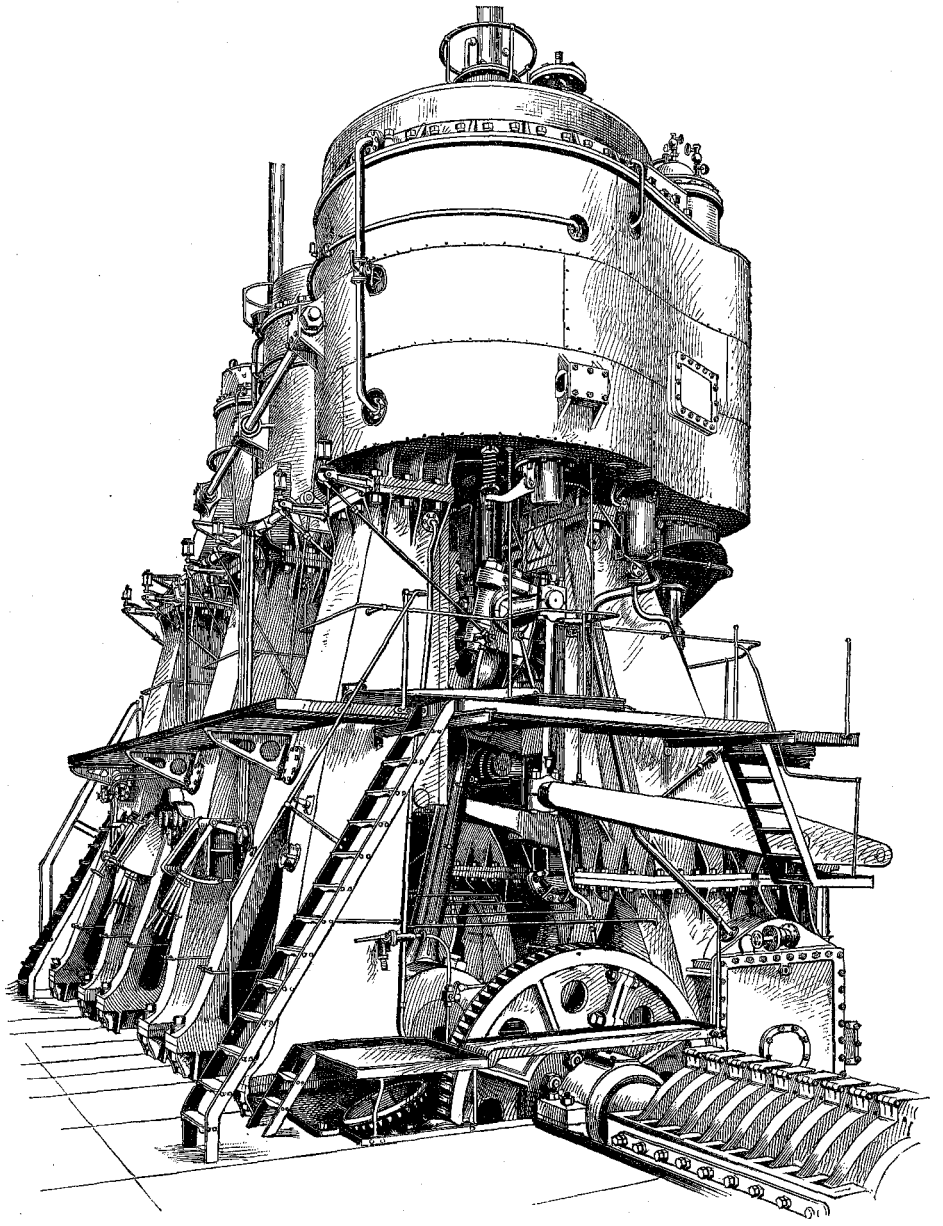

Triple-expansion Engine of the Aller, Trave, and Saale.

It was impossible that the monopoly which had existed for ten years in the hands of the Cunard company should not be combated by someone, and with the advent of the Collins line came a strife for supremacy, the memories of which are still vivid in the minds of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Cunard company at this time had increased their fleet by the addition of the America, Niagara, Europa, and Columbia, all built in 1848. Their machinery did not differ materially from that of the preceding ships, in general design, but there had, in the course of practice, come better workmanship and

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design of parts, and the boiler pressure had been increased to 13 pounds, bringing the expenditure per horse-power down to 3.8 pounds per hour. In these ships the freight capacity had been nearly doubled, fifty per cent. had been added to their passenger accommodation, and the company was altogether pursuing the successful career which was due a line which could command $35 a ton for freight from Liverpool to New York—a reminiscence which must make it appear the Golden Age to the unfortunate steamship-owner of to-day, who is now most happy with a seventh of such earnings.

The Collins steamers were a new departure in model and arrangement; they were designed by Steers, famous also as the designer of the America and Niagara; exceeded in size and speed anything then afloat, and reduced the journey in 1851 and 1852 to about 11 days—though some voyages were made in less than 10 days. The Cunard line put afloat the Asia and Africa, as competitors, but they neither equalled the American steamers in size nor speed. The former were of 3,620 tons displacement, with 1,000 indicated horse-power. The comparison of size between them and the Collins steamers is as follows:

	Length. ft.	Depth. ft.	in.	Beam. ft.	Draught. ft.	in.
Arctic.....	282	32		45	20	
Asia.....	266	27	2	40	18	9

The three other vessels of the Collins line were the Baltic, Atlantic, and Pacific. They formed a notable fleet, and fixed for many years to come the type of the American steamship in model and arrangement. They were the work of a man of genius who had the courage to cast aside tradition where it interfered with practical purposes. The bowsprit was dispensed with; the vertical stem, now so general, was adopted, and everything subordinated to the use of the ships as steamers.

But great disaster was in store for these fine ships. The Arctic, on September 21, 1854, while on her voyage out, was struck by the French steamer Vesta, in a fog off Cape Race, and but 46 out of the 268 persons on board were saved. The Pacific left Liverpool on June 23, 1856, and was never heard of after. The Adriatic, a much finer ship than any of her predecessors, was put afloat; but the line was doomed. Extravagance in construction and management, combined with the losses of two of their ships and a refusal of further aid from the Government, were too much for the line to bear, and in 1858 the end came. Ever since, the European companies, with the exception of the time during which the line from Philadelphia has been running and the time during which some desultory efforts have been put forth, have had to compete among themselves. The sworn statement of the Collins company had shown the first four ships to have cost $2,944,142.71. The actual average cost of each of the first 28 voyages was $65,-215.64; and the average receipts, $48,-286.85—showing a loss on each voyage of $16,928.79.

To discuss the causes of our failure to hold our own in the carrying trade of the world may seem somewhat out of place, but the subject is so interesting in many ways that a few words may not be amiss.

The following is a comparative table showing the steam tonnage of the United States and of the British Empire, beginning with the year in which ocean steam navigation may be said to have been put fairly on its feet. Our own is divided into "oversea," or that which can trade beyond United States waters, and "enrolled," which includes all in home waters:

	United States.		Total.	British Empire (including colonies).
	Oversea.	Enrolled.		
1838.....	2,791	190,632	193,423	82,716
1840.....	4,155	198,184	202,339	95,807
1842.....	4,701	224,960	229,681	118,930
1844.....	6,909	265,270	272,179	125,675
1846.....	6,287	341,606	347,893	144,784
1848.....	16,068	411,823	427,891	168,078
1850.....	44,942	481,005	525,947	187,631
1852.....	79,704	563,536	643,240	227,306
1854.....	95,036	581,571	676,607	326,484
1855.....	115,045	.....	.....	.....
1856.....	89,715	583,362	673,077	417,717
1858.....	78,027	651,363	729,390	488,415
1860.....	97,296	770,641	867,937	500,144

It will be seen from this table how great the extension of the use of the steamboat had been in the United States in these earlier years, as compared with that elsewhere. In 1852 our enrolled

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tonnage had grown to more than half a million tons, or well on to three times the whole of that of the British Empire, and our oversea tonnage was about one-third of that of Great Britain and her dependencies.

One reason for this very rapid increase in the enrolled tonnage was, of course, the fact that railroads had not yet begun to seam the West, as they were shortly to do; the steamboat was the great and absolutely necessary means of transport, and was to hold its prominence in this regard for some years yet to come. When this change came, there came with it a change in circumstances which went far beyond all other causes in removing our shipping from the great place it had occupied in the first half of this century. But great as was the effect worked by this change, there were certain minor causes which have to be taken into account. We had grown in maritime power through the events of the Napoleonic wars—which, though they worked ruin to many an unlucky owner, enriched many more—as we were for some years almost the only neutral bottoms afloat; we had rapidly increased this power during the succeeding forty years, during which time our ships were notably the finest models and the most ably commanded on the seas; the best blood of New England went into the service, and one has but to read the reports of the English parliamentary commissions upon the shipping subject to realize the proud position which our ships and, above all, our ships' captains held in the carrying trade. We had entered the steam competition with an energy and ability that promised much, but we gave little or no heed to changes in construction until long after they had been accepted by the rest of the world; and it is to this conservatism, paradoxical as the expression may seem applied to our countrymen, that part of our misfortune was due.

The first of the changes we were so unwilling to accept was that from wood to iron; the other was that from paddle to screw. Even so late as the end of the decade 1860–70, while all the world else was building ships of iron, propelled by screws, some of which were driven by compound engines, our last remaining great company, the Pacific Mail, put afloat four magnificent failures (from the commercial point of view), differing scarcely in any point, except in size, from those of 1850–56. They were of wood, and had the typically national overhead-beam engine. They were most comfortable and luxurious boats; but the sending them into the battle of commerce, at such a date, was like pitting the old wooden three-decker with her sixty-four pounders against the active steel cruiser of to-day and her modern guns. Many of the iron screws built at the same time are still in active service; but the fine old China, America, Alaska, and Japan are long since gone, and with them much of the company's success and fortune.

Of course, one great reason for this non-acceptance was the fact that, with us, wood for ship-building was still plentiful, and that it was cheaper so to build than to build in iron, to which material English builders were driven by an exact reversal of these conditions; and the retention of the paddle over the screw was due in a certain degree to the more frequent necessity of repair of wooden screw ships, to which it is not possible to give the necessary structural strength at the stern to withstand successfully the jarring action of the screw at high speeds.

The part in advancing the British commercial fleet played by the abrogation of the navigation laws, in 1849, which had their birth in the time of Cromwell (and to which we have held with such tenacity, as ours were modelled upon theirs), need only be barely mentioned. British ship-owners were in despair at the change, and many sold off their ship property to avoid what they expected to be the ruin of the shipping trade, but the change was only to remove the fetters which they had worn so long that they did not know them as such.

But the great and overwhelming cause, to which the effect of our navigation laws was even secondary, was the opening up of the vast region lying west of the earlier formed States; the building of our gigantic system of railways; the exploitation, in a word, of the great in-

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terior domain, of the possibilities of which, preceding 1850, we were only dimly conscious, and so much of which had only just been added by the results of the Mexican War. It is so difficult, from the standpoint of this present year of 1887, to realize the mighty work which has been done on the American continent in this short space of thirty-seven years, that its true bearings on this subject are sometimes disregarded. The fact that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at this date, was not running its trains beyond Cumberland, Md., will give an impression of the vastness of the work which was done later.

The period 1850–60 cannot be passed over without a mention of the Great Eastern, though she can hardly be said to have been in the line of practical development, which was not so much in enlargement of hull as in change in character of machinery. Brunel's son, in his "Life" of his father, says: "It was no doubt his connection with the Australian Mail Company (1851–53) that led Mr. Brunel to work out into practical shape the idea of a great ship for the Indian or Australian service, which had long occupied his mind."

The Great Eastern was to attempt to solve by her bulk the problem which was later to be solved by high pressures and surface condensation. The ship finally determined on was 680 feet long, 83 feet broad, with a mean draught of 25 feet, with screw engines of 4,000 indicated horse-power and paddle engines of 2,600, to work with steam from 15 to 25 pounds pressure—thus curiously uniting in herself at this transition period the two rival systems of propulsion. She was begun at Millwall, London, in the spring of 1854, and was finally launched, after many difficulties, on January 30, 1858. Her history is too well known to be dwelt upon here. She has experienced many vicissitudes and misfortunes, and it is well that her great projector (who paid for her with his life, as he died the year after her launching) did not live to see her used as an exhibit, in 1886, in the River Mersey, her great sides serving to blazon the name and fame of a Liverpool clothing establishment.

The year 1855 marks the high-water mark of the paddle-steamer era. In that year were built the Adriatic, by the Collins line, and the Persia, as a competitor (and the twenty-eighth ship of the company), by the Cunard. But the former was of wood, the latter of iron. She was among the earlier ships of this material to be built by the Cunard company, and, with the slightly larger Scotia, built in 1862, was, for some years after the cessation of the Collins line, the favorite and most successful steamer upon the Atlantic. She was 376 feet long, 45 feet 3 inches broad, and of about 5,500 tons displacement. Her cylinders were 100½ inches diameter, with 120 inches stroke, and she had—as also the preceding ship, the Arabia—tubular boilers instead of the old flue.

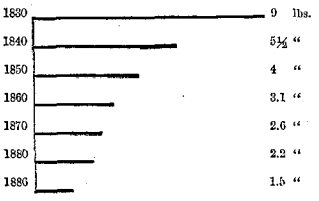

Diagram showing Decrease in Expenditure of Coal per indicated Horse-power per Hour based on good Average Practice.

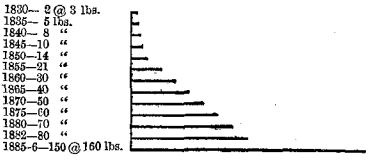

Diagram showing Increase in Steam-pressures based on good Average Practice.

How great an advance she was upon their first ship will be seen by the following comparison:

	Britannia.	Persia.
Coal necessary to steam to New York.....	570 tons	1,400 tons
Cargo carried.....	224 "	750 "
Passengers.....	90	250
Indicated power.....	710	3,600
Pressure per square inch.....	9 lbs.	33 lbs.
Coal per indicated horse-power per hour	5.1 "	3.8 "
Speed.....	8.5 knots	13.1 knots

Thus, for two and a half times the quantity of coal nearly three and a half times the cargo was carried, and nearly three times the number of passengers. This result was due partially to increased engine efficiency, and partially to increased size of ship; and thus to a rela-

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tive reduction of the power necessary to drive a given amount of displacement.

The Scotia was almost a sister ship to the Persia, slightly exceeding her in size, but with no radical differences which would mark her as an advance upon the latter. She was the last of the old régime in the Atlantic trade, and the same year in which she was built saw the complete acceptance by the Cunard company of the newer order of things, in the building of the iron screw steamer China, of 4,000 tons displacement, with oscillating geared screw engines of 2,200 indicated horse-power, with an average speed of 12.9 knots on a daily expenditure of 82 tons of coal. She was the first of their ships to be fitted with a surface condenser. The Scotia had been built as a paddle steamer rather in deference to the prejudices of passengers than in conformity with the judgment of the company, which had put afloat iron screw ships for their Mediterranean trade as early as 1852 and 1853.

The introduction of surface condensation and of higher pressures were the two necessary elements in a radical advance in marine engineering. Neither of these was a new proposal;* several patents had been taken out for the former at a very early date, both in America and in England; and in 1838 the Wilberforce, a boat running between London and Hull, was so fitted. Very high pressures, from almost the very beginning, had been carried in the steamers on our Western waters; and in 1811 Oliver Evans published, in Philadelphia, a pamphlet dealing with the subject, in which he advocated pressures of at least 100 to 120 pounds per square inch, and patented a boiler which was the parent of the long, cylindrical type which came into such general use in our river navigation. The sea-going public resolutely resisted the change to high pressures for nearly forty years, there being a very slow and gradual advance from 1 and 2 pounds to the 8 and 9 carried by the Great Britain and Britannia. In 1850 the Arctic carried 17, and in 1856 25 was not uncommon. Some of the foremost early English engineers favored cast-iron boilers (see evidence before parliamentary committee, 1817); and the boiler in general use in England up to 1850 was a great rectangular box, usually with three furnaces and flues, all the faces of which were planes.*

Though tubular boilers did not displace the flue boiler in British practice to any great degree before 1850, many examples were in use in America at that date, but chiefly in other than sea-going steamers. Robert L. Stevens, of Hoboken, built as early as 1832 "the now standard form of return tubular boilers for moderate pressures" (Professor R. H. Thurston). But it worked its way into sea practice very slowly; and the multitubular boiler, in any of its several forms, cannot be said to have been fairly adopted in either American or British sea-going ships before the date first mentioned, though employed in the Hudson River and Long Island Sound steamers, in one of the former of which, the Thomas Powell, built in 1850, a steam pressure of 50 pounds was used.

There had been this slow and gradual advance in ocean steam pressures, with a consequent reduction in coal expenditure, when in 1856 came a movement in the direction of economy by the introduction of the compound engine, by Messrs. Randolph Elder & Co. (later John Elder & Co.), which was soon to develop into a revolution in marine steam enginery. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company has the credit of first accepting this change in applying it to their ships, the Valparaiso and Inca. The original pressure used was 25 pounds to the inch; the cylinders were 50 and 90

* Daniel Dod, an American citizen, was granted a patent November 29, 1811, in which he states: "I form the condenser of a pipe or number of pipes condensed together; and condense the steam by immersing the pipes in cold water, either with or without an injection of water."

The present surface condenser consists essentially of a great number of small brass tubes, about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, passing through an air-tight chamber. The exhaust steam from the cylinders enters the chamber, and cold water is constantly pumped through the tubes. The steam is condensed by contact with the cold tubes, and the water thus obtained pumped back to the boiler in a fresh state, instead of being mixed with about thirty times its weight of salt water, as in the old jet condenser. Practice varies, the steam sometimes being passed through the tubes and the water around them.

* The *Naval Chronicle* of 1818, vol. xxxix., p. 277, speaking of the steamers on the Clyde, says: "No serious accident has occurred since their introduction, which is more than two years. The secret of security consists in using large steam-engines of great power and small pressure. If the boilers of cast-iron should in any part give way, a piece of cloth is firmly wedged in the hole, and the vessel proceeds without any danger or inconvenience to the passengers."

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inches in diameter, and the piston speed from 230 to 250 feet per minute. The idea of using steam expansively by this means was of course not new, as it dates back to Hornblower (1781), but with the low pressures which had been used at sea there was no reason for its adoption afloat. Difficulties were experienced by the Pacific Company with their earlier engines, but the line adhered to their change, and for nearly fourteen years were almost alone in their practice.

These changes made the use of a cylindrical boiler necessary, as the form best able to withstand the increased pressure. The old box-like shape has disappeared; and if the shade of Oliver Evans is ever able to visit us, it must be with an intense feeling of satisfaction to find his ideas of eighty years since now accepted by all the world.

The date 1870 marks the advent of a new type of ship, in those of the Oceanic Company, better known as the White Star line, built of iron by Harland & Wolff, of Belfast—engined with compound engines, and of extreme length as compared with their breadth. They established a new form, style, and interior arrangement, which has largely been followed by other lines, though the extreme disproportion of length and beam is now disappearing. The Britannic (page 523) and Germanic, the two largest of this line, are 468 feet in length and 45 feet 3 inches in beam, carrying 220 cabin passengers and 1,100 in the steerage, besides 150 crew. They develop 5,000 indicated horse-power, and make their passage, with remarkable regularity, in about 8 days 10 hours to Queenstown. The earlier ships of this line, when first built, had a means of dropping their propeller-shaft so as to immerse more deeply the screw; so many inconveniences, however, were associated with this that it was given up. Their general arrangement was a most marked advance upon that of their predecessors—an excellent move was placing the saloon forward instead of in the stern, a change almost universally followed. This line may be looked upon as one of the most fortunate between England and America. Of moderate cost, good speed, with low coal consumption (for the time when built), and with advanced arrangements for the comfort of passengers, it has held its own against newer and somewhat faster ships, though none of the White Star vessels now running between Liverpool and New York are less than thirteen years old.

In the same year with the Britannic came out the City of Berlin, of the Inman line, for some years the largest steamer afloat (after the Great Eastern), being 520 feet in length by 44 feet beam, of 5,000 indicated power, and in every way a magnificent ship.

The Bothnia and Scythia were also built in 1874, by the Cunard company, as representatives of the new type, but were much smaller than the preceding. They were of 6,080 tons displacement and 2,780 indicated horse-power, with a speed of 13 knots. The pressure carried was 60 pounds. These ships had by far the largest cargo-carrying capacity (3,000 tons measurement) and passenger accommodation (340 first-cabin) of any yet built by the company. With the addition of this great number of steamers, change was not to be expected for some years; and it was not until 1879, when the Guion company put afloat the Arizona, that a beginning was made of the tremendous rivalry which has resulted in putting upon the seas, not only the wonderful ships which are now running upon the Atlantic, but in extending greatly the size and speed of those employed in other service.

Several things had combined in the latter part of this decade to bring about this advance. The great change between 1860 and 1872, from the causes already noted, which had reduced coal consumption by one-half, was followed by the introduction of corrugated flues and steel as a material for both boilers and hull. With this came still higher pressures, which were carried from 60 to 80 and 90 pounds. In August, 1881, a very interesting paper was read by Mr. F. C. Marshall, of Newcastle, before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, in which he showed that a saving of 13.37 per cent. in fuel had been arrived at since 1872. The general type of engine and boiler had remained the same

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in these nine years, but the increased saving had been due chiefly to increased pressures. It is curious that at the reading of both the paper by Sir Frederick Bramwell, in 1872, and that of Mr. Marshall, in 1881, there should have been pretty generally expressed a feeling that something like a finality had been reached. So little was this opinion true that, though over thirteen per cent. saving had been effected between these two dates, a percentage of gain more than double this was to be recorded between the latter date and 1886. In these matters it is dangerous to prophesy; it is safer to believe all things possible. Certainly, the wildest dreamer of 1872 did not look forward to crossing the Atlantic at nearly 18 knots as a not unusual speed.

In 1874 triple expansion engines had been designed for the Propontis by Mr. A. C. Kirk, of Napier & Sons, of Glasgow, which, on account of failure in the boilers which were used, did not give at first the results hoped for. In 1881 the Messrs. Napier fitted the Aberdeen with engines of the same kind, steam at 125 pounds pressure per square inch being used. In the next two years the change proceeded slowly, but by 1885 the engineering mind had so largely accepted it that a very large proportion of the engines built in that year were on this principle, and at the present it may be regarded as being as fully accepted as was the compound engine ten years since. The saving in fuel is generally reckoned at from twenty to twenty-five per cent., or, to put it more graphically, in the words of Mr. Parker, Chief Engineer Surveyor of Lloyds, in his interesting paper, read in July, 1886, before the Institution of Naval Architects: "Two large passenger steamers, of over 4,500 gross tonnage, having engines of about 6,000 indicated horse-power, built of the same dimensions, from the same lines, with similar propellers, are exactly alike in every respect, except so far as their machinery is concerned. One vessel is fitted with triple expansion engines, working at a pressure of 145 pounds per square inch; while the other vessel is fitted with ordinary compound engines, working at a pressure of 90 pounds per square inch. Both vessels are engaged in the same trade and steam at the same rate of speed, viz., 12 knots an hour. The latter vessel in a round voyage of 84 days burns 1,200 tons more coal than the former."

Since the year 1879 the following great ships have been placed upon the Liverpool and New York lines. "Taking them in the order of their fastest passage, out or home, they stand thus:"*

	Days.	Hours.	Minutes.
1. Etruria	6	5	31
2. Umbria (sister ship)	slightly longer		
3. Oregon	6	10	35
4. America	6	13	44
5. City of Rome	6	18	0
6. Alaska	6	18	37
7. Servia	6	23	55
8. Aurania	7	1	1

The time has thus been shortened much more than half since 1840, and has been lessened forty per cent. since 1860.

In addition to the great ships mentioned, there have been placed upon the line from Bremen to New York, touching at Southampton, England, the eight new or lately built ships of the North German Lloyd, which form altogether the most compact and uniform fleet upon the Atlantic. Their three last ships, the Trave, Saale, and Aller, are marvels of splendor and comfort, ranking in speed and power very little short of the fastest of the Liverpool ships. They, as were the others of the company's eight "express" steamers, were built by the great firm of John Elder & Co., of Glasgow, their machinery being designed by Mr. Bryce-Douglas, to whose genius is also due that of the Etruria and Umbria, the Oregon, Arizona, and Alaska. That of the Trave, Saale, and Aller, however, is triple expansion (page 531), these being the only ships of the great European lines of this character, besides the new Gascogne, Bourgogne, and Champagne (their equals in speed and equipment), of the French Compagnie Transatlantique, which were built in France, and which reflect so much honor upon the French builders. All these steamers are of steel, with cellular bottoms carefully subdivided, and fitted with a luxury and comfort quite unknown thirty years ago

* Mr. W. John, in a paper read before the Naval Architects, in June, 1886.

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—with more space, better ventilation, and better lighting.

It will be difficult to go beyond them until a further change is accepted to twin screws. That this change will soon come is pretty sure. It will hardly be possible to extend the power with a single screw beyond that of the 14,000 horse-power already in the Umbria and Etruria; with twin screws, however, it may be carried much beyond. Their adoption would mean greater accommodation and comfort and less racing of the machinery at sea, but, above all, it would mean greater safety. Under present circumstances a complete break-down of the machinery of these great ships is a disaster which may entail delay as the least of the difficulties. No sail-power can be given them which would serve to carry them into port; they must lie helpless logs in the water until fortunate enough to find a friend to tow them.

It is scarcely possible that both the engines of a twin-screw steamer should be seriously injured at the same time, so that arrival would be only slightly delayed in case of damage to the one set of machinery. In fact, such a ship as proposed by Mr. John in his paper, referred to above, would be two vessels in one, divided by a great longitudinal bulkhead from top to bottom; the boilers, engines, and all the appurtenances of the one side being wholly independent of the other.

The discussion now going on may soon turn to action, and we may, I think, confidently expect the advent shortly of new ships far surpassing any yet built. The project of one great owner is a twin-screw vessel, of 550 feet length and 62 feet beam, to steam 20 knots, and to be so subdivided as to be practically unsinkable. This would be 50 feet longer than the Etruria, and 5 feet broader. His ideal is one of much greater breadth, say 75 feet; but there is a difficulty in the way of docking a vessel of such extreme width. That such a ship will pay as well as those now afloat can hardly be questioned. She will carry as much cargo, and with about the same expenditure of coal (being fitted with triple expansion engines), as the Etruria, and more passengers; and the owners may reckon in such a ship upon always having their full complement. It is not only the timid who would prefer her; it is but commonsense on the part of anyone to choose that which will give them the greatest chances of safety, and of arrival within certain definite limits of time. Nearly 60,000 Americans visit Europe yearly; nearly 16,000 foreign passengers (not emigrants) land at New York yearly, which one port also, in the governmental year ending June 30, 1886, received 50,412 of our returning countrymen. As these numbers must be doubled to represent the whole movement to and fro, we have over 150,000 passengers (exclusive of emigrants) carried by the steamship lines between America and Europe in the fiscal year of 1885–86. It is needless to say that it is worth while on the part of any owner to offer special inducements in a traffic of such magnitude.

It has been impossible, of course, in a magazine article, to do more than touch upon the vast changes, and their causes, which have had place in this great factor of human progress. Higher pressures and greater expansions; condensation of the exhaust steam, and its return to the boiler without the new admixture of sea-water, and the consequent necessity of frequent blowing off, which comparatively but a few years ago was so common; a better form of screw; the extensive use of steel in machinery, by which parts have been lightened, and by the use of which higher boiler-pressures are made possible—these are the main steps. But in addition to steel, high pressures, and the several other elements named which have gone to make up this progress, there was another cause in the work chiefly done by Mr. W. Froude, to be specially noticed as being that which has done more than the work of any other man to determine the most suitable forms for ships, and to establish the principles governing resistance. The ship-designer has, by this work, been put upon comparatively firm ground, instead of having a mental footing as unstable, almost, as the element in which his ships are destined to float.

It is not possible to go below the surface of such a subject in a popular paper, and it must suffice to speak of Mr. Froude's deductions, in which he divides

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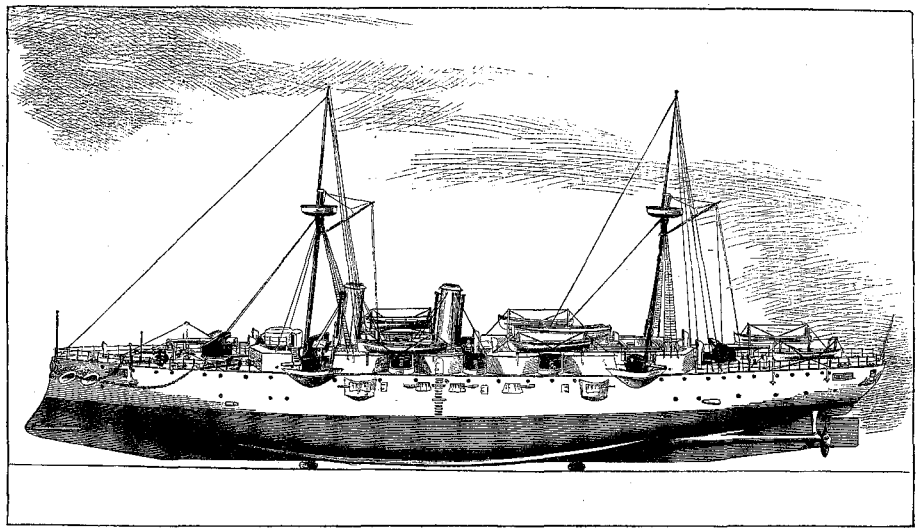

The Belted Cruiser Orlando, with Twin Screws.

the resistances met by ships into two principal parts: the surface or skin friction, and the wave-making resistance (which latter has no existence in the case of a totally submerged body—only begins to exist when the body is near the surface, and has its full effect when the body is only partially submerged). He shows that the surface friction constitutes almost the whole resistance at moderate speeds, and a very great percentage at all speeds; that the immersed midship section area which formerly weighed so much in the minds of naval architects was of much less importance than was supposed, and that ships must have a length corresponding in a degree to the length of wave produced by the speed at which they are to be driven.

He shows that at high speeds waves of two different characters are produced: the one class largest at the bow, which separate from the ship, decreasing in successive undulations without afterward affecting her progress; the other, those in which the wave-crests are at right angles to the ship's course, and the positions of these crests have a very telling effect upon the resistance.

As the ship's speed is increased the spaces between the crests of these lengthen in unison with the speed, and it has been shown that when the speed is such that a wave-crest would be at the middle point of the after body (or quarter) the wave-making resistance is least, and that it is greatest when the hollow appears at this point.

A ship must therefore be of a length that depends largely upon the length of wave which at a high speed she will tend to produce in order that she may be driven at such a speed without an expenditure of power disproportionate to the effect produced. This length, if very high speeds are desired, is best wholly taken up in fining the entrance and run, leaving no parallelism of middle body, and broadening and deepening the ship to keep the necessary displacement. The wave-action at several speeds is well shown in the illustrations (frontispiece, pages 524 and 527), which are from instantaneous photographs, showing the Chilian cruiser Esmeralda at her full speed of 18 knots, when on her trial off Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the Giovanni Bausan, of the Italian navy (almost a sister ship to the Esmeralda), at a moderate speed, and H.M.S. Impérieuse, at about 16½ knots. The following are the principal details of the Esmeralda and Impérieuse:

	Displacement.	Length.	Beam.	Draught.	Horse-power.
Esmeralda ..	3,000	270	42	18.3	6,500
Impérieuse..	7,390	315	62	26.0	10,180

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The eddy-making resistance is greater or less, of course, as the form is blunter or finer, and there is less resistance with a blunt bow and finely formed after-body than were the two reversed. Our practical towing friends will be glad to know that Mr. Froude substantiates their oft-reiterated assertion that a log tows more easily butt-end foremost. In the Merkara, a merchant ship built by Mr. Denny, of 3,980 tons, 360 feet length, 37.2 feet breadth, and 16.25 feet draught, this resistance is, at all speeds, about eight per cent. of the surface friction, which at the maximum speed of thirteen knots, at which she was intended to be run, still formed nearly eighty per cent. of the whole resistance.

A very wonderful result of these experiments has been to show (in the words of Mr. Froude) "what an exceedingly small force, after all, is the resistance of a ship compared with the apparent magnitude of the phenomena involved. Scarcely anyone, I imagine, seeing the new frigate Shah (of 6,250 tons displacement) steaming at full speed (from sixteen to seventeen knots) would be inclined, at first sight, to credit what is nevertheless a fact, that the whole propulsive force necessary to produce that apparently tremendous effect is only 27 tons—in fact, less than one two-hundredth part of the weight of the vessel—and of this small propulsive force at least 15 tons, or more than one-half, is employed in overcoming surface friction simply."

Of course, very small vessels, as torpedo-boats, have been driven at very high speeds, but the power necessary is in enormous disproportion as compared with the above, a development in 135-foot torpedo boats of from 1,000 to 1,200 horse-power and more being not uncommon.

The acceptance of the results of Mr. Froude's deductions has naturally led to an increase in the beam of fast ocean steamers; we find all the later-built to be much broadened, and there is a still increasing tendency in that direction. It is needless to say how much this means in many ways to the passenger; the gain in safety by affording greater subdivision which will come with double screws will not be the least: "With single screws you cannot possibly divide your engine and boiler space into compartments so as to render the ship safe against sinking by collision even with small vessels. With twin screws you can carry a water-tight middle line bulkhead right through both engine and boiler compartments, and you can, as at present, divide the engine-room from the boiler-room by a transverse bulkhead, and also, if necessary, subdivide the boiler space by an extra transverse bulkhead" (Mr. W. John).

Collision will and must remain the great and really almost the one danger which the North Atlantic traveller need fear. He can rarely hope to cross in the usual steam route without experiencing a run of some hundreds of miles through fog, especially on leaving or approaching our coast. So long as the Gulf Stream and the cold in-lying current from the north move in juxtaposition as they do, so long will the fog be almost always present upon the border-land dividing them. How easy it is for a great ship to be sunk was shown in the case of the Oregon. A blow from a pygmy schooner not more than one-tenth her size, and a hole was opened through her side which unfortunate circumstances combined to make fatal, and the great vessel, a triumph of human skill in hull and machinery, is lying in a few hours upon the bottom of the sea, with a million days of skilled labor, as represented by ship and cargo, in this moment made valueless. Who can overestimate the care and responsibility upon the man who commands such a ship? In what other calling are they found as such a constant part of daily life? And how illy they are paid for it!

The only remedy for such an accident as that which befell the unlucky Oregon seems to be a subdivision to a greater extent than has heretofore been attempted in a merchant ship; and that this will come in a degree which will make the finer passenger ships practically unsinkable, unless under most exceptional circumstances, would seem quite sure.

How wonderful has been the scale upon which this great industry of car-

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riage by steam vessels has grown can only be shown by tables of statistics.

The steam tonnage in the United States, Great Britain, France, and Germany, beginning with 1840, was as follows :

	United States.			United Kingdom.	France.	German Empire.
	Oversea.	Enrolled and licensed.	Total.			
1840..	4,155	198,184	202,339	87,539	9,535	
1850..	44,942	481,005	525,947	167,698	13,925	
1860..	97,296	770,641	867,937	452,352	68,025	
1870..	192,544	882,551	1,075,095	1,111,375	154,415	81,994
1875..	191,689	976,979	1,168,668	1,943,197	205,420	183,569
1880..	146,604	1,064,964	1,211,558	2,720,551	277,759 (1884)	215,758 (1884)
1885..	186,406	1,308,511	1,494,917	3,969,728	511,072	413,943

This statement, showing our steam tonnage registered for foreign trade to be 6,000 tons less in 1885 than in 1870, is not an encouraging one, especially when taken in connection with the fact that the percentage of our imports carried in American vessels has steadily dwindled from 75.2 per cent. in 1856 to 66.5 in 1860 ; to 35.6 per cent. in 1870 ; and to 15.98 per cent. in 1886. Even during the civil war it never fell below 27.5 per cent.

The amount of steam tonnage built in the United States and in Great Britain at intervals of five years from 1855 is as follows :

	United States.				United Kingdom.		
	Number.	Tonnage.	Average tonnage.		Number.	Tonnage.	Average tonnage.
1855...	246	72,760	296	1855...	278	106,872	385
1860...	275	69,370	259	1860...	234	67,699	289
1865...	411	146,433	356	1865...	453	211,665	467
1870...	290	70,621	244	1870...	512	267,896	523
1875...	323	62,460	193	1875...	428	226,701	530
1880...	348	78,853	229	1880...	629	414,831	660
1885...	338	84,333	249	1885...	487	221,918	456

The largest number built in any one year between 1870 and 1885 was, in the United States, in 1882—being 502, with a tonnage of 121,843 ; and in the United Kingdom, in 1883—being 1,028, with a tonnage of 744,126.

The smallest in any year in this interval was, in the United States, in 1877—being 265, with a tonnage of 47,415 ; and in the United Kingdom, in 1876—being 354, with a tonnage of 136,932.

The startling steam tonnage of 1883 (nearly three-quarters of a million tons) built in Great Britain, of which 134,785 were built at Glasgow, 125,870 at the Tyne ports, and 117,776 * at Sunderland, has been followed by a great depression. In 1884 but a little over half that of the preceding year was built (415,095 tons) ; and in 1885 this was again almost halved, the output falling to only 221,-918 tons, and the average size also falling off from 724 tons in 1883 to 456 in 1885.

Nearly or, practically, quite all of the vast fleet represented by these figures are of iron or steel ; the tonnage of the wooden steamers generally falling in later years in Great Britain to a total of 1,000 tons or less, and this made up of vessels averaging not more than 30 tons each.

The rapidly advancing use of steel in the United Kingdom is shown by the following table, which excludes steamers built on foreign account :

	Iron Steamers.		Steel Steamers.	
	Number.	Tonnage.	Number.	Tonnage.
1880....	396	309,753	40	34,815
1883....	613	508,639	137	111,779
1884....	369	239,941	139	93,127
1885....	182	87,815	159	108,287

Or whereas but ten per cent. of the total was of steel in 1880, it exceeded the iron-built tonnage in 1885 by twenty per cent. It may be taken for granted that, hereafter, no important steamer will be built of any other material, until something different from that now at command shall be developed.

How small our own expansion in the iron and steel ship-building industry has been, in comparison with that elsewhere, is shown by the fact that in the six-teen years 1870–85 we have built but 397,363 tons of iron and steel vessels, out of a total of 1,359,700 tons of steam tonnage built in that period. One would think that this immense yearly addition of steamships represented in the fore-going tables would soon go beyond the world's needs, but the almost incredible losses from wrecks, casualties, and other

* The figures for these three ports are exclusive of the tonnage built on foreign account.

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reasons for disappearance from the register, must be considered. Though we had built 522,802 tons of steam vessels in the years (each inclusive) 1881–85, there were on the register but 229,919 tons more in the last of these years than in the first, showing that 292,883 tons had disappeared in that time. In Great Britain an average of 173,061 tons of steam vessels has disappeared yearly from the register in the five years 1881–85, or the enormous total of 865,326 tons.

Of her whole tonnage, sail and steam, of 7,387,208 tons (comprised in 23,230 vessels, of which 4,803 are steamers above 50 tons, representing a total of 3,932,296 tons), Great Britain lost by wreck alone, in 1885, over three per cent., and this was much below the usual average. In the nine years 1875–83, 6,107 British vessels, representing, 2,095,252 tons, were totally destroyed by wreck. Of these, 5,160 were sailing vessels, of 1,455,023 tons; and 947 were steamers, of 640,229 tons.

In the face of these tremendous figures the ship-builder need not despair —he need only wait; a few slack years and the gaps in the ranks become so great that building of necessity must re-begin. The lives of ships are indeed more precarious than those of us mortals. They perish at the annual rate of about 30 in the 1,000, whereas our general chances are one-third better. But these losses of ships carry with them the lives of many brave men; with the wrecks above enumerated, 14,878 seamen were lost, and 1,242 passengers. In this bald statement what vistas of suffering, incapacity, carelessness, negligence, misfortune, and heroism are opened up!

In looking over shipping statistics, nothing is more curious than the variations in sailing tonnage built—always a more variable quantity than steam, and especially so in Great Britain. In that country in 1880 but 58,065 tons were produced; but it gradually mounted to 219,094 in 1885, nearly equalling the steam of that year if the 36,626 tons, steam and sail, built for foreigners be reckoned, and exceeding it by nearly 12,000 tons if that built on British account only be taken. Sail, however, has again fallen off in 1886, but the vessels turned out have been of a much larger class than in 1885.

In our own country the steam tonnage built in 1885 for the first time (excepting in 1880, when they were about equal) surpassed in amount the sail, though it must be said that the latter in this year showed a very great falling off (60,000 tons) from the amount built the preceding year.

This sudden development of sailing vessels in Great Britain in the last few years is a rather unexpected and interesting phenomenon. It is due mainly, no doubt, to the very great depression in trade and freights, whereby it was made impossible for many steamers to continue in use without great loss; while at sea, at least, the sailing vessel is not running up a large coal bill, and if laid up there is less capital idle and less deterioration on account of machinery. It must, too, be recognized that while steam has been advancing with such rapid pace on the highway of economy the sailing vessel has followed closely in its wake.

While the wind continues to blow we may of course look for sails upon the sea to take advantage of it, but with the decrease of coal expenditure to one and a half pounds per horse-power per hour, and with the fruition of some of the newer developments, so many of which are promised, we can fairly reckon upon the part to be played by sails in commerce as one of constantly diminishing importance—though long may some remain to nurture the true seaman, who can never be developed in the cavernous depths of a stoke-hole, or on the attenuated masts of a modern steamship!

Less steam tonnage has been built in the last three years, no doubt, on account of the great uncertainty of the engineering mind as to the outcome of the great changes since 1881. Many fine ships launched within this period have come to be considered obsolete before they were finished, and owners have hesitated to order until they felt that something like fixity for a few years, at least, should be arrived at. Triple and quadruple expansion engines, forced draught, twin screws, new arrangements of screws, newer types of

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boilers, etc., are a few of the things which have had to be considered, and it is not to be wondered at that there should be a desire to settle slowly upon a design which was to cost possibly in many cases a million or more of dollars. There is, however, one certainty—the compound engine is relegated to the past as was its predecessor of the single cylinder. Still higher pressures, still greater expansions, are probable, though in the next five or ten years we can hardly hope for such an economical advance as in the last six. Much the same remark, however, has been made at each great step in steam, and, learning from the experience of preceding prophets, it would perhaps be better to say that expectancy is the safest attitude of the mind in such a question. It is well, however, that these changes should not come too frequently: the ship-owner should be allowed a little breathing time, and not be continually oppressed by a nightmare of obsolete ships. Let us hope that now we have built 150,000 miles of railroads, we may have enough to satisfy the country's demand for some little time, and that our designing talent and our capitalists' dollars may again be turned toward that field in which for fifty years we were foremost. A fair chance, however, must first be given the owner; the grip of Legislation which has throttled our shipping industry for so long must be relaxed, and we must recognize that laws dealing with shipping which had their birth in England in 1652 are not necessarily suited for America in 1887.

THE TIDE.

By Percival Lowell.

It is high noon; upon the burning sands
I stand day-dreaming gazing at the sea
That fond yet fickle stretches out her hands
To clasp once more the beach which wearily
Hath so long waited through the heat, alone,
Until what time from minding of the moon
The truant tide shall turn to claim its own
And lap it deep in self-forgotten swoon.
So my loved one, to fantasies a prey,
Strange moon-begotten fancies of her brain,
Doth give them chase and haste from me away,
Till of her heart bethinking, turns again,
And wraps me close, shuts out all else beside:
The strand I seem to be—and she the tide.

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THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE;

OR, THE POSTHUMOUS JEST OF THE LATE JOHN AUSTIN.

By J. S. of Dale.

PART FOURTH: THE RESIDUARY BEQUEST.

I. The Keeping of the Tryst.

When May emerged in the little grass island, screened safely by the play of falling waters, he was breathless with the run; and his heart pounded against his ribs with the violence of his emotions. The countess it unquestionably was. None but she would arrive in open carriage and pair and splendid livery. And May reckoned he would have to stay there, in the shelter of the fountain, until the light made his escape safe and possible. As for seeing her, that was out of the question. Had he still cared for Mrs. Dehon, he might have choked off the other one; but he had not pluck for it now. It was damp and uncomfortable upon the little island, however, without even a cigar; and he did not dare go back to the pavilion.

As he stood peering through the falling water the carriage turned about, left the house, and came down the driveway. May was astounded. He tried his best to see who was in it, but the distance was too great. He fancied that he made out a figure upon the back seat, but it was that of a young man. Could he have left the countess in the house?

This was the most terrible possibility that had yet occurred to his fevered imagination, overwrought with suspense and too much tobacco as it was. For a moment the idea of the buggy and the fast horse in the stable presented itself as the only certain means of escape. But at the same instant he saw Fides emerge from the side door, carrying something white in his mouth. The hound came to the door of the pavilion and scratched there; not finding any response, he took to coursing around the building, in wider and wider distances, until his circle included the whole pond. When he had once made the circuit of this, without getting trail of his master, he lifted his nose from the ground to give utterance to occasional lugubrious howls.

This was impossible. Something must be done at once, or his chief retreat would be discovered. May rapidly descended through the subterranean passage, and appearing at the door of the pavilion, whistled softly. The dog bounded toward him, and May took the letter from his mouth. It was accompanied with a card of Mr. Burlington Quincy, as May hurriedly read. Now, Mr. Burlington Quincy bore a name utterly unknown to Austin May.

He looked at the note. It was certainly not in the handwriting of Madame Polacca de Valska, and May breathed a sigh of relief. He opened it.

"My dear Mr. May: (it began)

"I know you will not misinterpret my action, when I write to tell you that our engagement cannot be made known to-day. The bearer of this, Mr. Burlington Quincy, of Boston, I did not know when our pleasant acquaintance began last year, but I feel sure that he is the only man I have ever——"

"Pish!" exclaimed Mr. Austin May. The signature was "yours ever sincerely, Georgiana Rutherford;" and he crumpled it up, with a glance at the rest of the letter, and lit with it a cigar he had long been in need of. One, at least, was disposed of satisfactorily, and he threw himself into the great arm-chair with a sigh of relief. He wished Miss Rutherford joy of her bargain, though he could not but think it ill-bred of her to choose the replacing victim as the messenger of his release. The only man she had ever loved, indeed! And who was Mr. Burlington Quincy? Well, it mattered little to him.

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May looked at his watch; it was seven o'clock. Only five hours more of this awful day remained! His condition was one of absolute nervous prostration; and he looked in a glass to see if his hair had yet turned gray. Could it be that they would none of them appear? He felt almost hungry, but that eating was out of the question for one in his position. He could, however, take a biscuit and a glass of claret; and this he did.

But May was fated that day to have hard luck with his uncle's wine. Hardly had he begun to sip the glass, when a loud knocking at the very door of his pavilion made him drop it, and again seek refuge in his fountain hiding-place. From there he looked through the jets of water and saw that the knocker was none other than the faithful Schmidt.

May hastened back again to the pavilion and opened the door.

"What do you mean by this?" said he, angrily. "Did I not tell you not to come out under any circumstances, unless you heard a pistol-shot?"

But, alas! The effect of the solitude, the heat, and the excitement of his master's strange behavior had been too much, even for the perfect valet. If Mr. Schmidt was not tipsy, it was clear that he soon would be. He had been leaning heavily against the door, and as his master opened it suddenly, he fell into the room, head over heels to the floor; and there, without getting up, he endeavored to bow apologetically, and swayed to and fro with the effort, smiling a meaningless smile and holding a visiting-card in his right hand. May took it mechanically. It was edged in deep black; and upon it he read the simple legend:

Mrs. Terwilliger Dehon.

May grasped the half-drunken valet by the coat. "And you let her in?" said he.

"I said, m'sieu'," gasped out poor Schmidt, "that m'sieu' was here."

With a groan of mingled rage and terror, May flew to the door and made it fast. Then he took Schmidt by his offending coat and shoved, rather than led, him into the subaqueous passageway. When they emerged upon the island, May said, with a final shake:

"Now, sir, go and tell all the world that I'm not at home—d'ye hear? And come back and tell me; and that you may come back sober, I'll clear your thick head for you." And suiting the action to the word, May hurled poor Schmidt through the cool jets of the fountain; and he disappeared with a startling plunge in the waters of the ornamental lake. They were but a few feet deep, however, and Schmidt scrambled to his feet and went wading through the lily-pads to the shore. And in a few moments he came back, still wet, but quite sobered, to the brink nearest the island.

"What does she say?" cried May.

"That she will wait for M'sieur," came back the answer that May heard; and he sank upon the rustic seat with a feeling that all was over with him. Should he still fly? He could not bring himself to break his word at this late hour. If it could be that the widowed Mrs. Dehon had come all this distance—unwomanly as it was—he could not leave her now. Moreover, it was exactly like her. She was just the woman to take the leap herself, rather than trust herself and her heart-secrets to written words. And as May pulled himself together and went toward the house he wished he could have conjured back one spark of that flame he once felt for her. His crusty old uncle had not foreseen that thus, by the rash heir's promise, the wise provisions of his will could be evaded. What would his wise uncle have done in a similar situation?—Ordered a monument at Mount Auburn and disposed of her afterwards, perhaps. His head was too cloudy to think.

May reached the doors of the house. It was already dark; and he had one last moment of hesitation as he pressed his hand upon the carved-oak door-knob. Then, with a rally of his sense of honor, he turned it and entered the house.

The great hall was quite dark; and Austin had to feel his way to the dining-room, into which, as being the only habitable apartment, Schmidt had had to show the fair Gladys. Here was a single candle burning; and beyond the remains of what was evidently Schmidt's dinner, just under the Copley portrait of the lady in the lilac dress, sat a solitary figure.

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But May started back as he saw it. It certainly was not Gladys. It was—it was a man; and as it rose and came forward to the candle-light there appeared unmistakably the red face and pudgy figure of her elderly husband. May sprang forward.

"Mr. Terwilliger Dehon, I am delighted to——"

But Terwilliger waved him back with the gesture of an M.P. quelling an assembly of constituents; and in his hand he carried a letter. "May I ask, Mr. May, what is the meaning of this?" And Dehon brought the offending document close beneath May's nose, lying upon his chubby palm; and then slapped it violently with his other hand.

"Of this?" said May, innocently. "What is it?"

"That, sir, is a letter I found among my wife's effects." And beyond all question the letter was in May's own hand-writing. May stared helplessly at Dehon; and Terwilliger glared fixedly at May. And through all the embarrassment of the situation loomed up May's consciousness, antagonistic as their meeting was, that he was uncommonly glad to see him.

"Is—is Mrs. Dehon with you?" said May, feebly, as the awful possibility occurred to him that they had been divorced.

"My beloved wife is in heaven," said Dehon, pulling out a large pocket-handkerchief and sinking back into his chair.

"My dear sir," cried May, grasping both his hands, "I am—unfeignedly sorry to hear it. When did——"

"That, sir," cried Terwilliger, furiously, "is no answer to my question. Did you, or did you not, write this letter?" And he jumped from his chair and smacked the letter savagely against the dinner-table.

Evasion was impossible. "I am afraid, Mr. Dehon, that I did." Dehon fumed. "And now, my dear sir, will you not stay and dine with me? I have only——"

But at this the peppery old gentleman positively sailed off the floor in his passion. In vain May told him that he had received nothing from the late Mrs. Dehon but a long course of snubs; in vain May assured him that he himself was more delighted than ever Mr. Dehon could be, that there had never been a possibility of his marrying the lamented Gladys; it was to no purpose that he besought him to stay and dine. He tried to sympathize with Terwilliger in his loss, and Terwilliger grew only the more infuriated. He pointed out to him that his letter had been entirely contingent, to take effect solely upon Mr. Terwilliger's death; but upon this the old gentleman fairly choked with rage.

Finally poor Austin gave it up. He abandoned all effort to pacify him, and listened submissively to the philippic the indignant Terwilliger poured forth. And, to use the expressive but inelegant phrase of the day, he blew himself off right well. Austin sat and listened with a mind at peace.

A man's own eloquence is a great relief, and there is no knowing how far Mr. Dehon would have cooled off in time. It is possible that he would have ended by staying to dinner. But, just as he was finishing a most effective exordium, the noise of carriage-wheels was heard outside upon the gravel.

In two strides May was at the window, had thrown open the sash with a crash that shivered all the glass, and hurled himself through it into outer darkness, leaving the astounded Mr. Dehon, one eloquent arm extended in the air, addressing himself most earnestly to the four Copley portraits and the two battle-pieces of indigestible fruit.

II. The Return of the Countess.

Beyond all question this was now the Comtesse Polacca de Valska. She was the only one left. All others were present or accounted for. Again May gained his pavilion, with the fleetness of an Exmoor deer; it was quite dark by this time, and he could run about fearlessly. With a trembling hand he adjusted his dark-lantern, lit the lamp, and fixed the focus full upon the house-front door.

He was just in time to see a veiled and much beshawled lady assisted down from the vehicle that stood at the door; and after a word of colloquy with the

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driver, she entered the house. May could not see her face; but it was just the figure, he fancied, of the Countess de Valska. The carriage drove away, the front door closed, and all again was silent, save the thumping of poor Austin's strained and shaken heart. Great heavens! he complained to the harmless Venus of Milo. The worst had been realized indeed.

This time there was no indecision. The only safety lay in flight. No sooner had he gained this conclusion than he sought to put it in practice. With quick and stealthy steps he gained the stable, only to find that the stable-door was locked. He could hear inside the noises of a restless horse, but both fast horse and buggy were beyond his reach. The over-cautious Schmidt had locked them in, and taken the key. May's heart sank. He looked around for an axe, a log, anything to batter down the door with—he would have set fire to his own stable if necessary; then a brilliant thought occurred to him—of the pistol-shot that was to be the signal to Schmidt in cases of emergency.

He ran back to the pavilion. As he passed the house he thought he heard sounds of angry collocation in the entry. But this was no time for idle curiosity; and he ran on to the pavilion, grasped the revolver, ran back before the house, placed himself in the little clump of pines, and fired. The noises in the house ceased. He fired again.

The second report of his revolver was followed by a wild and shrill screaming in the house. A second after, the front door was violently flung open, and Mr. Terwilliger Dehon burst forth with the celerity of a pellet from a pop-gun. He was immediately and closely pursued by a female figure, screaming violently. After her, all in the focus of the dark-lantern, appeared a gaunt and stooping individual with a shot-gun, which he brought to his shoulder and incontinently fired, aiming, as far as May could judge, at the North Star. Then he threw away the shot-gun and joined in the pursuit; and after him came the faithful Schmidt, in obedience to his master's signal, once more unperturbed.

"What has happened?" cried May, rushing forward. "Where is she?"

But even as he spoke, feminine arms were thrown around his neck, a fainting feminine figure hung about his shoulder, and feminine lips whispered in his ear:

"At last!"

With a gasp of despair, May disengaged her and led her to the front door, where he deposited his precious burden upon the china garden-seat. The countess seemed less graceful than of yore, and she certainly was heavier. But the countess, of course, it was.

"Sech a time, Mr. May," said she. "Me a-comin' up with the depot-man, and findin' a burglar in the house; an' the volleys from the ambushes as was outside; an' Mr. Eastman a-runnin' for his gun, an' I chasin' the burglar; an' all along of that furriner in the kitchen as left the cellar-door wide open; an', says I——"

"Mrs. Eastman!" cried May, with a sigh of relief, as if he saw the dawn again. But that heroine's short-lived valor was exhausted. To chase an elderly burglar out one's own front door, amid salvoes of musketry, was surely excuse enough for leaning on the shoulder of the first reliable male one met and knew; but the thought of both actions was too much for feminine nerves, and Mrs. Eastman proceeded to get up the best notion of hysterics her Maine training could produce. As for May, he was so glad that it was not the Polacca de Valska that he could have kissed even the elderly housekeeper; but he thought better of it, and consigned her to the tender soothing of her husband.

"Mirandy," he heard Mr. Eastman say, "don't ye be a fool." And May went back again to his pavilion. Great heavens, what a day!

He looked at his watch. It was already after ten o'clock; and his heart gave a leap of joy. Could it be that the countess would never turn up at all?

He was too much shaken by the excitements of the day to sit still quietly, and count the minutes; so he took to wandering in the drive-way about the lake. He was conscious of a marvellous accession of spirits. Poor Mr. Terwilliger Dehon! And May laughed to himself as he pictured their meeting, and the Eastmans taking him for a burglar. What could

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she have done to drive Dehon in such terror from the house? May wondered what had become of him, and looked with some apprehension lest he should have rushed into the lily-pond. But that was impossible in so light a night. Well, well! he never should have known how to get rid of him. Peace to his widower's weeds.

The harvest moon had risen, and shone brightly on the familiar fields. How strong and sweet is our memory for places! Each swell of grassy hill seemed like an old playmate; the very contour of the masses of elm-foliage, darkly outlined under the moon, seemed all familiar to him. Every time that May walked by the main gate-way, with the iron cannon-balls, he looked nervously through it; but the white, shady road was clean and empty, and the night was still.

His fortune was almost too great to be believed in, and he looked frequently at his watch, and listened timidly for every sound.

But the night waxed and the moon rose higher, and the white mists began to drift in, stilly, from the distant river; and there was yet no manifestation of the Countess Polacca de Valska.

And at last the village church rang out twelve bells; and the cocks crew; and May pitched his cigar into the lake with a sigh that resembled a benediction. The day was over. That most terrible twenty-four hours of his life was safely passed. He could go to bed and sleep serenely, in the consciousness that no one of his idle old dreams was to be realized, that no folly of his past was to assume shape and confront him now. And all his arsenal of weapons, his laboratory of drugs, his store-house of Dutch courage, had proved unnecessary.

He walked along by the margent of the little lake; and as he did so, a thought struck him. He entered the pavilion and set the fountain playing, in celebration of his deliverance. He threw open all the shutters and the wide door—useless precautions now—and the flood of moonlight streamed again into the familiar old hall. He looked about at the misanthropic pictures, and the moonlight fell fair upon the beautiful Venus of Milo in the corner. He looked again at the old will, and Georgiana Rutherford's note, and Mrs. Dehon's visiting-card lying beside it. Through such various fortunes had he tended into Latium.

He patted Fides on his massive head, as the dog walked along beside him. He went back into the house. It was all his own now; all his own, and untrammelled. He called his valet to him.

"Schmidt," said he, "I am not going to sit up any longer. If anyone comes, I have been here and gone—you understand? I have gone—to Arizona." Schmidt bowed. He had regained his imperturbability, and was fearful of being discharged. An American servant would have left, and brought an action for his ducking; not so the obsequious Oriental. And Austin May took his candle and went quietly to bed. He had kept his tryst honorably; and by all laws, human and divine, his three offers of marriage had now expired.

III. The Posthumous Jest.

Our hero sank comfortably into the great old-fashioned bed, with a sigh of relief that he could sleep at last in peace.

If anyone ever deserved sleep, he thought that he did; but this is not a world where we get our deserts. All night long he lay awake. His mind would go from his infatuation with the de Valska to his passion for poor Gladys Dehon; from the Exmoor hounds to his engagement with Miss Rutherford. He was devoutly thankful that he had escaped them all, and yet the peace he had expected did not come. He heard the familiar old church-bell strike two, and three, and four, as he had heard it in his boyhood, when wakeful for a fishing-excursion, or for some country ride. What was he to do next?

He could not analyze his state of mind. The night hours passed, and still he lay there wondering. Suddenly, as if at a wave of an unseen baton, the orchestra of birds fell to singing. May listened; in eleven years he had not heard them. Then, as suddenly, they stopped. And then the dawn came, and the fragrance of the new-born day.

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At last he rose, impatiently, and went to the wide window. The first sunbeam slid beneath the arching elms and slanted through the sward. Such scenes had been wont to make him happy when he was young—and when he was in love. This was a strange mood for him at thirty-three and free—a mood of melancholy, almost a loneliness.

Even his cold bath failed to restore him. He was glad they had none of them come; he was certain of that. And yet——

As he was dressing, he opened the closet-door. There was the broad straw hat, with its pink ribbons, still hanging, faded, on the nail; and suddenly he recognized it. He took it down, and looked at it curiously; and as he sat there, holding it in his hands, the great St. Bernard dog came up and sniffed at it. It was May Austin's. And as Austin sat there, he remembered that he had loved her.

He walked out upon the lawn again, brushing the dews upon the grass. Fool that he was! First loves were best, after all.

But where was she? He had not heard from her for years. He had never even written, after the Trouville episode. And she—she must have divined that he was false. First loves were best. Oh, cruel Uncle Austin! Yet his own wretched fickleness was the most to blame, after all. His uncle was a cynic; but he had been a young man in love.

Of one thing he was sure—though he had taken eleven years to find it out. Wherever she might be, throughout the world, there he would find her. And he knew now what had been in his mind, that yesterday, when he had walked beside the lily-pond, along the soft path no longer trod by her. Where could she be? First loves were best. And he fell into a reverie.

He was still holding the hat in his hand, and Fides came up again and sniffed at it. There was something in his mouth—was it a glove?

May took the glove, and almost thought he recognized it. It was a woman's glove, a garden-glove with a long arm—where had he found it?

The dog looked up at him, almost as if he read his thoughts, and then he led the way and Austin followed. He went across the lawn and through the hedge, to the well-remembered seat beneath the orchard, and there he stopped. And May sat down upon the seat and dreamed.

An hour he sat there, and then he saw a figure coming through the field. And his heart told him that this was May Austin. She did not see him, and he waited there.

When she came out from under the last apple-tree, he saw her stop and waver. She was lovelier still than he remembered her, and he went up to her and took her hand. She blushed, and he could feel it tremble as it lay in his.

"I—I thought you were abroad," said she.

"I have come back," he answered, simply.

. . . . . .

An hour later Schmidt was sitting by the front door, smoking his long pipe, when he thought he saw his master crossing the lawn along the lily-pond. But he was walking hand in hand with a young lady. The long pipe dropped from Schmidt's hand; and

"Potztausend!"

The imperturbable valet was moved to say as much as this, but of further speech remained incapable. May approached.

"Schmidt, you will go to town and get the rest of my luggage."

The valet only stared.

"And after this I shall not need your services. I will find you a good place (with some of my bachelor friends," thought May; "poor devils!"). Schmidt still stood there, his broken pipe upon the doorstep.

"Do you hear what I say?"

Schmidt made an effort. "There is a letter for monsieur—in the pavilion." A letter! May trembled to himself once more.

"I must go home," said May Austin, still blushing violently. But May begged her to wait until he had gone to the pavilion, and then he would go with her. He feared that he knew what the letter was. But it had come too late! A thousand countesses could not bind him now.

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Coming thither, May sat upon the doorstep, and Austin opened the letter.

LAW OFFICES OF VESEY & BEAMES,
3 COURT STREET, BOSTON,
August 14, 1886.

AUSTIN MAY, Esq., Brookline, Mass.

DEAR SIR: The eleven years' delay required by the will of your late uncle, John Austin, having expired to-day, I have much satisfaction in sending you a copy (herein enclosed) of the document contained in the sealed envelope referred to in said will, and constituting his residuary legatee; although, as I am informed that you have never married, the residuary clause of the will does not take effect. The executors hold themselves in readiness to deliver over to you all the securities and title-deeds representing your uncle's estate upon receiving from you an affidavit that you have not, up to date, contracted a legal marriage.

I have some embarrassment in speaking to you of another aspect of this case, and can only hope you will think I acted for the best. You will remember that immediately after your uncle's death, I sent you a copy of the will as it was filed for probate. But when it came to a hearing I found that the court utterly refused to allow probate of a will which contained as a most important part the contents of a sealed letter, left in my custody, and the purport of which was unknown to the court. His honor intimated that he considered the will ridiculous in tenor and inartificial in structure; and that it was at least questionable whether the residuary devise was not void, as dependent upon a condition in restraint of marriage. It was in vain that I cited the case where a man chalked his will upon his own barn-door, and the barn-door having been brought into court and copied was allowed to be replaced upon its hinges. The court wholly objected to being made, as it were, a confidant of Mr. Austin's love projects; and insisted that the sealed letter should be opened then and there, and read to the court, and appended to the will and filed away with it. Accordingly this was done.

But I conceived that I should be best following out the wishes of your uncle and my old friend by not telling you of this. Suspecting that it would never occur to you to inspect the court records, the reporters were paid for their silence, and although you might at any time during the past eleven years have read this sealed envelope, your continued absence abroad leads me to hope that you have never done so.

I am, sir, with great respect,
Faithfully yours,
J. VESEY, JR.

Austin May dropped the letter from his hands and looked at May. "I might have known it any time these eleven years," said he.

"Known what?" said May, picking up the enclosure, which had fluttered to the floor.

"Perhaps it is as well," gasped Austin; and he shuddered as he thought of Mrs. Terwilliger and the scheming Countess. He took the paper from May's hands and read as follows:

"I, John Austin, gentleman, hereby incorporate this sealed writing, referred to in my will of even date herewith, as part of my said will. Having provided in such my will that in the event of my said nephew, Austin May, becoming married before he attain the age of thirty-five, or before the period of eleven years shall have elapsed from the date of my death, whichever shall first happen, all my property, real and personal, except my said bin of Lafite claret, shall go to my residuary legatee; and having observed a certain tenderness existing between my said nephew, Austin May, and my said niece, May Austin, I hereby nominate and create my dear niece, May Austin, as such my residuary legatee—in the hope that as I, marrying without love, have been unhappy, they, my said niece and nephew, marrying for love alone, and giving up all thoughts of worldly advantage, may enjoy the blessings of this world besides."

The paper slipped from Austin's hands.

"To think that I have waited eleven years!" said he. And he struck his hand against his forehead.

But May Austin looked up to him and smiled.

. . . . . .

Of the Countess Polacca de Valska, Austin never heard. But Fides is an honored inmate of the Brookline house. And if you drive by there, some summer afternoon, you will note once more those frilled and pleated things about the windows that denote the presence of a woman's hand. And perhaps many a more foolish will has been composed than that of the late John Austin.

THE END.

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FORESTS OF NORTH AMERICA.

By N. S. Shaler.

The history of mankind has been at all times much affected by the forest covering of the earth. Modern science teaches that man himself, at least so far as his organic body is concerned, is derived from a long line of creatures who dwelt in trees. His slender, agile body and his delicately constructed, flexible hand owe their essential features to the arboreal habit of his ancestors. It is also possible that the forest habit has left its impress on man's mind as well as his body; for, as appears from a consideration of the existing tree-dwelling species of mammals, they are generally more social, sympathetic, and quicker-witted animals than most of those who dwell upon the surface of the earth. When the brute passed, by some as yet unexplained gradations, into the primitive man the boughs were abandoned, and the creature became, in a measure, changed to suit the needs of the firmer earth. For a while, however, the forest remained his fittest dwelling-place. The tropical woods, where man developed, afforded varied food, and the trees a ready shelter from wild beasts of prey. It was only when the "progressive desires," which made him, in essence, man, led him a stage above the lowest level of humanity that his ancestral woods began to prove a hinderance to him; it is only with the beginning of agriculture that the forests came to be the obstinate foe of his advance, which was so long to lie across his path. For thousands of years thereafter he was compelled to be a toilful forest-destroyer; from the encumbering woods, with scanty tools—stone axes and fire—he had to win his fields, the material for his dwellings, and the fuel for his hearth.

With the relatively modern development of civilization we are coming to the third state of the relation of man to forests; a stage when he finds that this tree-covering of the lands is necessary for the maintenance of those conditions of climate and timber-supply on which the utility of the earth to him in good part depends. The frontiersman, that essence of the practical man, is still a slayer of woods, and believes that he serves the god of progress by the sacrifice of the forest. But, as knowledge advances, the thoughtful classes become more and more concerned as to the conditions of this earth during the centuries to come, when this swift-advancing ruin of our woods shall have been completed. Most persons will heartily agree that it is our bounden duty to transmit the inheritance which we enjoy in the earth unimpaired to the generations yet to be. It is, unhappily, impossible for us so to manage the store of utilities which the earth affords that there shall be no diminution of the supply for the ages to come. It is probable that the supply of coal will in good part have disappeared by the year 3000; and in the fourth millennial period of our era, a time less remote in the future than the birth of Christ in the past, the metals now in use will have to be won with great difficulty—if obtained at all. Still we may trust the advance of knowledge and skill to compensate for these losses; solar energy may be trusted to afford heat and aluminum to take the place of iron; and the world may be the better for the change which forced a rustless metal and a dustless fuel into use—at any rate, we see that the supply of mineral resources of the earth necessary for our successors may be prolonged for a time in the future which is long beyond our power to conceive.

It is otherwise with the soil-covering of the earth's surface. So far as we can see, that is the least enduring and the least replaceable of any of those features on which the life of the earth depends. It is the harvest of the ages; and once lost, it cannot be supplied save by eons of time. The most serious misfortune connected with the reckless destruction of our forests arises from the loss of the soil from large areas of land, by which regions naturally fertile have been converted into deserts of irremediable ste-

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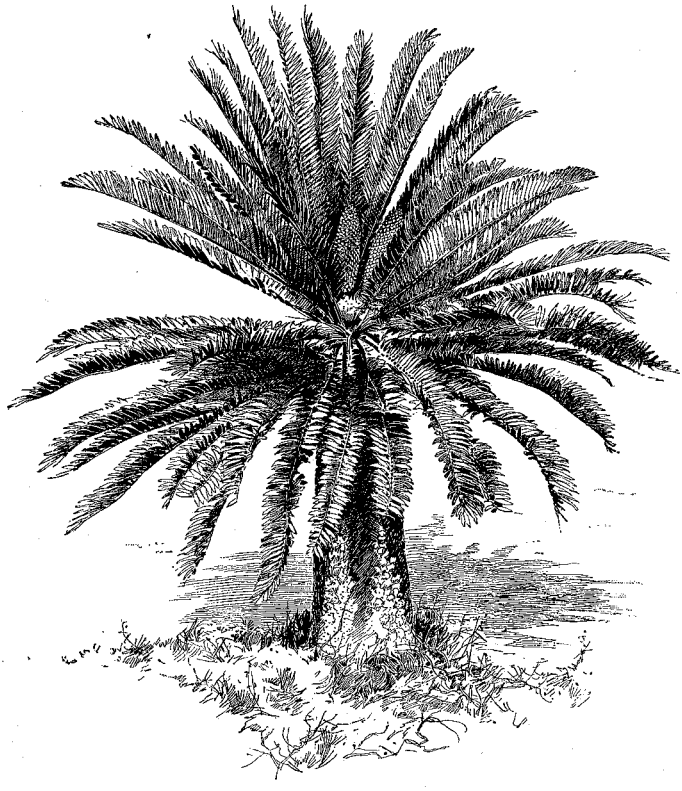
rility. Already a large part of many fertile regions have been sterilized in this fashion; and each year a larger portion of this infinitely precious heritage of life slips into the rivers, and finds its way to the sea, because we have deprived it of the protecting coating of vegetation. Therefore, it is not alone on account of the surpassing intellectual interest that forests present to us, but also from the gravest reasons of economy, that they deserve to be attentively studied. In the following pages we shall endeavor to set forth, though in mere outlines, the general facts which are known concerning forests—the scientific as well as the economic points together, for they are so united that they cannot well be separately treated.



Cycad in the Botanical Gardens, Cape Town, South Africa.

To find the origin of forests we must go back to the first stages of vegetable life. The series of plants, as well as that of animals, began in the water, and came thence to the surface of the lands. All very lowly forms of organisms demand a permanent envelope of water, for the reason that they are not provided with any skin which will prevent the drying out of the fluids of which their bodies are in large part composed. It is only after they have attained a certain specialization of development that they can withstand the strenuous conditions to which they are subjected in the atmosphere. The beginnings of plant life in the land were laid in water plants of simple structure; thence they came to fitness for the land conditions on one or more lines of development.

The first land plants of which we have any evidence from fossilized remains are forms allied to our ferns, which appear in the upper Silurian age; but it is improbable that they were the earliest forms which dwelt in the air. It is likely that the lowlier groups of mosses and lichens preceded them in time, and that we have failed to find their remains. For some ages we have very imperfect records of the ancient forests; but we know that during the Devonian period some of the ferns had taken on a tree-like aspect, and probably formed a low, bushy growth in the swamps of that time. As these ferns came to be crowded together there began a great struggle for existence, which has continued to this day, and which has given our forests their most conspicuous aspect. Each individual plant needed to attain a share of sunlight, and so in a way sought to overtop its neighbors. Those which developed taller trunks than their competitors for light prevailed in the struggle for

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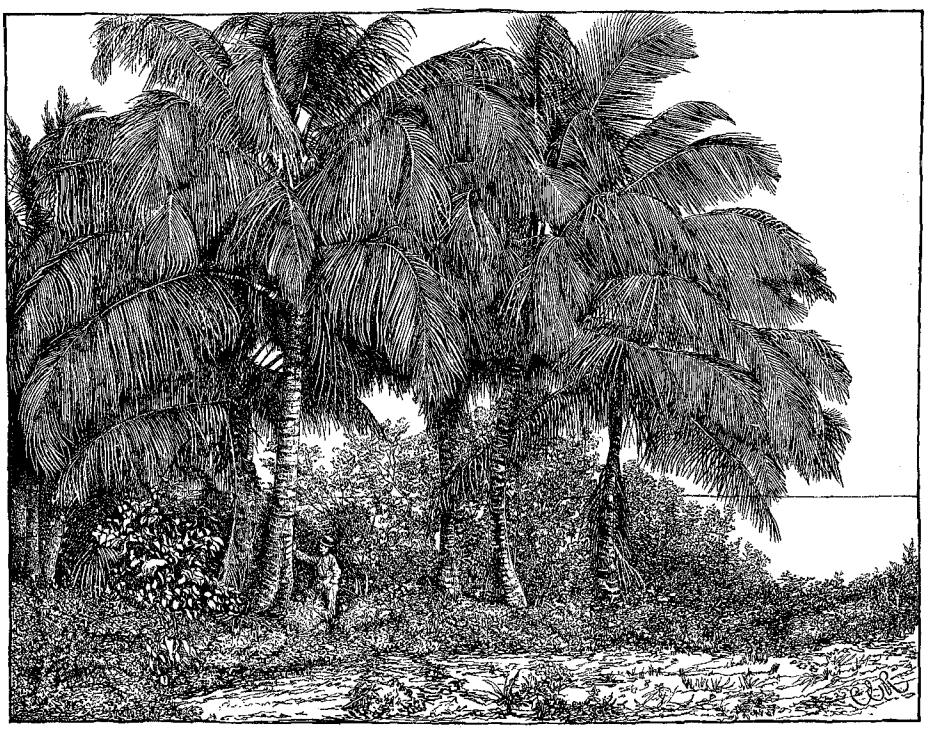
existence, and transmitted their peculiarities to their descendants; those less endowed in this respect generally failed in the race, or had to occupy stations of inferior advantage. As early as the Carboniferous period the slender trunk, supporting a canopy of foliage at a considerable height above the ground, showed how immediately the needs of the crowded life of the forest had been met by the architecture of these plants.

The trees of the first great forests, those which gave us the beds of peat which, in time, became the coals of the Carboniferous period, were not destined to endure; they were weakly structures, incapable of withstanding cold, and demanding a larger share of moisture than could be afforded outside of the limits of the swamps of that time. Moreover, their seeds were microscopic in size, containing none of that nutriment which enables the young of our higher plants to start in the race of life with a share of sustenance provided by the parent. Already in the Carboniferous period, and in the Permian, we begin to see the forerunners of a higher form of plants—forms allied to our living conifers and yews; they were relatively rare forms, yet they were the beginnings of a higher order of life. One stage higher on the geological section these early conifers and yews are re-enforced by other large-seeded plants of the same group akin to the cypresses and the cycads. But the greatest advance in the forests consisted in the introduction of the palms. The ferns continue to be an important element in the forests; but slowly they are pushed into a position of inferiority, their places being gradually taken by the higher forms of cone-bearing plants and cycads. Lastly, in the relatively recent ages of the later Cretaceous and Tertiary there came the higher flowering plants, which give us the prevailing trees of our modern forests—oaks, poplars, elms, and the other familiar broad-leaved plants, which generally send down their leaves during the period of winter rest. Owing to their many advantages of structure and of function, these last comers are steadfastly gain-



A Group of Palms, Florida.

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ing the room which once belonged to the ancient pines. The broad-leaved flowering plants, when they take on the tree form, manifest their superiority in many ways; besides their larger seeds, which give some of the parent's strength to aid the nursling at its first struggles for existence, they have a better framework on which to support the great association of buds which constitutes the tree. Unlike the first trees, which generally had hollow or spongy stems, which did not suit the needs of large-branched forms, they have dense wood in the centre, which admirably serves for the support of the colony of buds and permits a great height of the trunk. Thus, while the largest trees of the coal period probably did not lift their branches to the height of one hundred feet, many of the forms of the present day climb for light to the height of two or three hundred feet above the earth. But the greatest advantage of the modern trees is probably found in the fact that they, by the help of insects and other means, secure a cross fertilization of their flowers, so that the seeds of one plant are fecundated by the pollen of another. This cross fertilization appears to give to the progeny of the plant a better chance in the combat for existence than they can secure where the seeds are fertilized by the same flower or those of the same colony or tree.

The result of these improvements is that the struggle is at present narrowed down to a contest between the broad-leaved trees and the conifers. The palms survive only on or near the Tropics, and the tree-ferns remain as remnants of a life which, once of supreme importance, is now at an end. Our most successful forests are those of the broad-leaved trees. These predominate in all the great forests of temperate latitudes. Their variety of forms being far greater than those of the conifers, they are ready to seize on any station which the chances of the battle afford them. They have already, to a great extent, driven the conifers to the more northern and intemperate stations, or to the sandier and more arid soils of the northern hemisphere.

With this inadequate though—we may hope, from the nature of the subject—interesting glance at the history of our forests, let us go to some tract of primeval woods, to see what are the conditions of the land beneath its mantle of vegetation. Let us take a district where broad-leaved trees predominate, for there the characteristic conditions of our modern forests are best displayed. There is no place so well suited for this inquiry as the field of the great Appalachian forest, which lies on the uplands of the region within a radius of, say, one hundred miles of the great mountains of North Carolina. In this area are still to be found, perhaps, the finest areas of virgin woods of the deciduous type that remain upon the earth. The trees are of exceeding variety, and man has as yet spared them the destruction which he is soon to inflict.

The natural entrance to these forests —often, indeed, the only practicable way into their recesses—is up the channels of the streams. Such were the ways by which the early settlers penetrated the wilderness with their pack-trains or rude wagons, and they still afford the only roads to many of the settlements of this region.* We note that the longer streams of this wilderness, those deserving the name of rivers, are so wide that they cut a channel through the forest; but from the alluvial plain, on either side, trunked sycamores and the delicately foliaged willows spring, like the remains of old arches, far out over the water. As the stream narrows, so that its channel is not more than fifty feet wide, these inclined trees, on either side, commingle their branches, forming an arch of interlaced boughs. We note the crystal purity of the water contained in these streams; even in times of flood it contains but little waste from the soil, though it may be discolored by the stain of the decayed forest bed over and through which it has passed. Comparing this stream of pure forest water with that which is derived from a valley where there are extensive tilled fields, we see one of the most striking evidences of the evil arising from man's presence.

* We can still trace the difficult progress of those modern pilgrims by the names they gave the streams up which they toiled—*Dismal Creek*, *Troublesome Creek*, *Hell-for-certain* and *Pull-and-be-damned Creeks*, and yet more descriptive names mark the stages of their journey.

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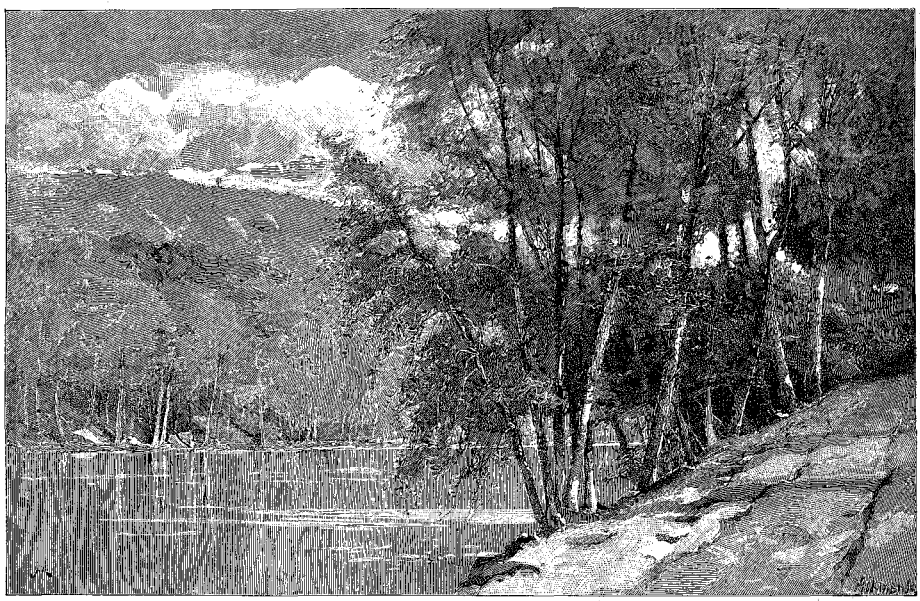
In such a stream from ploughed land we see, after every rain, that the water is exceedingly discolored with sediments, and that, besides the floating mud, a large amount of sand is driven along the bottom by the current. The mud is hurried away to the lower rivers, and thence to the sea; but the sand and pebbles gather in *bars* which hinder the course of the stream, compelling it to turn about in a devious way, cutting into its banks, widening its bed, and destroying its former beauty. In times of flood it is a raging torrent; in periods of drought it is often quite dry. Ascending our typical stream still further, to where its diminished waters are only a score or so of feet wide, we find its course embarrassed by many fallen trunks of trees, which the stream has not the power to sweep away as it does in the wider channels below. Many of these fallen trees have caught the smaller drifting fragments of wood, the whole forming a tolerably tight dam which, for a time, retains a portion of the flood waters, allowing them gradually to filter through the interstices, thus partly maintaining the volume of the stream in seasons of drought.

Turning from the way of the stream into the deep shadow of the forest which bounds it on either side, we find ourselves at once in a realm unknown to ordinary experience. Even in winter, when the leaves are shed, the close-set branches halve the sun's rays, and in summer the brightest sky affords only a gloaming such as we see in the open ground after sunset. Looking upward, we see the trunks rising, often without a limb, to the height of more than one hundred feet, and to the surface of the great domes of foliage it is often a distance of two hundred feet from the ground. The constant struggle for light causes every space in the great canopy of foliage to be filled by the contending branches. The surface of the ground is thickly covered by fallen trunks of the trees which have lived their term of life and returned to the earth. Some of them are reduced to the form of long, low mounds, deeply covered with moss, so decayed and worm-eaten that the foot sinks in them as into snow,—others still keeping the semblance of their giant forms, even in their prostrate position. These trees have rarely been overthrown by the



Water-birches, Cumberland River, near Pineville, Ky. (Ky. Geological Survey.)

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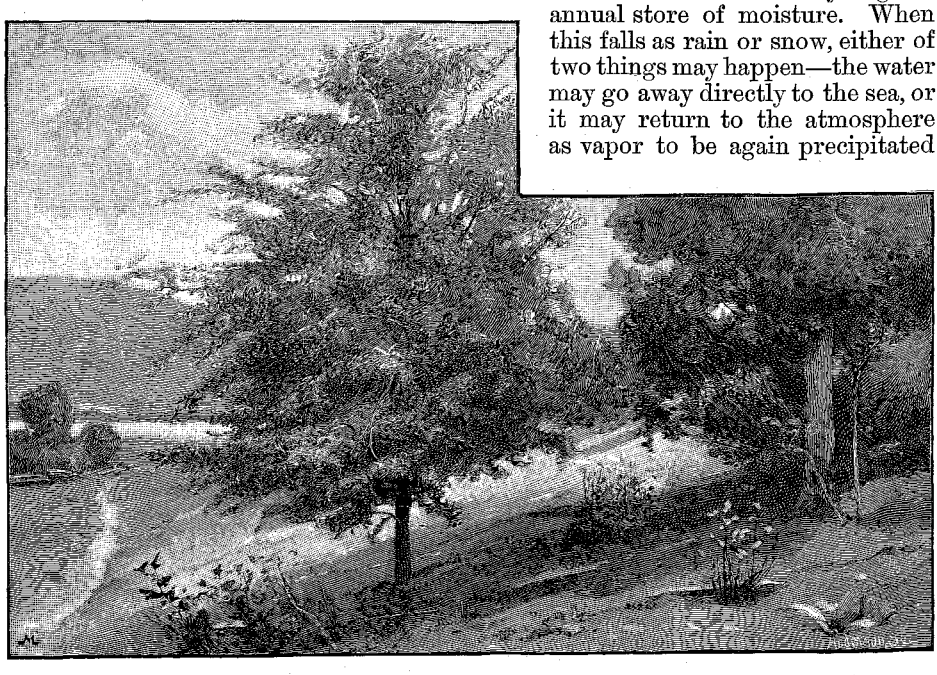
storms; except in the path of a hurricane, the wind is unfelt in these shades; they fall as a strong man by a sudden blow. Those who are accustomed to haunt these primeval woods have often observed how, in the months of May or June, when the air is perfectly quiet, oftenest in the dead of night, while the woods are as still as a cavern, there comes through the silent aisles of the forest a roar as of far-off thunder. The din is caused by some old tree, whose trunk, sapped by decay and overweighted by the burden of its new-made leaves and sap, has fallen into ruin.

The tangle of decayed vegetation which covers the ground beneath the forest is of considerable thickness. On top it consists altogether of the decayed trunks, branches, and leaves, but it shades downward into ordinary dark-colored soil at the depth of a few feet from the surface. This, the decay zone of the forest, lies between the boughs of the air and the branches of the roots. In it go on the most important actions which take place in our forests—actions which affect the history of land and sea. We shall therefore have to consider it in a somewhat painstaking way. The most evident effect of this sheet of decaying wood, and moss which feeds on the decay, is on the rainfall of the region which it mantles. When, after a season of drought, a copious rain falls upon this spongy mass, the water is for a long time absorbed in the interstices, and does not flow to the rivers. Even in times of very heavy rain the water is slowly yielded to the streams; after a dry period of many weeks this sponge retains a good share of water. A like amount of rain falling on tilled fields or prairies slips quickly away to the rivers, and thence to the sea. The first result is, that when the land is destitute of forests it sheds water like house-roofs, breeding floods after every considerable rain, while in the forests the rain is only slowly yielded to the streams.

A second and less evident result of the spongy character of the forest bed is that, by hindering the escape of the rain-water to the rivers, it increases the actual rainfall of the country. To see the nature and importance of this action, we must turn aside for a moment to consider the origin of the rain which falls upon the land. The original source of this water-supply is the sea, which sends into the lands a tolerably regular annual store of moisture. When this falls as rain or snow, either of two things may happen—the water may go away directly to the sea, or it may return to the atmosphere as vapor to be again precipitated



Winged Elm (showing foliage on the edge of a forest), Cumberland Valley, Ky.

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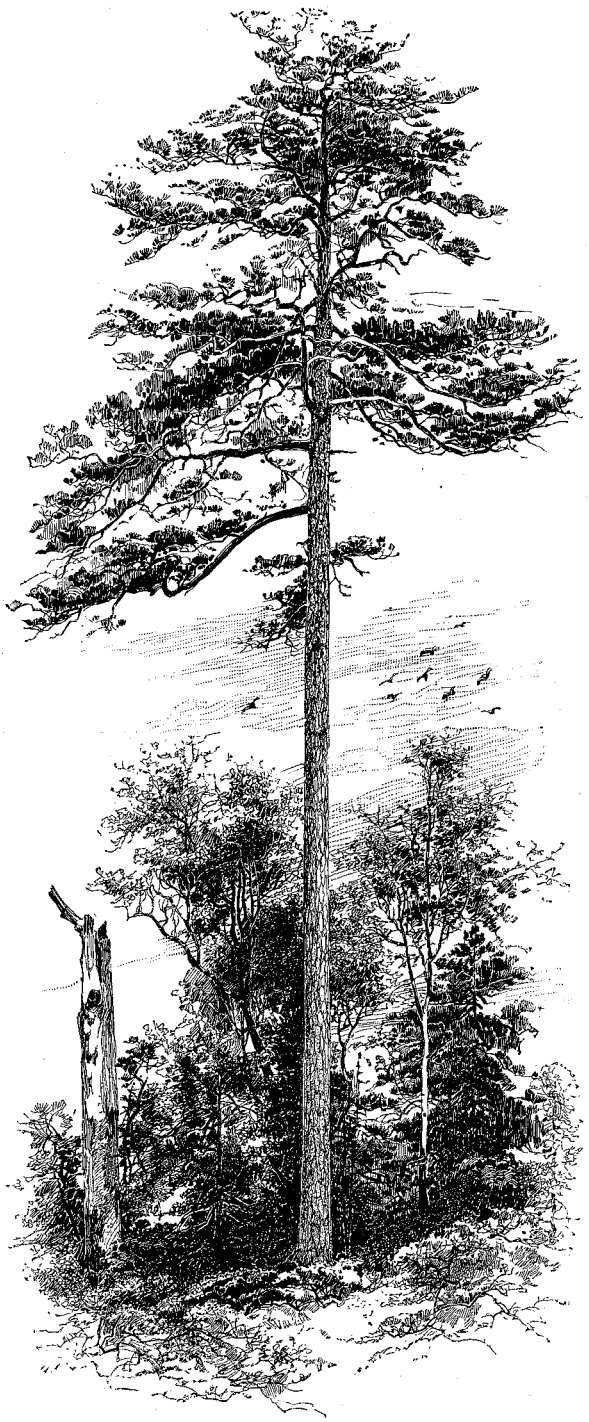

Yellow-pine, Harlan County, Ky. (Ky. Geological Survey.)

as rain. The chance of its re-envaporation is determined by the speed with which it flows to the streams. From a treeless region it rapidly escapes; in an extensive district of virgin forest it may again and again pass from earth to air, and from air to earth.

The columns of vapor, which in times of summer rain may be seen ascending from every great wood, afford visible evidence of the effect of forests on rainfall. They also may show the observer some of the most beautiful phenomena of atmospheric circulation. In a summer rain-shower the air above the trees becomes much cooler than it is in the recesses below their tents of foliage. This heated air within the wood seeks to rise, and escapes in great columns wherever there is a wide gap between the branches; as soon as it attains the cooler level above, the moisture is condensed and the air, before transparent, becomes charged with steam. To replace this ascending air, a broad current drifts toward the emerging streams of vapor, commonly from the higher parts of the forest, where the air, owing to the elevation of the site, is cooler than in the lower levels.

This repeated passage of the moisture from earth to cloud, and from cloud to earth, greatly increases the amount of force which the rain applies, in its falling drops, to the earth's surface; but the rank vegetation protects the surface from the erosion which it would otherwise bring about. Even the forest-clad hillsides of the Cumberland Mountains, where the soil lies on declivities of great steepness, suffer little wear as long as their natural protection is left to them.

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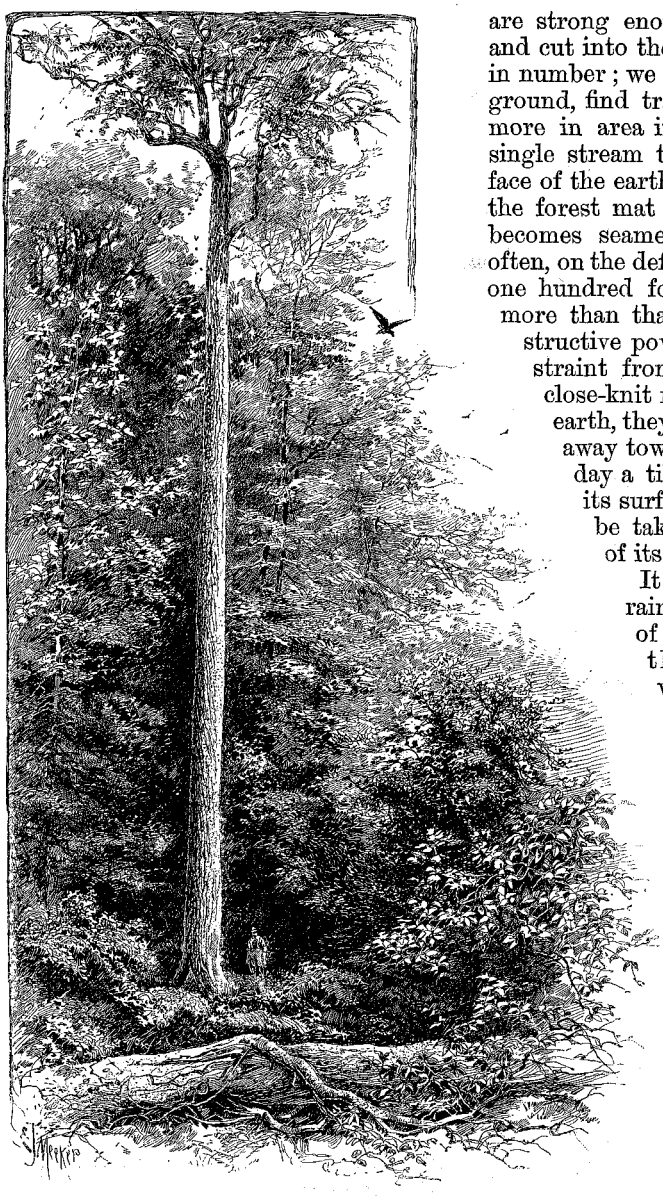

Black-walnut, Floyd County, Ky. (Ky. Geological Survey.)

But as soon as they are stripped of the garment of wood which has been upon the region ever since, in the far-off ages, they came from the depths of the sea, they wear with great rapidity. The erosion is limited, as long as they are forest-clad, to the stream beds, and there is hindered by the innumerable obstacles of the fallen trees and entangled driftwood. The brooks which are strong enough to clear their beds, and cut into the earth and rock, are few in number; we may often, on the flatter ground, find tracts of a square mile or more in area in which there is not a single stream that ever assails the surface of the earth. As soon, however, as the forest mat is removed, the surface becomes seamed with channels; they often, on the deforested surface, increase one hundred fold in their length, and more than that measure in their destructive power. Relieved of all restraint from fallen timber, or the close-knit roots which enmesh the earth, they sweep the precious soil away toward the sea. In a single day a tilled field may lose from its surface more soil than would be taken from it in a century of its forest state.

It is in this action of the rain upon the bared surface of the ground that we find the principal danger which menaces man in his use of the earth. The forests probably take each year from the soil as much as our tilled crops; but they not only retain, in the ash of the decayed leaves, branches, and trunks, all which they have removed, but they allow little waste to occur through the action of rain and wind. The use which man makes of the soil, when he tills it, is almost necessarily destructive, not only through the harvests which he removes, but by the incidental waste which occurs in the soil which is washed or blown away to the sea. We behold the results of this perilous wasting in every country which has long been the seat of tillage. In level regions it is least apparent, but in all hill countries it is quickly and often deplorably manifested. The destruction in the United States is most serious in the northern tier of Southern States, but no

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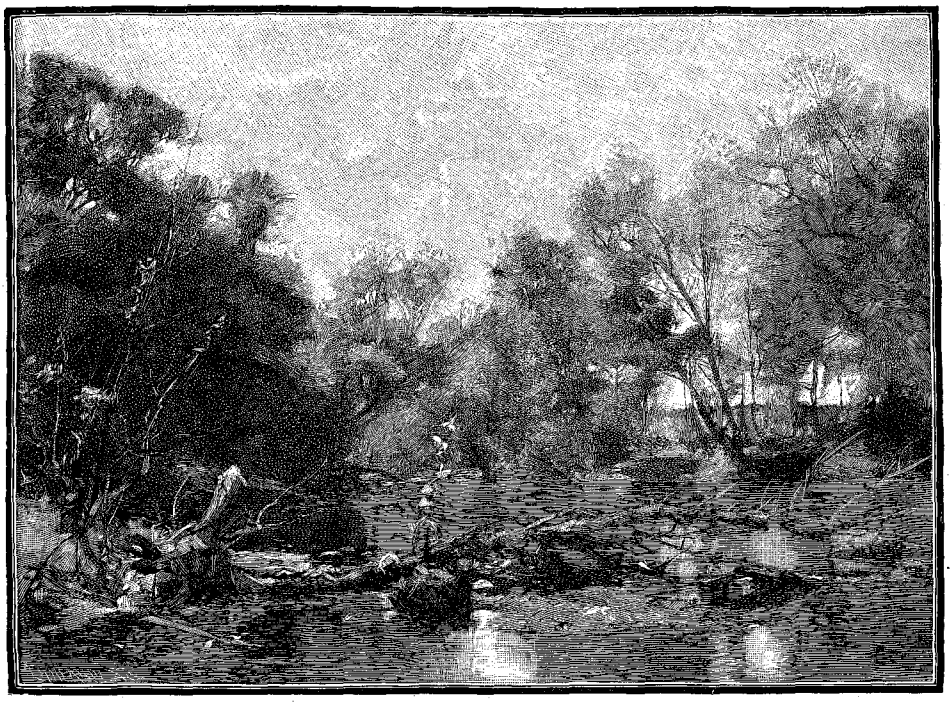
portion of the tilled districts is quite exempt from it. Brief as has been our use of this American land, a perceptible portion of it, probably as much as one-hundreth part of the tillable area, has been reduced to a state of destitution which it will require ages to repair—which, indeed, is scarcely reparable by the hand of man.

Turning from the general aspects of the forest to the details of its organization, we should first notice the great range in the character of its individual occupants, the various species of trees which form the wood. To the variety of the kinds of trees which are associated together the Appalachian forest owes, in good part, the wonderful success which it has attained. The coniferous woods of this region rarely have more than five or six species to share the possibilities of a given field; but in the broad-leaved forests we often find not less than fifty species, each of which, in a similarly extensive area, finds a place suited to the peculiar capabilities to which it has attained. In this element of variety our American forests far exceed those of Europe which, in a general way, they closely resemble. The deciduous woods of the Old World have not more than one-fourth as many species of trees as we find in those of Eastern North America For instance, in North America we have thirty or more species of oak, to the three of Europe, and many genera, including some of the noblest forms—such as the tulip trees, the magnolias, the gums, and the swamp-cypress—which have no representatives in the present European forests.

The advantages arising from this great diversity of species in our American deciduous woods is easily conceived. Each of these kinds has developed a special adaptation to some particular conditions of soil, moisture, or exposure; so that every opportunity which the conditions afford is met by some particular kind of tree, each making haste to avail itself of all the chances which are afforded to it. Thus, in the Southern swamps the Taxodium, or bald cypress, has, by a very singular arrangement of its roots, succeeded in adapting itself to soils which are permanently covered with water—a



Stream obstructed by Fallen Timber.

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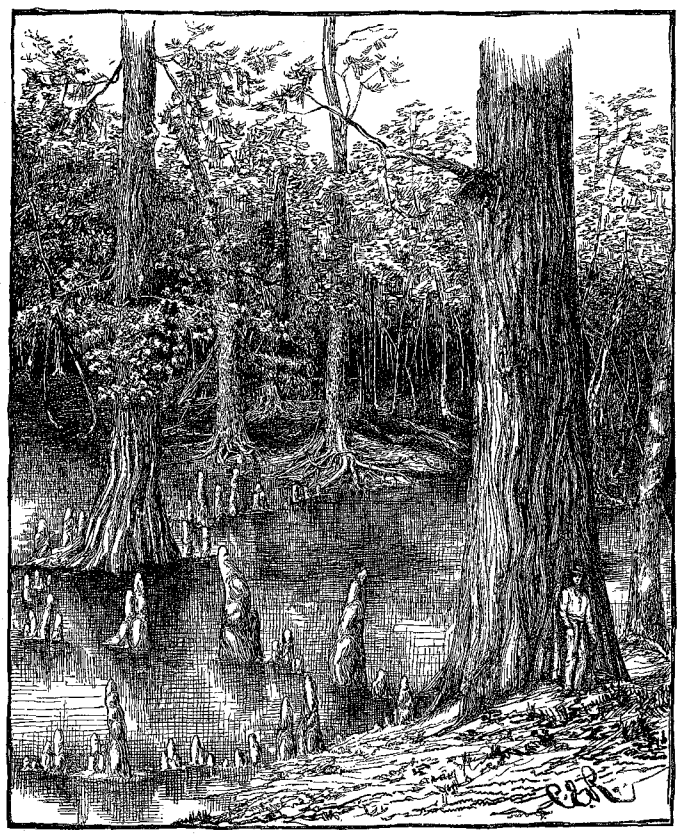
chance which is denied to other large trees. From each root which extends beneath the swamp about the trunk there arise spurs. These spurs grow upward in the form of stout columns, each capped by a bud-like excrescence, hollow in the centre, and covered externally by a spongy bark, through which the sap circulates. These bulbous or bud-like knobs are often so large and hollow that they are sometimes cut off and used by the farmers in the swamp districts for bee-hives and well-buckets. The height above the surface of these "knees," as the projections are called, is so adjusted that in the growing season their upper parts are above the level of the water; if by any chance, as when a mill-dam has raised the level of the pool, the tops of these appendages of the roots are covered during the spring and early summer seasons, the tree inevitably dies.



The Swamp-cypress (Tennessee), showing the Spurs.

So immediately is this contrivance adjusted to the needs of the situation that a cypress tree on the border of a swamp will have the knees on those roots which extend beneath the water, while those which run under the higher ground will fail to produce them. When the tree is artificially grown on high ground, the knees, so far as observed by the present writer, are never developed; or, at most, remain as trifling spurs on the roots, which do not rise above the soil. Thus the bald cypress, though quite unable to contend with the deciduous trees of the dry forests, has a safe stronghold in the vast swamps of the Southern States, and forms some of the noblest wood of this country. The willows, the cottonwoods, and the sycamores, also, find a special field in immediate contact with the water, though they have no such provision as the cypress for dwelling in the permanently inundated ground. They commonly live on the banks of the rivers, and feed on the fertile soil which the inundations bring to the shores. Leaning their trunks toward the streams, and expanding their branches in the open space above them, they, like the cypresses, win a realm where they do not have to contend with their stouter competitors for light and air.

The alluvial lands on either side of the streams, regions liable to frequent floods, are possessed by species which have a less endurance of humidity than the forms just mentioned, but are still more tolerant of long-continued floods than the most of our deciduous trees.

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Here we find, especially on the southern part of the Appalachian forest, pin-oaks, certain kinds of elms, the swamp chestnut-oaks, gums, tulip trees, etc. So completely is the forest adjusted to the conditions that the alluvial lands of the rivers generally bear a different assemblage of trees from those of the smaller streams.

In the upland districts the trees are distributed in a more varied manner than in the parts of the surface which are affected by inundations; still, even there the arrangement is rather according to evident law than according to the indiscernible complexity of law we term chance. Though the species are somewhat affected by the accidents which plant the seeds, the predominance of any species is always indicative of some peculiarities of soil or exposure. So accurate is this delimitation that the early settlers in the forested Western States always and unerringly chose their places of settlement by the nature of the timber. Where blue-ash, black-walnut, or coffee trees abounded, they knew that they had the most fertile soils; beech woods indicated a soil of less fertility, but still of endurance to tillage; white-oaks a soil of lower grade, but suited to certain crops—as, for instance, to tobacco; a predominance of red-oak trees a yet less suitable ground, and a wood of black-oaks, or "black-jacks," the most unpromising field of all.

In a hilly country each of the varying aspects of the surface brings its peculiar influences to bear on the distribution of the timber. So sharply is the distribution determined by the compass direction of the slope, and the consequent share of sunshine which it affords, that a skilled observer may, in cloudy weather, tell the direction of his way by a careful study of the forest.

We should also observe that the same immediate and complete adaptation of the trees to their conditions is shown in the way in which they recover their possession of abandoned fields, and of the tracts which have been deforested by hurricanes or fire. A certain limited number of species lead the way to the repossession of these districts from which the forest has been expelled. If the ground has been long under tillage, as many of the worn-out fields of Virginia have been, the sassafras, persimmon, black- and red-oak are apt to be the first of the forest trees to establish themselves.

Black-jack Oaks, Todd County, Ky. (Ky. Geological Survey.)

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If fire has done the work, then the poplars and birches have, in most districts, the best chance; if it be a hurricane's path, the ground is sure to be full of seeds and young trees, and it is anyone's race, with the predominant oaks generally in the lead. South of Virginia, where the soil is sandy, the "old-field pine" is generally the pioneer of the forest's readvance.

The controlling conditions in the distribution of the forest trees are: first, the characteristics of the species; second, the nature of the soil; third, the chance of distribution of the seed; and, lastly, the assaults of the animal enemies which each kind encounters. Some species—as, for instance, the black-locust—are extensively subjected to insect enemies. The oaks, on the other hand, are, on account of their acrid sap, tolerably well protected from such dangers. As a whole, our deciduous trees have established, by one device and another, a tolerably strong defence against animal pests. In fact, they owe their continued existence to their success in preventing this class of dangers. Now and then some new enemy arises, which imperils and may destroy a species. An instance of this sort has recently come to the attention of the present writer from some study of the forests of Kentucky, which was undertaken with the cooperation of his assistants. It appears from these observations that the white-oaks of that district, which, despite the ravages of the axe, still constitute some of its finest forests, are in the way to disappear from their failure to reproduce their kind. There are singularly few young white-oaks in these woods, but an abundance of the less desirable varieties of red- and Spanish-oaks. The reason for this seems to be that the nuts of the white-oak are more palatable to the squirrels than those of the other species; so these creatures industriously seek them out, and only resort to the more bitter and probably less nutritious nuts of the other species when those of the white-oak fail them. In similar ways other animals react destructively upon other forest trees. The introduction of swine in the settled portions of the forests brings a greedy and judicious palate to consume the more edible nuts, and so destroy the progeny of many trees. But what is one kind's loss is another kind's gain; with the destruction of one species, its competitors find a fair field and hasten to occupy it.

There are evidently two principal limiting causes which determine the growth of forests—these are drought and cold. When the rainfall is less than serves to keep the roots moist during the period of growth, or when the growing season is too brief to permit the ripening of the new wood of a tree, the forests find their limit. In the struggle with the cold the coniferous trees have, in general, the advantage of the broad-leaved group, possibly for the reason that in the former class a portion of the foliage holds over the winter; thus there is less to do to bring the machinery of growth into operation, and the process of annual increase can be more quickly accomplished. So, too, in the struggle with arid conditions the conifers, or narrow-leaved trees, appear to be, on the whole, more successful than the broad-leaved trees, probably for the reason that their rigid and scanty foliage expends less water than the soft and expanded leaves of the other group. Thus the conifers have come to occupy the greater part of the scantily watered districts of the Rocky Mountains, as well as the regions of the far north up to the limits of the forests which stretch toward the North Pole.

There remains still the need of explaining the absence of forests from that part of the so-called prairie districts of the West where the water-supply is abundant for the nurture of forests, and where, indeed, a great variety of native forest trees grow, when planted, with singular luxuriance. Several recondite explanations have been devised to account for this peculiarity. It has been claimed that these prairies are unfavorable to the growth of trees because of the fineness of the soil; but without considering how this *fineness* can act, it is easy to see that the soil of the Mississippi delta region, which intersects the prairie districts, is even finer-grained than that of the treeless plains. Others have held that these regions were the floors of great lakes, which, after the glacial period, were quickly possessed by grasses to the exclusion of the trees. But it is

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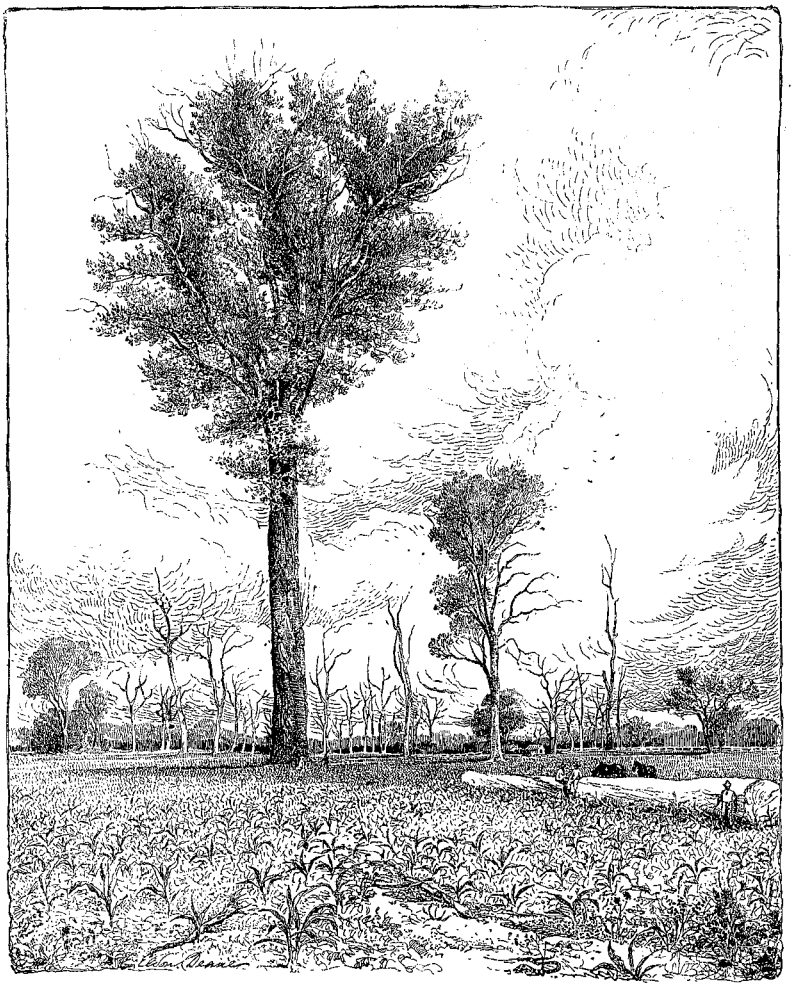

A Sycamore Tree in White River Bottoms, near Wheatland, Ind.

easy to see that, even in the best of our existing grass lands, the forests generally manage swiftly to regain possession when they are allowed to pursue their way without interference from man.

In accounting for the prairies, it will not do to seek their origin in a single course. There are certainly at least two elements in the causation which have operated with different degrees of effect in different parts of the Western tracts. In the region beyond the Mississippi, where the annual rainfall is less in amount than twenty inches, drought alone will perhaps serve to explain the treeless conditions; farther to the east an artificial cause—viz., the fires which the Indians were in the habit of setting to the grass of the open ground and the leaves of the woods—will account for the destruction of the original forests. These annual forest fires were kindled either to drive the game toward the hunters or to aid the growth of the fresh grass which springs up after the conflagration. In this way the prairies were extended eastward to Indiana and south to the Ohio River. At one point, west of Louisville, Ky., the prairie country crossed that stream, and extended south to the Cumberland River, near where Nashville now lies. In this latter region we have a clear example of the process by which the country was de-

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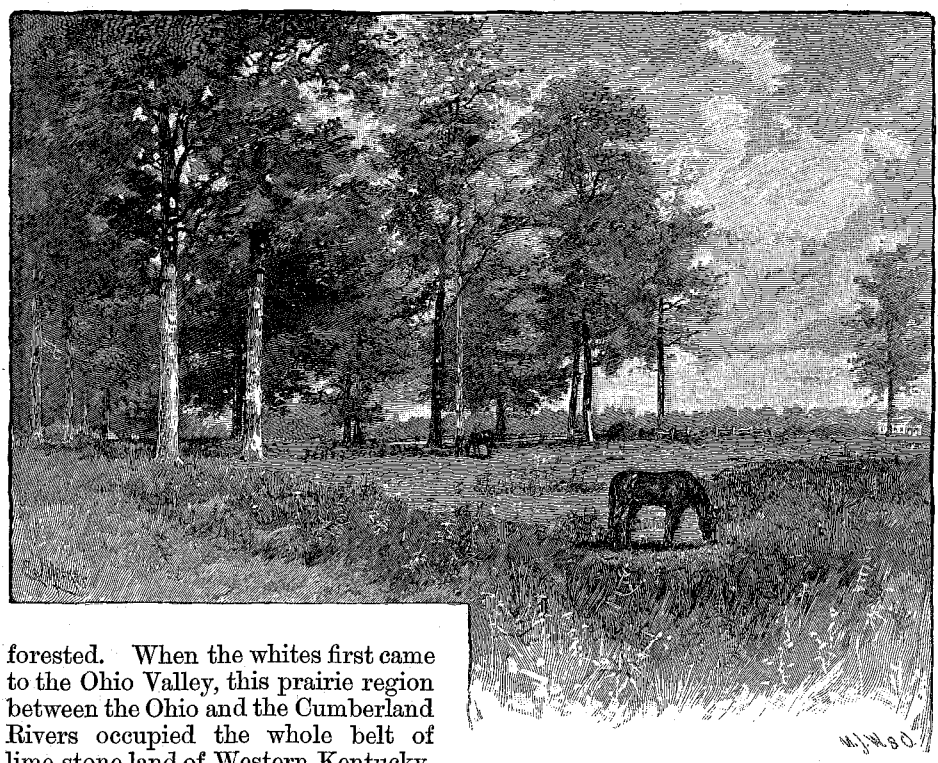

Ash Grove, Ashland, Fayette County, Ky.

forested. When the whites first came to the Ohio Valley, this prairie region between the Ohio and the Cumberland Rivers occupied the whole belt of lime-stone land of Western Kentucky. Skirting the southern border of the western coal field, it extended westward across the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers into the low table-land which lies between the last-named stream and the Mississippi River. About five thousand square miles of this area were actually deforested, except where, beside the scanty streams, the ground was too moist to permit the ravages of the annual conflagrations. On the border of this area the old trees were not destroyed, but remained in the form of a very open forest. The younger growth was, however, wanting. The reason for this is plain: The older trees have a very thick outer bark, which served to protect them from the damage which would be inflicted by the momentary heat of the burning leaves, while the tender stems of the saplings were easily destroyed. Thus it came about that when the old trees died they left no successors, and so the prairie steadily widened its area. As soon as the Indians ceased to use this region as an annual hunting-ground the forests rapidly regained their possession of all the prairie lands of this district. The annual burning of the surface ceased in the latter part of the last century; in the second decade of this the whole of this great area was covered by a thin wood of young trees, which quickly closed into a dense forest. At the present time all the parts of this field which have not been deforested by man are thickly wooded. Some indications of a similar process of forest restoration may be found in Indiana and Illinois; but in those regions the annual rainfall is less, and summer droughts, which are calculated to prevent the establishment of the young trees, are more frequent and more prolonged, than in Kentucky.

Turning now to consider the underground work of the forests, we find there a realm of activities of interest equal to that of their more visible portion. The leaf-bearing branches of the trunk are hardly more extensive than those which penetrate the soil. The main function of these underground branches is to supply the ashy element of the plant, which they take, dissolved in water, from the soil and, in the form of sap, send up-

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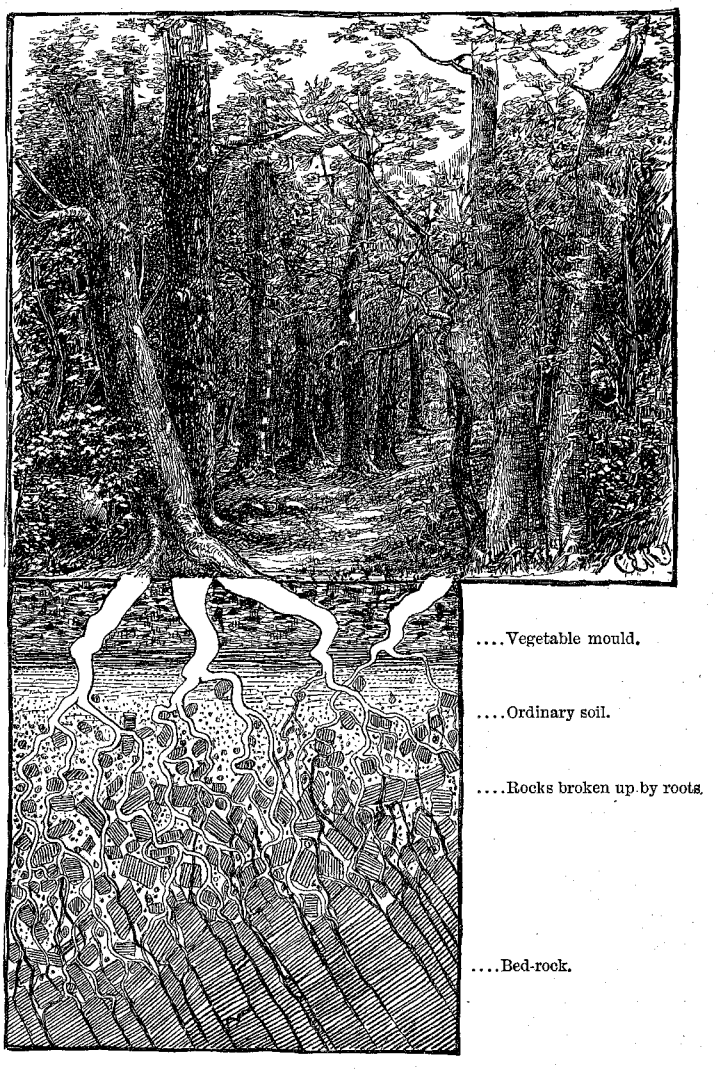
ward to the leaves for further elaboration. In this work they penetrate, not only horizontally through the existing soil bed, but often enter into the crevices of the rocks which have not yet been converted into earthy matter. As soon as the roots find a profitable way into these fissures of the rocks beneath the soil, they increase in size and exert a powerful rending action, riving the stones asunder. Each weak place of the fragments is in turn sought out, and the hard mass is in time reduced to small bits as effectively as by the blows of a hammer. This work often goes on at a depth of ten feet or more below the surface; and so forest trees work to produce soils of great depth, while the grasses and tilled crops have no such effect.

The greatest work of the forest on the subjacent earth is accomplished by the action of the deep layer of decaying vegetation which it forms upon the surface. This layer consists mainly of carbon, which, by the process of decay, is combined with the oxygen of the air in the proportion of two atoms of the latter to one of the former substance. This combination is known to chemists as CO^2, or carbonic dioxide; or, in the old nomenclature, as carbonic-acid gas. It is, as the old name indicates, a gas; and though heavier than air, in good part escapes into the atmosphere in time to be reclaimed by the leaves and to return to some forest bed. This gas is extremely soluble in rain-water, each part of water taking in many times its bulk of the gas. At first sight this seems a very commonplace fact; but, as we shall see, on it depends, in an intimate way, a most important part of the mechanism of the earth.

When the water falls on the surface of the earth it has little power to take into solution the substances which compose the rocks. The charge of carbonic-dioxide gas increases this dissolving capacity in a wonderful manner; for instance, when pure rain-water will dis-



Showing how the Roots penetrate and break up the Rocks.

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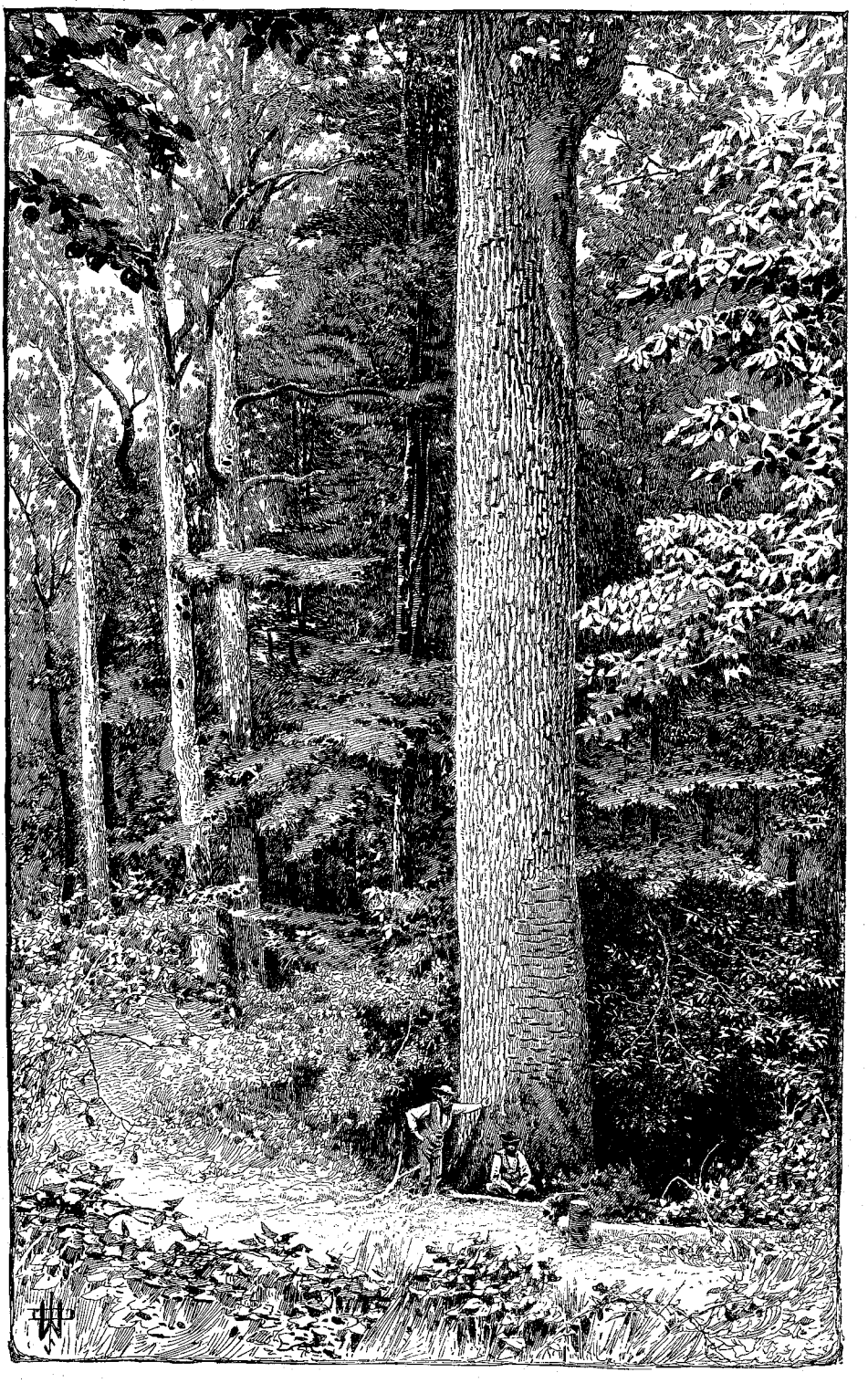

A Tulip Tree, Bell County, Ky.

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solve one portion of lime, the same water when charged with the gas will take fifty times as much into solution. So with nearly all the substances which the water encounters; its solvent influence is vastly increased by the carbonic dioxide contributed by the forest bed. Along with this gas the forest bed adds to the water a number of other acids derived from the decaying vegetation, all of which serve in different degrees to promote its solvent action.

The most immediate effect of this action is to enable the roots to appropriate the mineral matters of the soil, which they cannot seize on until they are brought into solution. Thus the dead plants serve the functions of the living in a most important way. But it is in the remoter effects of these carbonated waters that we discover their most important rôle. Soaking deep into the earth, they find their way slowly into the interstices of the rocks, and take from them something of their contents. When, after a long journey in the underground, they emerge in the springs, they bear away to the sea a share of about all the substances which are found in the crust of the earth. The ability of water to carry away these materials is mainly due to the influences exerted by the thick coat of decaying vegetation through which it passed on entering the earth.

The contribution which these spring-waters make to the sea provides it with that wide range of dissolved materials which is necessary for the sustenance of marine life, and for the formation of the deposits composed of organic remains. The mud and sand which is carried by the rivers to the ocean has relatively little value as an agent in such formation, for the reason that it is all deposited near the mouths of the streams. If this work of underground water were not done, or even were it done with half its present efficiency, the oceans would, when their present store of dissolved mineral matters was exhausted, cease to maintain their vigorous creative work.

We thus see that the soil coating of the earth's surface, which is, in the main, the product of forest action, is a necessary part of the machinery that fits both sea and land for the uses of organic life. In the vast enginery of the earth, where there are so many parts absolutely necessary for the work of supporting the functions of the whole, it is hardly possible to speak of any one contrivance as of pre-eminent importance; still this complicated work of the forests may fairly be considered as of critical value to the interests of life.

The foregoing considerations, though all too brief for our need, will enable us to consider the economic aspects of our American forests in a summary way. It is clear, from what has been said, that the most important aspect of the problem concerns the soils. The great question is, What will be their fate in the deforested condition into which they must be brought for the chief uses of man? It is clear that in all countries the waste arising from the erosive action of the rain is far greater in tilled ground than in forest-clad districts. Indeed, in forests we may say that the soil is ever deepening, while in tilled lands it is almost always diminishing in depth. There are certain conditions in this country which make the rate of wear more rapid than in the European continent. The rainfall of the district east of the Mississippi is greater and more torrential in its character, and therefore more erosive, than in the Old World. Therefore we may expect danger from this cause in much less time than it has been encountered in other countries.

It is evident that, as far as this evil is a necessary accompaniment of tillage, it must be borne as best it may; but in large part it is capable of correction by the exercise of a little intelligence. As the amount of this erosion is, in general, directly proportional to the steepness of slope of the ground, abrupt declivities should not be subjected to the plough, but retained in timber or in grass. If tilled at all they should be terraced, as is now much of the steeper ground of Europe.

The next danger is that which arises from the sudden precipitation of the rainfall into the streams when the forests are cleared away. This process brings about serious inundations in the season of rain, followed in the times of

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drought by a drying up of the streams which were once, by the action of the forest, maintained throughout the year with a more equal flow.

This evil is already manifested in the condition of the Western rivers. With the removal of the forests, the winter floods increase in severity and the summer droughts leave so little water in the streams that they are constantly becoming less serviceable for navigation. Moreover, the amount of soil which is swept into the rivers is so great that they are embarrassed by it; their channels are shallowed, and the currents, driven to and fro, widen the water-way, and thereby shallow the diminished streams in the season of low water.

In part this evil is, like the first mentioned, inevitable, for it is due to man's necessary interference with the forest covering of the earth; still it may be minimized. The law has interfered to prevent the owners of the Californian placers from pouring the waste of their hydraulic washings into the streams, because they harm those who live and labor on the banks below; on the same principle, we may fairly require the tiller of the soil to keep the soil of his fields where it belongs, by adapting his treatment of the ground to the limitations which its nature imposes upon him. When the present crude notions of the rights of the owners of land have become qualified by reason, when it is accepted that the possessor of land has only a reasonable usufruct in the piece of the earth of which he holds, and that he has no right to use it wastefully or to his neighbor's injury, we may meet this problem with fair success.

It seems to the present writer that the Government has a right to require that all the existing forests, the preservation of which may be deemed necessary to the good of the valley in which they lie, should be maintained in their present condition; or, if removed, that they should be replaced by equivalent plantations of timber. This can be so managed that the owners shall retain all that these woods have of present value—viz., the timber, as it ripens, for exportation. The owners may lose an "unearned increment" of prospective value of these lands for tilled fields and town sites, but concerning this justice need not be seriously troubled. So rapid, indeed, is the appreciation on the value of forest products that the restriction would bring little that can be called hardship to the owners of these forests. The damage already done to our rivers by the removal of forests is not so great that it cannot be borne; moreover, it can be in good part compensated by a proper system of reservoirs, in which a portion of the winter flood-water may be retained until the times of summer drought.*

The next disadvantage arising from the removal of the forests is due to the loss of the secondary rainfall, or that arising from the evaporation of the moisture retained by the spongy bed and embarrassed streams of the primeval woods. Fortunately, this country has in the most of its originally forested regions a greater surplusage of annual rainfall than have most of the other civilized districts of the world, and, therefore, can better afford to lose the valuable aid of occasional showers such as this evaporation induces. Moreover, the rapid extension of irrigation, which is sure to take place in the more arid sections of the country, will afford a similar and, perhaps, in time an equal supply of moisture for these secondary rains.

We come now to the uses of forests as sources of timber-supply. From this point of view we find their most immediate and unquestionable value to man. The ages of stone, bronze, and iron have succeeded each other in the arts, but through them all man has been always a wood-using animal. Only the beaver approaches him as a consumer of timber. While the general substitution on the hearth of coal—the product of ancient forests for the timber from the living woods—has diminished one element of man's ravage, the development of modern society steadfastly increases the tax which each individual levies on the forest; although some dreamers conceive that in the future man may make use of aluminum as a substitute for wood, there is no reason to believe that this change will ever be accomplished. So far each

* See, for further consideration of this point, The Floods of the Mississippi Valley, Atlantic Monthly, vol. li., p. 657.

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addition of cheaper metal has served to increase rather than to diminish the demand on our timber-resources, and this is likely to be the case in all the foreseeable future.

The general abandonment of wood as a fuel has, however, changed, in an important way, the nature of the drain upon our forests. For firewood, the forest is cleared away; for construction-timber, the natural growth is not usually destroyed—only the ripe trees need be removed, leaving the physical character and influence of the forest essentially unchanged. Where, as in Germany, the forests are generally plantations owned by private citizens or by the government, the whole field is, it is true, cleared away at once, but the laws require that before each clearing is effected a similar area shall be freshly planted; thus the forest is kept intact.

The present condition of our American forests, except those of the Cordilleran region, is by a fortunate combination of accidents in a much more satisfactory shape than might have been expected from the rapid growth of our population. In the first place, the headwaters of the streams of the eastern part of the continent lie generally in the rugged hills of the Appalachian Mountains, where the soil is not the most fertile and, therefore, the inducement to tillage slight. On this account the most important forests for their effect on rainfall and on the water-supply of our streams often remain in a comparatively little-changed state. Next, the agricultural districts of the Southern States, where a great deal of the old forest has been cleared away, are regions of large rainfall, and generally of tolerably level surface, so that neither the evils of desiccation nor those arising from the washing of the soil to the sea have as yet proved very serious. Still further, the vast prairie lands of the Mississippi Valley have taken into their forestless areas nearly one-third of the soil-tillers of our population, and so have given us a field of expansion without much immediate effect on the area of forests. The timber-supply for these prairie States has largely come from the region about the great lakes, and its removal has therefore had little effect on navigable streams or on the summer rains. Lastly, the abundant and cheap transportation of food-products from these prairies to the Appalachian district and the Atlantic shore lands spared their forests from the axe by making the tillage of all but the most fertile lands unprofitable. The effect of this Western food-supply has been so great that, since the middle of the century, it has not only in good part stopped the process of clearing away the Appalachian woods, but in certain districts, especially in New England, extensive areas of land which had been long under tillage have been allowed to return to the forest state.

In Massachusetts, for instance, it is probable that the area now possessed by timber is considerably greater than it was at the beginning of the present century. The present writer, in his many journeys through this State, has observed many thousand acres of woods where the marks of former tillage—corn-hills, and walls composed of bowlders gathered from the once cleared land—attest the sometime clearing away of the forest; but he has not, in all, seen as much as one thousand acres which had recently been won to the plough.

Thus the matter of forest preservation is, in the main, a problem for the immediate future: save in the valley of the Ohio and, perhaps, on the Adirondacks the process of destruction has not as yet begun to give extremely serious results.*

It seems, however, certain that the conditions which have postponed the question of forest management have about exhausted their influence, and that in the next half-century we shall imperatively need a systematic control of our remaining timbered districts.

The Western prairie lands, or at least

* The destruction of forests in the Cordilleran region has been much more serious than that in the eastern portion of the continent, though it has, in the main, been accomplished by fire, not by the axe. The loss of these Rocky Mountain forests is especially to be regretted, for the reason that the deforested areas owing, to the prevailing dryness of the climate, do not spontaneously return to the timbered condition as they do in the regions east of the Mississippi. It is a rude compensation for the loss that this destruction only deepens the already hopeless sterility which marks the greater part of the mountain region of the West. On the Pacific coast there are, as is well known, superb forests of coniferous woods which are in much danger of ruin. For many reasons, however, these forests are of less critical importance than those of the eastern district. They do not greatly affect the regimen of important streams, and are almost without influence on the rainfall.

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those parts of that vast region of treeless plains which are suitable for tillage without a costly system of irrigation, are generally possessed by settlers. Already the population begins to press back upon the older districts, which were passed by as long as the best lands of the West were to be had for the asking. A large part of the Appalachian forest district, though affording poorer soils than the prairies, is second-class land which can be profitably tilled if we count as profit the interest of the farmer alone, without considering the effect of this tillage on the rest of the country. Considered from a wider point of view, we cannot afford to have it tilled; for the reason that we need the existing forests for the supply of timber they may afford, as well as for their effect on the rainfall and the water-supply of the rivers in whose valleys they lie.

The forests are a precious heritage of man—they provided him a cradle; they furnished him the soil, and they still offer him their help in some of his greatest needs. No man has the right to destroy them when their destruction means calamity to his fellows or his successors. To give the individual the right to appropriate and overthrow them at his will is to constitute him a cruel despot; if such privileges exist in the laws framed by a shortsighted past, it is time they were annulled.

AT LAST.

*By Philip Bourke Marston.**

REST here, at last,
The long way overpast—
Rest here at home;
  Thy race is run,
  Thy dreary journey done,
Thy last peak clomb.

'Twixt birth and death
What days of bitter breath
Were thine, alas!
  Thy soul had sight
  To see by day, by night,
Strange phantoms pass—

Thy restless heart
In no glad things had part,
But dwelt alone,
  And night and day,
  In the old weary way,
Made the old moan.

But here is rest,
For weary brain and breast,
Deep rest, complete,
  And nevermore,
  Heart-weary and foot-sore,
Shall stray thy feet—

Thy feet that went
With such long discontent
Their wonted beat
  About thy room,
  With its deep-seated gloom—
Or through the street.

Death gives them ease—
Death gives thy spirit peace—
Death lulls thee, quite—
  One thing alone
  Death leaves thee of thine own—
Thy starless night.

* The recent death of Philip Bourke Marston adds a touching interest to the foregoing—one of his latest poems. While his high quality as a poet has been widely acknowledged, certain critics and readers have complained of the monotony of sadness in his work, but it was more than matched by the deep and hopeless sadness of his life. At the age of three his sight was, by an accident in playing with other children, so impaired that henceforth he saw only, sometimes a flash of light, sometimes the waving of a tree-bough in the wind, sometimes a glimpse of the sunset pageant in the Western skies. Not much of vision this; and yet when he lost, at twenty, even this slight power to see the world in which he lived, he felt himself freshly bereaved. He lost, also, at that epoch of young manhood, far more than this last faint remnant of vision, for it was then that Death began to lay waste his life. His mother was taken from him first; then the girl to whom he was betrothed; later on his most cherished friend, Oliver Madox Browne; and still later his two sisters, and his poet brother-in-law, O'Shaughnessy. It was as if Fate strove to reconcile him to coming death by peopling the world of shades, in advance, with his best-beloved ones; so that when he himself died there was left of his immediate family only his father to mourn for him with a hopeless and inconsolable sorrow. In view of such a life of darkness and bereavement, is it any wonder that his poems should have been sad? As he himself wrote:

"Still the old paths, and the old solitude,
And still the dark soul journeying on its way,
A little nearer to its goal each day."

He has found the goal now.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

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MARSE ARCHIE'S FIGHT.

By Maria Blunt.

"You want me tell you dat tale, honey? Well, jes' wait tell I git dis pipe a-goin' an' you shall year it."

We were in the roomy kitchen of a house in Western Maryland overlooking the Potomac. From its windows, now nearly hidden behind pots of geranium, and closed to the keen autumn winds, we had a wide outlook over the winding river and its rocky banks and across the sloping fields of Virginia to the Blue Mountains, that lay pale and hazy against the eastern sky. It was, like many Southern kitchens, a small detached building; and I could also look across a brick-paved yard to the great house, where the closed windows suggested the empty and silent rooms within. All about me was warm and bright. Aunt Charity was magnificent in her starched calico dress and voluminous white turban, and on the immense hearth a fire of crackling hickory was burning, its flames reflected by the bright tins on the shelves. Yet the place had a deserted and lonely air, such as is always the mournful legacy of departed gayety. I felt that the ghosts of dead days were lingering through these still November hours. They had been days full of pleasure and stir, when the house was known as the "best place to have a good time" for thirty miles around the country. The family had long ceased to live in it, and Aunt Charity and her husband were left in charge.

As I made myself comfortable in a "split-bottomed" chair, she stooped to the hearth, took up a live coal with her fingers, and, shifting it unconcernedly from palm to palm, landed it dexterously on the bowl of her corn-cob pipe. She puffed gravely until her wrinkled face was seen through a veil of blue smoke, like the mystic vapors of an incantation. When her pipe was well lighted she thrust it into one corner of her mouth and was ready for conversation.

"Dere warn't a nigger on de place didn' know Miss Rose an' Marse Archie gwine mek a match. Eve'ybody could see she warn't keerin' fur all dem young beaux used be allus hangin' roun', dough it used mek Marse Archie r'ar an' t'ar sometimes. Dey wuz bofe raised yere at Hilltop, an' dis de way it come. Old marster, what I kin jes' ricklec', he wuz hard ter git 'long wif, an' his eldes' son, Marse Jeems, he hed a temper, too, an' dey used fight an' quarrel tell Marse Jeems say he'd quit; an' he did, an' nobody didn't nuver see him yere no mo'. Den marster's fo' sons died, and de place went ter marster's gran'son, Marse Torm. Ole marster died jes' arfter Marse Torm got merried ter Miss Seely Wilbur, fum Bal'mer. Miss Rose is dere chile. Miss Seely bein' so delicate, I had de keer er Miss Rose fum de fust minit she open her eyes inter dis worl'. Well, Marse Torm an' Miss Seely dey spen' all dere time goin' travellin' an' spen'in' heap er money, an' one night de steamboat dey wuz on bu'st up an' dey wuz bofe drownded. Den come de news dat Marse Torm done spen' all his money, an' mo', too, an' Hilltop gwine be sole, an' all de colored people 'long wif it. We wuz sho'ly a skeered lot er niggers. I reckoned dere warn't nobody gwine tek me away fum Miss Rose, but I felt mighty bad fur de res'. Miss Rose, she wuz nine year ole, an' she come ter me wif her leetle face all kivered wif tears an' she say: 'Aun' Cha'ity, I ain' got much money, but I got some, an' I kyar'nt buy all de folks,' she say, 'but I know I kin buy you, an' I gwine do't, too.' She say dat, an' I 'clar' ter goodness I didn' know wher-r ter larf or cry; but you blieb she done it! She go ter ole Jedge Hunter, what wuz her gyardeen, an' she don' gib him no peace till he promise ter buy me 'fo' de sale cum. An' he did, an' dat de way I b'long ter Miss Rose, kase Miss Seely she hed some money, an' dey couldn' tek dat fur Marse Torm's debts.

"Hilltop wuz sole, but who you t'ink bought it? You member I tole you Marse Jeems done cl'ar out an' nobody

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know whar he gwineter. Well, he go som'eres whar he mek pile er money, an' 'twuz his son, what name Jeems, too, dat bought Hilltop, ev'y acre an' ev'y nigger, an' he gwine come lib whar his pa were born. He rich hisse'f, an' he merried rich wife; an' when he year Hilltop wuz fo' sale he jes' come an' tuk it. All de folks wuz 'semblied in de big hall fur ter drink his health, an' he come an' stood on de sta'rs an' med us a speech. He look so much like what I kin 'member er old marster he reely mek me affred; but he spoke kiner pleasant, an' tole us jes' what I been tellin' you. How he wuz Marse Jeems's son an' gran'son ter old marster, and so, dough Marse Torm were dead an' Miss Seely were dead, an' de place hed ter be sole, it hedn't gone outen de name, fur a Cary owned it yit, an' as we'd allus been de Cary black people we needn't fear we gwine be nuffin' else long's we 'haved ourse'fs. We tuk dat ve'y kinely, an' he give us a supper, an' nex' day he sont fur me.

"Miss Ca'line an' Marse Archie dey done come dat mawnin'. Marse Archie wuz twelve year ole, an' a likely boy an' all de chile dey hed. 'Pears like dey'd hed free or fo' mo', but dey ain't lived, an' Miss Ca'line she jes' grievin' fur a leetle gyurl. So de eend wuz dey hed a lot er writin' an' talkin' ter Miss Rose's gyardeen an' her 'lations in Bal'mer an' de res' er de fambly ober in Ferginny, but Miss Ca'line she kept Miss Rose an' me at Hilltop, an' say Miss Rose wuz her own chile, an' she an' Marse Archie wuz ter be br'er an' sister. Dat what Miss Ca'line say. But shoo'! dere warn't no br'er 'bout it. Time Miss Rose wuz sixteen year ole she wuz ez pretty ez a hummin'-bird, an' Marse' Archie wuz head ober years in love wif her. Marster, too, an' Miss Ca'line, dey so fon' er Miss Rose dey kyarn' let her outen dere sight.

"Dere wuz dem—what hedn't no sense—what say marster warn't a sho' 'nuff Cary, an' dey call him stingy, but, chile, twarn't one word true. He didn' use fling his money 'roun' loose like Marse Torm; an' when a man owed him anyt'ing he mek him pay ef it tek de las' cent outen his pocket, an' dat what mek 'em call him stingy. But ef he mek 'em pay him, he tek mons'ous good keer not ter owe dem nuffin'; an' dat's mo'n Marse Torm did, I reckon. One day, when Marse Archie wuz a boy, he were out ridin' wif a passel er his frens, an' he los' his ridin'-whip what Miss Rose give him, an' when he git ter Hagerstown he buy anur jes' like it, so Miss Rose wouldn', know. But he didn' hev no money wif him, an' he tole de sto'-keeper ter charge it ter Marse Jeems. When he come home he tol' his pa what he done, an' you t'ink marster didn' mek dat boy ride back twenty miles ter pay dat man 'fo' he go ter sleep dat night! Jes' ez soon's Marse Archie hed his supper, marster mek him tek a fresh horse an' go 'long fur ter pay his debt, an' 'twuz dark night 'fo' he come home. Miss Ca'line, she been ready ter cry fur mo'n two hours, an' Marse Jeems, he walk out by de gate tell he heerd Marse Archie's horse a-comin' back slow an' tired-like. When Marse Archie come up, all wo' out an' hardly able fur ter git outen de saddle, marster tuk him in his awms an' kerried him up ter bed an' go mix him a toddy hisse'f. Den nex' day he tell him he hope it'd be a lesson ter him, an' look at him like he nuver gwine forgive him. Dat de kin' er man marster wuz. Jes' ez kine ez could be one minit, an' lookin' like he hate an' 'spise you de nex'. But he wuz sho'ly fon' er Marse Archie an' Miss Rose, an' I used see how him an' Miss Ca'line used miss dem chillun when dey wuz 'way at bo'din'-school an' de univusity, an' how happy dey bofe wuz in de summers when dey wuz home an' de house chock full er comp'ny fum Ferginny an' Bal'mer.

"Dey sut'nly hed good times yere den, an' 'twuz bad doin's when de waw come an' broke it all up. I kyarn' tell you all 'bout de waw talk. Ev'ybody 'sputin' an' argyfyin' tell dere warn't no way ter tu'n wifout yearin' it. Marse Archie, he wuz fur de Souf all 'long. You see, him an' Miss Rose dey 'sociate wif de famblies 'cross de riber, what wuz dere cousins mos'ly, an' all Marse Archie's frens at de 'vusity, dey wuz sho' 'nuff fire-eaters, an' Marse Archie wuz jes' keen ter fight. Marster, he wuz hot, too, but 'twuz tur-r way. I nuver see him git in no sech rage befo' as he

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done one mawnin' when Marse Archie tell him Ferginny gwine secede. Marster, he been goin' roun' ter Hagerstown an' dem places a-speechyfying right smart, an' ev'ybody'd come ter de house he'd tackle 'em, an' tell 'em 'twuz a sin an' a shame ter bre'k up de Union; an' he talk sometimes tell he mos' cry, an' den he git mad an' call de Souf whole pile er names. Marse Archie, he usen' like it at all. He git mighty mad an' fling outen de house, an' git on Blackbird an' gallop 'cross de bridge, an' mebbe stay away all night, an' mebbe two or free days. Marster, he know Marse Archie ober dere wif all dem Secessionises, an' it mek him feel bad an' mek him savage ter him when he come back. But de wust row wuz when de news come er dat fight down in Souf Ca'lina—some fort or nur-r, I forgit de names. 'Twuz a Sunday mawnin', an' Marse Archie'd been 'cross de riber ter church, an' yere 'bout dinner-time I see him come a-lopin' up de hill, an' his face red an' his eyes a-shinin', an' he holdin' a paper in his han'. Blackbird wuz all a sweat, an' Marse Archie fling de rein ter Torm an' ran up de steps an' inter de house like possessed. He went up straight ter his pa, an' he fling dat paper down on his pa's knee an' he say:

"'Look dar, sir, look dar! De waw's come, an' by de Lawd, sir, we kyarn't stay behint.'

"Marster, he took up de paper, but he couldn' hole it, his han' trimble so, an' he crumple it all up an' say in a shaky kin' er voice:

"'Naw, we kyarn' stay behin', sir, but I'll never live ter see a Cary tu'n traitor ter de flag.'

"An' den dey hed it up an' down. Marse Archie, he say de time's come when eve'y man got ter fight or be bran'ed fur a coward th'ough de lan'; an' marster, he say ef 'twuz fightin' dey want, he say fight, too, but fight fur de right an' de Union, an' he druther see Marse Archie dead afore him dan see him rebel an' traitor. Oh, I wuz sut'nly skeered ter year 'em. Marster, he walk up an' down, an' clinch his fis', an' holler at Marse Archie, an' tu'n red's a turkey-cock; an' Marse Archie, he stan' by de chimbly jes' ez white's his shirt, an' his head r'ared back, an' his eyes a-blazin'. Miss Ca'line, she try ter speak, but dey ain' let her git a wud in, an' bimeby she go up an' lay her han' on Marse Archie's awm. He wheel roun' an' shek his awm, an' den he stop an' choke, an tu'n an' come out de room, an' come up-sta'rs. Fur a week or two arfter dat marster an' Marse Archie ain' speak ter one anur, an' Marse Archie he'd be 'way mos' de time, an' when he home he so gloomy an' so res'less you wouldn't a-known him. Marster, he jes' love de groun' Marse Archie trod on, an' he didn' use t'ink nuffin' too good fur him, but now it 'pear like he couldn' forgive 'im. He swaller down his dinner wifout a wud, an' git up an' go out on de long po'ch, an' tromp up an' down wif his han's behine his back an' his face black ez night. An' he wouldn' say a wud, 'cept ter holler at de niggers. He got mo' 'n' mo' like ole marster eve'y day, an' de niggers, soon's dey see him a-comin' out on de po'ch dey dodge him eve'y one.

"Miss Rose, she been away visitin' som'eres, but pres'n'ly she come back, an' marster he warn't nuver cross ter Miss Rose. So de evenin' she come home, he an' Marse Archie, dey talk ter one nur-r jes' like 'twuz all right, a-mekin' out nuffin' hadn' nuver happened. But dey ain' fool Miss Rose. I see her a-lookin' from one ter anur-r, but she didn' say nuffin'—jes' tellin' 'bout her visit. Arfter dinner her an' Marse Archie dey went out on de rocks, fur ter git vi'lets, dey say. Dey didn' bring home no vi'lets, but dey stayed cl'ar tell supper-time, an' Miss Rose look like she been cryin', an' Marse Archie he so white I feared dey'd hed a fallin' out dere ownse'fs. But dey hedn't. I see Marse Archie tek her han' an' kiss it, an' he say, jes' ez dey gwine in de do': 'Fur yo' sake, darlin', I'll try ter be patient.' In course I dunno what he mean; but ef he mean he try not ter t'ink 'bout gwine ter de waw, he mought's well try ter hole de win' or stop de riber fum runnin'. He wuz like a bull-dorg, tied an' a-strainin' an' a-strainin' ter git loose. But he try.

"Arfter dat he didn' say nuffin' 'bout de waw, good er bad. He tek de papers ter his own room an' read 'em, an' I see his light a-bu'nin' froo de night,

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an' he tried ter talk at de table an' be sociable, but he couldn' do't. He forgit what he gwine say, an' forgit t'eat, an' set an' look at his plate, tell marster say somepin ter him kin'er savage, an' den Marse Archie jump up an' go out. An' he kep' gittin' so thin an' so po'-looking 'twould mek you sorry. De whole place done change so you wouldn' know it. Marster, he wuz like a b'ar wif a so' head—couldn' nobody speak ter 'im. Miss Ca'line look like she didn' do nuffin' but cry, an' Miss Rose she mighty quite an' ez white ez dem tents 'cross de riber what Marse Archie watch so constant. He didn' nuver go 'cross no mo', an' anyway he couldn', fur dey done sot a gyard at de bridge, an' de Ferginny cliffs dey wuz white wif tents. We could year de bugles blowin', an' see de bay'nets an' sabres a-shinin', an' sometimes when de win' set dat away we could year 'em talkin', an' allatime de horses a-whinnyin' an' stompin'. An' we knowed dere wuz Marse Torm Hunter, an' Marse Bob Randuff, an' Mr. Marshall, an' ole Dr. Peters, an' Marse Sam Randuff, an' a whole heap mo' what wuz at de 'vusity wif Marse Archie, an' used be allatime at Hilltop a-co'tin' Miss Rose. It did seem onnatchel dey should be dere an' nuver come 'cross, an' Marse Archie he look like he couldn' stan' it. When he hed ter set in de house, he set wif his back ter de winder, an' mek like he ain' noticin' 'em, but he used steal out an' climb down de hill in de woods, an' set on de rocks by hisse'f fur hours. Lawd knows what he wuz a-doin', but I used 'spicion he wuz jes' grievin' kase he wuz dis side de riber stidder dat un.

"Bimeby de tents wuz tuk away an' de calva'y went, an' den de Union troops dey come, an' it got ter be 'long in de summer, an' harves' wuz ober, an' de hay in; an' one hot day I been helpin' Miss Ca'line mek some blackberry cordial. I jes' come in de dinin'-room wif de bottles, when Marse Archie bu'st in an' frow a paper down on de table by marster, an' tu'n right roun' an' go out ter de woods. 'Twuz de news er a big battle—Bull Run, dey call it. Aw! I know 'twuz orful. De white folks dey read de papers, an' dey talk an' cry, an' de niggers dey mus' be in it, too. Eve'y day we year tell er somebody what been in it an' got hurted. Dere wuz Mr. Phil. Clarke an' Marse Torm Hunter, dey wuz killed; an' Marse Bob Randuff, he wuz wounded; an' Mr. Aleck Morgan, he wuz shot right froo de heart, an' dey foun' him a-leanin' on de fence, stan'in' up, wif his han' on his gun, stone dead. Marse Bob, he wuz Miss Rose's fust cousin, an' he been co'tin' her sence he could speak, an' Marse Torm Hunter, too. In course it mek her feel bad, an' mek her cry; but dey wuz Marse Archie's frens, too, an' I reely t'ought 'twould kill 'im. My Torm, he tole me he wuz comin' home one night late, an' comin' froo de oak woods jes' as de moon wuz risin'. He been fishin', an' he hed a good string er fish; an' jes' ez he got mos' ter de stone wall he say he year a cu'yous soun'. He dunno what ter mek uv it, an' he so skeered he drap his fish an' run. Den he t'ink what a fool he is, when he done tek so much trouble fer dem fish, an' he steal back mighty easy ter find 'em, an' den he see Marse Archie a-lyin' flat on his face on de groun', an' a-sobbin' an' a-cryin' out loud in dem woods all by hisse'f. Torm say it mek him feel so pitiful he dunno what ter do, but he reckon Marse Archie don't want him dere, so he come away an' tole me.

"We wuz ve'y well 'quainted wif all de Hunter colored people, an' one night, long arfter de battle, in de Fall, yere come Long Abe, what been Marse Torm Hunter's body-sarvent. He come 'cross de riber way down by de fo'd, an' he didn' want nobody ter see 'im, kase dey didn' 'low no passin' dose days. So he come ter my house arfter dark, a-tappin' on de winder easy, an' say he mus' see Miss Rose. I med 'im come in, an' give him a cup er coffee, an' went ter tell Miss Rose. She wuz readin' ter Miss Ca'line, but I mek signs, an pres'n'ly she mek some 'scuse an' come out. Long Abe, he say Marse Torm Hunter warn't killed all ter wunst, but lived froo de night, an' 'fo' he die he took out his pocketbook an' mek like he want write somepin, but he too weak, an' den he say ter Abe: 'Go ter Miss Rose Cary an' tell her I die fur my kentry, an' ef she didn' nuver keer fur me alive, she mought t'ink kinely uv me in de grave.' An' when he done say it, he die. Long

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Abe, he couldn' tell his tale wifout cryin', kase him an' Marse Torm dey wuz brung up toger-r, jes' like Marse Archie an' my Torm. Miss Rose, she cry too, kase she allus liked Marse Torm (dough she wouldn' nuver listen to him kase she keered mo' fur Marse Archie, but she 'bleeged ter be sorry now he done 'member her so p'intedly when he wuz dyin').

"So we wuz all dere, an' Long Abe a-tellin' 'bout de battle, an' de shells, an' all, when de do' opened an' Marse Archie come in. Laws, how Abe did jump! He med sure he gwine cotch it dis time, an' he start fur de winder. But Marse Archie wuz too quick fur 'im, an' Abe jes' backed inter de cornder, an' stood dar shakin'. Marse Archie look at him a minit, den he say: 'You fool, what you 'fred er me fur? What I eber done ter you?' Abe, he say he ain't affred er Marse Archie, on'y ef de sojers fine out he come 'cross de riber dey won't let him back, an' he say he 'bleeged ter git back. Den Marse Archie ax him how he come 'cross, an' Abe say he kyarn' tell him, an' he answer all Marse Archie's questions jes' ez short's he could, tell Marse Archie see he don' trust 'im. Den he ax him ag'in what he 'fred of? Warn't he one his marster's bes' frens? Den Long Abe look like he mus' speak or he bu'st, an' bimeby he blurt out:

"'Marse Archie, I know you ain't gwine hu't me, sir, kase you been my marster's fren, and now he's dead. An' Marse Torm, he allus say he ain't feel no hard feelin's 'g'in you when you cut 'im out, tell de waw come, an' den he'd like ter hev yo' hide, kase he didn' want no sneak ter git Miss Rose.'

"My lan'! I look fur Marse Archie ter knock dat nigger inter nex' week, but he didn'. He didn' even git mad. He jes' smile, kin'er sad-like, an' say, 'Naw, 'tain't no sneak gwine git Miss Rose,' an' den he stood still, a-studyin'. Miss Rose, she spoke up right away, an' she tole Abe he sho'ly done forgit hisse'f, an' ef Marse Torm say dem wuds he oughter be 'shamed; but he's dead, now, an' nobody ain't gwine quarrel wif de dead. She say de waw was sinful, an' Marse Archie wuz obejient ter his pa and ter his State, what hedn't gone out de Union, an' a whole heap mo'. She talk right smart, but I knew 'twarn't ter Abe she wuz speakin'. What she keer 'bout Abe? He warn't narthin' but a nigger. 'Twuz Marse Archie she wuz a-talkin' at, but he warn't listenin' ter a wud, not a wud. Jes' while she wuz speakin' he took Abe by de awm an' tell him ter come outside. Abe look like he didn' wanter go; he looked skeered, an' Marse Archie fa'rly los' his patience, an' he say: 'Look-a-yere! Who you t'ink gwine hu't yo' insignificant skin? I want you ter come 'long out yere an' quit mekin' out like you're 'fred er me, or I'll break eve'y bone in yo' body.'

"So dey went out toger-r, and Miss Rose she look like she want speak, but she didn'. She walked ter de winder an' stood dere awhile, an' den she drapt down in a cheer. I see she wuz mighty oneasy, but I didn' know what she wuz skeered at. She put her two hands on de cheer-back an' cried; but I didn' reckon 'twuz Marse Torm Hunter she wuz takin' on dat bad about. She'd knowed 'bout him dis long time. Bimeby, arfter a long time, dey come back, an' I see Marse Archie slip somepin inter Long Abe's han' what look like money, an' Abe med his juty an' went away. Den Miss Rose she went right up ter Marse Archie and put her han's on his awms an' look him plum' in de face. Marse Archie's eyes wuz shinin' and his face look like it hedn't done fur a year, and he look squar' at her wif his head frown back. Den Miss Rose drap her han's and tu'n white, an Marse Archie fling out his awms jes' in time, else she'd leetle mo' fell on de flo'. He tu'n white, too, an' his lips got right sot, but he didn' say a wud. He picked Miss Rose up in his awms an' tole me ter foller, an' he tuk her 'cross de yard an' up de sta'rs an' laid her down on her own bed, an' when he see she come to he stoop down an' kiss her, an' den went out an' lef' her wif me.

"Dey wuz toger-r all de nex' day, a-walkin' 'bout de pahsture an' de woods, an' a-settin' in Miss Ca'line's room. Miss Rose's face wuz ez white ez snow, but she talk cheerful an' keep up Miss Ca'line, fur Marse Archie, he look so strange, his ma began ter 'spicion dere wuz somepin in de win'. Marster, he'd gone ter Harper's Ferry fur ter call on some gineral what he used know in

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New York, an' we warn't lookin' fur him tell late. When it come bedtime Marse Archie kissed Miss Ca'line jes' like nuffin' wuz de matter, an' I see her feel sorter comf'ted, but when he got out in de hall an' de do' wuz shet he jes' kneeled down on de flo' an' put his face up ag'in de do', an' I year him whisperin' 'Good-by.' I wuz kin' er skeered myse'f by that time, but he tu'n roun' toreckly an' say, 'Aun' Cha'ity, whar's Torm?' An' I say, 'I dunno; I'll fine him.' Den he say, 'Tell him ter go inter yo' cabin an' wait fur me.' So I went arfter Torm, an' tole him, an' jes' den marster come back. Marse Archie went out ter de gate ter meet him an' help him off his horse, an' walked 'long wif him ter his room, jes' like ole times. Marster wuz tired, an' he went straight ter bed, but I see he wuz pleased when Marse Archie come dataway, an' he talked ter him, an' when dey git ter de do' he hel' Marse Archie's han' a-sayin' good-night. I see Marse Archie's face a-wukin', an' den, 'fo' I knew it, he tu'n an' kiss marster on de cheek, an' I year marster say, 'God bless you,' like he right happy, an' den he went in his room.

"Marse Archie drap down on de hall sofy, an' hide his face an' stay dere long time, but den he jump up an' shek hisse'f an' go ter his own room. Bimeby de lights wuz all out an' de house locked up, an' Torm a-settin' in my cabin waitin'; an' when eve'yt'ing git so dark an' still, an' eben de niggers gone ter bed, an' Marse Archie ain' come, he say ter me: 'What fool trick you done play me? Didn' you tell me Marse Archie want me? Yere I been a-waitin' free solid hours an' nobody ain' come yit.' Den I say: 'Who's you a-talkin' ter? What I gwine tell you a lie fur nohow? I tole you what Marse Archie tole me tell you, an' you better watch out—yere come Marse Archie now!' An' so 'twuz, dough he step jes' ez easy's a cat, an' Miss Rose come wif him. I knowed it all de minit I lay eyes on Marse Archie. He hed on his obercoat, kase 'twuz gittin' late in de fall, an' a bag in his han', an' his face look sorter sober an' sorter happy, an' mo' like his ownse'f dan I'd seen it sence de troubles. I knowed he were gwine jine de Souf, kase he done try ter he'p it an' couldn', kase he couldn' hole hisse'f no mo', an' I t'ought er Marse Jeems an' Miss Ca'line, an' I fel' dat bad I couldn' speak.

"Marse Archie tu'n ter Torm, an' he say, 'Whar's yo' boat, Torm?' An' Torm say, 'Laws, Marse Archie, I ain't got no boat. De sojers tuk an' bu'nt it, sir, way back las' summer. Dey say nobody sha'n't cross de riber.' Marse Archie say, 'Sho! you know you were fishin' las' night. Who's boat wuz dat 'ere?' Den Torm tole him 'twuz a rickety ole thing what he patch up fur fishin' in nights, an' he say he hed ter hide it eve'y day, kase ef de sojers fine dat dey'll bu'n it like tur-r one.

"Marse Archie ax him den what would he do fur him? An' Torm say, Marse Archie know he'd do anyt'ing he tell him. Den Marse Archie say he mus' tek him ober ter Ferginny right now, kase it gittin' late an' he ain' got no time ter lose. Torm say de boat air so rickety he feared it'd sink, an' ef de sojers see 'em dey bound ter shoot. But Marse Archie say de night's dark an' he 'bleeged ter go, an' ef Torm won't tek him he gwine swim across, but he'd heap liefer go ober dry shod. So Torm tole 'im come on, an' got up an' got his hat. Miss Rose, she'd been settin' by de do' ez quite an' white ez a ghos', an' now she got up, an' Marse Archie tuk her han' an' kissed it, like he gwine be so pertickler 'fo' Torm an' me, but she ain' keerin' fur me, nor Torm nuther. She put bofe awms roun' his neck, an' he tuk her fa'rly off her feet, an' look like he couldn' let her go. Den she drap inter a cheer ag'in, an' he ran out an' nuver looked back. I warn' gwine let him go dataway, so I run out an' cotch 'im, an' he wrung my han' mos' off an' say, kin' er choky, 'Tek keer er yo' mistis, Aun' Cha'ity,' an' den him an' Torm dey went down de bank, an' I went back an' tuk Miss Rose ter bed.

"Dey done tole me not ter set up fur Torm, kase he mought hev ter stay in Ferginny tell de nex' night, an' ef I kep' a light bu'nin' it mought tell tales. So I warn' gwine ter bed, but I put out de light an' sot by de fire a-smokin' an' a-waitin', kase I knew Torm he'd be 'long a while befo' day. An', sho' 'nuff,

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yere he come, a-runnin' in an' a-shettin' dat do' so quick he med me jump, an' my pipe fell in de fire. He say I been asleep, but I ain'—jes' settin' dere a-studyin'. I lay he been som'eres he didn' like, he so wet and muddy an' to'e wif de bushes. I mek him tek off his clo'es right quick an' git inter bed, while I sot 'em ter dry an' clean 'em 'fo' anybody see 'em, kase I powerful 'fred marster'd know Torm tuk Marse Archie 'cross de riber. Torm, he say dey got ober all right. De canal wuz broke an' all de water run out long time ago, an' dey jes' walk ober an' skip de tow-parf behine de sentry's back—like Torm do eve'y night he go fishin'. And dey fine de boat an' row ober, and den Marse Archie t'ank Torm an' wanter pay 'im, an' tell him git along home an' don' let on ter nobody. Torm say he all right, but he ax Marse Archie what he gwine do? an' Marse Archie say he gwine git along good piece in de kentry 'fo' day. Den Torm t'ink he don' trus' him, an' it nigh bre'k his heart, an' he say: 'Marse Archie, I wuz riz wif you, sir, an' I ain' gwine leab you now. Whar you gwine dar's whar I'se gwine, an' de boat kin sink,' he say. Den Marse Archie tell him he gwine in de rebel awmy, but he say he kyarn' tek Torm. Torm ain't his nigger, an' he kyarn' steal him. Torm dunno what ter say ter dat, but bimeby he mek answer dat, anyway, he ain't ole marster's nigger, 'kase Miss Rose she bought me, an' he reckoned ef he didn' b'long ter Marse Archie fust off, he mus' now, arfter he done serbe him all dese years. But Marse Archie wouldn' year ter him—jes' tole him he couldn' tek him, an' he mus' go back an' tek good keer er marster an' Miss Ca'line an' Miss Rose. An' den Marse Archie climb de cliff and Torm he come on home. An' he say he feel so bad, an' cry so dat he mos' got tuk up by de sentry on de tow-parf. An' Torm tell me he druther go ter de waw any day dan face marster when he come ter year it. An' I felt dataway myse'f; I wuz powerful skeered.

"Marse Archie, he done gib Miss Rose two letters fur his pa an' his ma, but she warn't ter give 'em tell he'd been gone a while. Marster, he miss Marse Archie at breakfus', nex' mornin, an' ax whar he is, an' Bill tell him what I tole him—dat Marse Archie done eat his breakfus' an' walk out in de woods; but 'twarn't no use! I couldn' mek out how marster knowed so soon, but he did know befo' night; an', come ter fine out, 'twuz dat owdacious, yaller-faced, low-down nigger Jeff, what went 'bout spyin' on Marse Archie an' see him packin' his bag de night befo'. Den he wuz 'roun' 'bout daylight—he say he was sick, an' gwine down ter old Aun' Viny fur some yarbs, but I know dat's a lie. He warn' sick wif nuffin' but badness, and de yarbs he wuz arfter growed on ole Miss Johnson's hen-roos', anyway. Well, dat miserbul, mean, no-'count nigger, he up an' tole marster he blieb Marse Archie done gone 'cross de riber. An' marster, he jes' went crazy. My lan'! he tuk de place. I ain't heerd no sech a-cussin' an' a-swearin' sence ole marster died—*ole* marster, not Marse Torm; he used ter hev de rheumatism mighty bad, an' yaller Bill wuz his body-sarvent, an' when he went ter bed he'd make Bill set a whole row er boots alongside, an' when de pains tuk him he'd lam one er dem boots at Bill an' cuss him good. De boots wuz mons'ous heavy, but Bill used jes' dodge 'em an' go 'roun' arfter an' gether 'em up an' set 'em by de bed ag'in. He say dey didn' hu't him an' sorter ease ole marster, an' he welcome frow all de boots he like, Bill say. Marster pay Bill back when he die, kase he sot him free an' lef' him money ter buy his wife; but one er dem boots, one time, dey broke de lookin'-glass, an' de folks say dat's whar all de ill-luck come fum in de Cary fambly dese larst years. Anyway, Marse Jeems wuz powerful like old marster when he wuz a-rippin' 'roun' dat day. He'd a-whipped Torm ef he could a-foun' him, but I done sont him up de riber a piece an' tole him ter hide out a while. Miss Rose, she tole marster Torm wuz her nigger, an' he couldn' tech him, an' dat mek him so mad he wouldn' speak ter Miss Rose fur mos' a week—he wouldn' speak ter nobody. Arfter he'd hed his rage out, he kin'er drap all in a heap. He kep' his room an' nobody couldn' go near him. When he come out he wouldn' let nobody

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name Marse Archie. He tuk his picture down fum de wall, and when Miss Ca'line cried—po' lady, she cry allatime now—he tell her she better nuver hed no son dan live ter bring up a traitor.

"Miss Rose hed a job ter git along wif him an' comfort Miss Ca'line, when, you be sho', she wanted comf'tin' herse'f. She use ter walk out in de woods an' set on de rocks lookin' at de riber, jes' like Marse Archie. It wuz comin' on cole weather now, an' we ain' yeared a wud fum him. It 'peared like he jes' walk clean away fum we all dat night, an' bimeby Miss Rose hed to give up her walks. Dere come so many sojers campin' in de woods an' up close ter de house she couldn' go outside de gate. Marster hed all de officers at de house, an' he ax Miss Rose ter sing fur 'em an' talk ter 'em, an' she do all he ax her an' set at de table a-po'in' out de coffee, kase Miss Ca'line she kep' her room allatime now. She moughty sweet, but she ain't like she use ter be when all de Hunters an' Randuffs an' dem wuz yere, an' I took notice she used hev ter spen' mos' her time wif Miss Ca'line. When marster hed de room full er officers, a-talkin' an' a-larfin', Miss Ca'line mighty apt ter wan' somepin, an' nobody couldn' nuver git it 'cept Miss Rose. Dere wuz one used come constant all dat winter, an' I 'spicioned marster wuz tryin' ter mek a match 'twix' him an' Miss Rose, kase he dat mad at Marse Archie he done sweer Miss Rose shouldn' nuver marry him. 'Twuz mighty hard ter go ag'in Marse Jeems, an' Miss Rose she didn' say much, but I see her brace herse'f eve'y time de cun'l come, an' she git colder an' colder ter him. One ebenin' he come, an' marster sont me fur Miss Rose, an' she tole me ter say she ax ter be scused, an' when I tole him he tu'n 'roun' black ez thunder, an' tell me go 'long back an' tell her she mus' come, an' he grit his teef an' say sorter easy dat she's an imperent young hussy. Right dar 'fo' de Union cun'l! I wuz mad I tell you, but I dar'sn't speak, an' I tu'n ter go when de cun'l he riz up an' stopped me. He say he didn' want 'sturb Miss Rose, he hedn' but a minit ter stay—dough I know he'd come ter spen' de ebenin'—an' he'd be gwine 'fo' she could come. Marster begin ter talk, but de cun'l say a wud ter him what I couldn' year an' den took his hat an' went on out.

"Marster wuz mighty mad, an' he hed a talk wif Miss Rose. I dunno what he say ter her, but I know she come out de room wif her head high an' her two cheeks a-bu'nin' an' lookin' like she'd face a rigimint. Den she lie awake an' cry all night. But I reckon she done got de best er ole marster, an' de cun'l didn' come back fur a long time. Den one day he come in an' say he been ordered away, an' he come ter say good-by. Marster say dey gwine tek Richmond an' eend de waw right off dis time, an' de cun'l he sorter larf an' say he dunno, he hope so. He an' Miss Rose hed a long talk toger-r in de parlor, an' den de cun'l come out on de po'ch wif his face mighty sober-lookin', and Miss Rose held out her han' an' say, 'Good-by,' like she sorry, too. He took her han' an' held it, an' he say, 'De time'll come when you'll need a fren, an' den I want you ter promise you'll apply ter me.' Miss Rose say she would, an' he git on his horse an' rode away. An' de time come like he said it would, but dat wuz arfterwuds. 'Twarn' so long dough, fer de spring come an' de summer, an' marster hed hard work ter pertec' his craps at harves', but de ginerals what he knew dey give him gyards an' passes, an' de sojers dey knowed better'n ter go ag'in dem. But we didn' year nuffin' fum Marse Archie, nor de Union cun'l, tell it come along ter be mos' corn-getherin' time, an' den de debbil broke loose entirely.

"I dunno in dis worl' how so many men dey uver got toger-r—seemed like dey kivered de face er de yearth. An', laws! harf de time you couldn' tell which side dey b'long ter. Call 'em Bluecoats an' call 'em Graybacks, you didn' know ef dey wuz gray or blue. Dey wuz dat dusty an' mixety up, an' one wif one kin' er hat, an anur-r wif anur-r kine, an' all tore an' no sorter color at all. I spec' de Unions dey wuz de bes' lookin'. Dey did hab some kin' er uniform, dough not like dem gyards we been seein' all winter; but jes' tek keer er dem Cornfed'rets! Cornfeds or no, dey didn' look like dey'd hed much er no kin' er vittles; dey wuz so po' an' peaked-look-

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in' an' raggety, an' dey come axin' fur a bite tell dey fa'rly clean out de pantry. Marster had been meanin' ter go off, but dey come so sudden he couldn' git away. I 'clar' I wuz sorry fur marster. He been so sho' dey wuz gwine tek Richmon' an' hang de rebels, an' eend de waw in sixty days, an' he say it so many times we done got tired yearin' it, but yere wuz de Soufern awmy lookin' like it gwine take marster's own house 'way fum him, an' nobody sayin' nuffin' 'bout Richmond.

"He stood on de po'ch when dey fust come, an' look like it mos' kill him. Dey knowed he wuz a Unioner, but dey wuz perlite an' axed fur dere dinners jes' ez quite's could be. Ole Aun' M'ria an' Martha an' me, we wuz cookin' all day long, an' Miss Rose sot at de table a-po'in' out an' serbin' dem, kase Miss Ca'line couldn' leabe her bed. Dey wuz a cu'yous-lookin' crowd. Dey'd go ter de pump an' clean derese'fs an' slick dere ha'r down, an' come in de dinin'-room treadin' easy, like dey walkin' on eggs, an' den dey jes' put down de vittles. Lan'! I nuver see men so hongry. Dey talk ter Miss Rose kin' er shy, an' some wanter pay her, an' dat mek her larf, an' den dey go away an' mo' come in. Dey tuk marster's wheat an' fed his cawn ter de horses, an' bu'nt up de fence-rails fur camp-fires, but dey ain't noisy nor rough in de house, nor meddlin' in de quarters, an' de officers wouldn' 'low nobody but derese'fs to come up on de po'ch an' talk ter Miss Rose.

"De nex' day dere wuz firin' on de mountings, an' marster stay at de winders watchin' de smoke, an' I see he jes' hopin' Gineral McClellan'd come ober an' push 'em all back 'cross de riber. Nex' day it look like he gwine come, an' in a leetle mo' he come, an' it 'peared like de Day er Jedgment done come, too. But befo' dat de wounded come; yes, chile, jes' a-po'in' in on us. Fus' we knew, a man rode up an' ax could he bring a wounded officer in de house; he t'ink he gwine die, an' he dar'sn' resk tekin' him 'cross de riber. Den marster say: 'Sir, when I year dem cannons a-roarin' I hope de Lawd'll let 'em sweep eve'y rebel off'n dis yearth, but when I see a man suff'ren I forgit he's a rebel an' t'ink he's a feller-bein'. Yo' sin will sho'ly fine you out, but you kin bring him year an' we'll do what we kin fur him.'

"De man look at marster like he wanter larf, but he dar'sn', an' he jes' went off an' dey brung de officer in. Arfter dat dey come so farst we didn' hev no beds fur 'em—dey jes' lay all 'roun' de house. Marster wuz mighty good ter 'em an' waited on 'em hisse'f an' mek eve'y nigger fly 'roun' an' git 'em t'ings an' feed 'em. But he ain't no use fur de well ones. 'Twuz de nex' ebenin', an' de fiel's wuz black wid sojers an' we year de cannon goin', an' som' er de big guns wuz standin' on de hills an' men an' horses all about. Marster'd been up-sta'rs ter tek a toddy ter a man what's sinkin' an' ain' gwine live tell mawnin', an' he hed de empty glass in his han' ez he come down by de front do'. I see him drap dat ar glass on de flo' an' stiffen up an' look like he swallered a ramrod. De big veins dey stood out like dey allus did when he git mad, an' he look like he go clean through you. I look an' see Marse Archie a-standin' on de po'ch, hol'in out his han' an' lookin' at his pa. His pa warn't hol'in' out his han'—no sir! Marster put bofe han's behine his back an' kept 'em dere, an' look at Marse Archie an' nuver say a wud. Den Marse Archie say: 'Won't you shek han's, father?' an' dat wuz too much fur marster. He jes' roar out: 'No, sir! I dunno who you is, sir! You ain' no son er mine an' you ain' er Cary blood, fur dere neber wuz a Cary yit who wuz a rebel an' a traitor, an' you done got inter de fambly by mistek.' I see Marse Archie jump an' fling his head back like ole Selim when he r'ar, an' he tuk his han' back quick an' clap it on his sode, an' I wuz dat skeered I ran's hard's I could an' call Miss Rose. She t'ought me crazy, but she come, an' dere wuz marster stan'in' jes' de same, but Marse Archie hed tuk his han' off his sode an' wuz mekin' a bow, an' ez we come up he say: 'Dere's on'y one t'ing I kin do, I'll nuver darken dese do's ag'in——' But Miss Rose cry out, 'Archie!' an' run inter his awms. Marster look at 'em an' den tu'n 'roun' an' stalk off.

"Arfter a minit Miss Rose try ter mek Marse Archie come in ter see his ma, but he say he'll nuver cross de do'-step. Den Miss Rose run an' git Miss Ca'line inter a big cheer an' two er de men carry her ter

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de po'ch, but when we come dere, Marse Archie done gone. Miss Ca'line wuz cryin', but I see Marse Archie outside de gate a-waitin' by de big tree. De men tuk Miss Ca'line out ter de gate an' sot down de cheer, an' Marse Archie kneel down an' put his head in his ma's lap and cried tell he shook. Miss Ca'line call him her deah boy, an' hug an' kiss him an' beg him come in de house. But he say ef de marster won't hev him how kin he? Den Miss Ca'line say marster don't mean it, he so 'stractit he don't know what he's doin', but he love Marse Archie mo'n his own life, an' been grievin' fur him all winter. Marse Archie tell her not ter worry, dat he gwine 'member he's his pa (but I see him clinch his fis' at dat, kase dat's what marster say he ain't), an' he peacify her, an' dey talk long time, an' den Marse Archie go back ter camp. Dat ebenin' he come ag'in, an' Miss Rose tek me wif her ter de pahsture, an' I sot on a rock while dey walked about talkin', tell I got so sleepy I mos' fell on de groun'.

"De nex' mawnin' early, 'fo' day, dem guns commenced firin', an' bimeby dey jes' to'e de worl' up. I nuver year sich a clatter, an' I nuver wanter year sich anur-r. De fightin' soun' like it right in de back yard, an' dem shells a-whistlin' like dey wuz de debbil hisse'f, come ter look fur you an' gwine fine you, too. De niggers jes' crowded inter de cellar, an' sot dar a-shakin', an' a-prayin', an a-cryin'. 'Twuz so dark we couldn' see one blessed t'ing, an' I sot a-listenin' ter de trompin' ober my head, an' dem shells a-hollerin', an' I kep' a-fancyin' I year Miss Rose a-callin' me; an' when I went ter dem leetle winders I couldn' see narthin', an' when I opened de cellar-do's a leetle way, jes' ter stick my head up 'bove groun', de niggers yell at me dat I gwine let dem pesky cannon-balls come in. I tole 'em dem balls wuz arter white folks, an' hedn't no time t' stop ter fool wif no niggers, fur I wuz dat oneasy an' sifflicated I couldn' stan' it—I had ter peek out. One er de sojers spied me, way down under de cellar-do'—all I could see wuz de gyardin an' a piece er sky—an' he larf an ax me what I doin' down dere. I tell him I come dere ter tek keer er de chillun, an' he say dere wan't no danger—not now —de battle wuz too fur away. Den I ax 'im what all dat screechin' right ober my head, an' he say: 'Shoo! dat mo'n two mile off. It jes' soun' dat near.'

"So I come out an' git my breaf once mo', an go help Miss Rose wif de wounded. Dey wuz eve'ywhar. Aw! sech sights ez I see! Miss Rose, she hed a basin an' a sponge, an' she went fum one ter anur-r a-bathin' an' a-bindin'. We couldn' step wifout treadin' on 'em. Dey wuz all ober de house, an' de po'ch, an' a-lyin' under de trees in de yard. Farst ez dey could de sojers tuk de wounded ober inter Ferginny, but dey couldn' tek 'em all. What wif de battle thunderin', an' de yearth shekin', an' de smoke an' noise, an' Miss Rose wantin' me, an' de niggers a-hollerin', I got so flustrated I dunno how come de Soufern troops got away and de Unions come in. But dey did, an' one day, moughter been nex' day, moughter been day arfter, I see a man come gallopin' up ter de gate a while arfter breakfus'. He seem in a mighty hurry, an' he holler ter me an' ax me did Miss Rose Cary live yere, an' I say 'Yes;' an' he say, 'Den give her dis,' an' han'ed me a leetle piece er paper, an' tu'n his horse an' was off like a streak. He hedn't mo'n tu'n 'roun' 'fo' I see er lot er men come runnin' ober de hill, an' when dey saw him dey holler at him ter stop, kase dey wuz Unions. But he wuz way down de hill den, an' his horse jes' flyin', an' I spec' he got off.

"I come in wif de paper, kase I feared dey'd tek it fum me 'fo' I could git it ter Miss Rose. It look like it'd been a leaf to' outen some book, an' it wuz all bloody on one side, an' mek me sick ter see it. I foun' Miss Rose a-washin' wounds, an' de fus' minute she lay eyes on de paper, 'fo' I say a wud, she tu'n white's a sheet, an' stan' up an' gasp out, 'Send me Torm.' So I sont a little boy fur Torm, an' I stay by Miss Rose. I feared she gwine faint, but she didn'. She kep' de bloody paper in her han', an' look at it, an' den say, stiddy ez a rock: 'Aun' Cha'ity, yo' Marse Archie's hu't, an' I'm gwine go bring him home, an' you mus' go wif me.' Den I say: 'Miss Rose, how you gwine git dar? Don' you know de Unions is all 'round now?' She walk ter de winder, an' sho' 'nuff dere wuz de Bluecoats a-swarmin'. But

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she said, 'I'm goin',' an' she told Torm ter git de keridge. Torm, he hed ter tell her de sojers done tuk de las' horse on de place, an' he ain' got nuffin' 'cept two mules. Den she say put dem in, an' Torm done like she tole him. Den we got in. Torm didn' know whar we wuz gwine ter, an' I didn', an' it's my belief Miss Rose didn' nuther; but she sot still a-holdin' onter dat bloody paper tell we'd gone a mile on de road ter de fo'd.

"Den we met some sojers what tell us we kyarn't go by. Miss Rose, she try ter 'suade 'em, but dey say dey kyarn't let her. Den she ax whar's Gineral McClellan. Dey say dey dunno, an' ain't keerin'; dey's Gineral Hooker's men, an' his orders is enough fur dem. Miss Rose, she say she'll go ter Gineral Hooker, but dey didn' wanter let her do dat nuther. Dey warn't ve'y perlite. Dey larf at de mules an' call Torm 'Dixie,' an' tell us dere wuz fightin' down dar, an' twarn't no place fur ladies nohow. Presen'ly she say, 'Who's yo' capting?' an' dey say he's yander onder de big tree, an' she got outen de keridge fur ter go ter 'im.

"Jes' den yere come a officer a-ridin' 'long de road. I see him 'fo' Miss Rose did, an' I teched her awm ter mek her look, kase I knowed de way he useter come a-ridin' ter de house larst winter, but she so 'stractit she ain't notice. But he saw her, an' kin'er cuss an' jump offen his horse quick'n a wink, an' come up an' speak her name. When Miss Rose tu'n 'roun' an' see him she fa'rly run ter him, an' jes' held up dat bloody paper fur him ter see. He look at it an' den at her, an' he tek her han' an' lead her back ter de keridge. Her lips wuz wukin', but she didn' speak, an' her eyes nuver lef' his face. He look at her mighty pitiful, an' say, 'I'll go wif you,' an' it seem ter ca'm her. So we drove on, he a-ridin' 'longside. Arfter a bit we yeard guns ahead, an' he stop an' say he'll go on alone, tain't fitten fur her. But she cry out, 'You don' know him! Lemme go! I'll fine him in ten thousand.' So de cun'l waited a minit an' de firin' stopped a bit, an' he say mebbe we could git through. Den we went ahead ag'in.

"Bimeby we git down to'des a big barn, whar wuz de orfullest sight I uver did see. Men a-lyin' 'roun' permiscous, an' some stone dead, wif dere caps ober dere faces, an' some lyin' onder the trees, lookin' like dey mought die any minit. Inside de barn we see a table an' a man laid out on it an' a doctaw cuttin' off his leg, an' all 'roun' dat barn-flo' de men lay a-waitin' an' some groanin' an' hollerin'. An', ef you'll blieb me, right by de barn-do' wuz a pile—dat high—er legs an' awms what been cut off an' frowed dere, all bloody an' stickin' out eve'y which away. I tu'n dat sick I mos' fell fum de keridge, an' fur a minit I t'ink Miss Rose gwine faint away, but she didn'. Torm stop de mules, an' de cun'l come up an' say, 'Dis de place. I'll go an' fine him.' But she say ag'in, 'You don' know him. I'll go.' Den de cun'l ax her kin she? It's orful. She say she kin, an' git out an' walk right stiddy parst all dem po' dead fellers, but she sorter shiver an' look at each one, kase I know she's fearin' it's Marse Archie. De cun'l, he tuk her han' an' drew it froo his awm, so she wouldn' slip on de bloody grass, an' he hurry her parst dat orful pile at de do'. One er de doctaws tu'n 'roun' an' I knowed him. 'Twuz Dr. Selby, what sot Torm's leg fur him one time, when he broke it ober at de Hunterses, kase dese wuz Cornfedrets yere an' Dr. Selby he'd done stay behine ter ten' de wounded. He come right up ter Miss Rose an' ax what de name er goodness she doin' dar? Miss Rose say Marse Archie's hu't an' a-lyin' in dat barn, what he name it on dat bloody paper what she show 'im; but he say he dunno how it kin be, he ain' seen him. Miss Rose cotch her bref an' mos' fall, but de cun'l say right quick dey'll look, an' he tek her by de awm an' dey walk 'roun' de barn, a-stoppin' at eve'y man tell she see his face an' mek sure twarn' Marse Archie. Oh, chile, ef uver you git ter de bad-place—what I hope de good Lawd'll ferbid—you kyarn't see much wuss dan we saw den.

"I ain't gwine tell you 'bout it. It mek me sick now. Well, when we done gone all 'roun' an' look at eve'y man, we ain't foun' Marse Archie. Dr. Selby say he kyarn't be dere. De cun'l say, 'Dis sho'ly de place—dar's de paper.' Miss Rose look like she'd die, but she say she

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mus' fine him. Dr. Selby look at her, an' den he 'spond dat dere's jes' one place whar he mought be, an' he tek us ter a sort er shed built on. T'wuz a small place, an' the doctor went fust an' de cun'l an' Miss Rose come arfter, like dey done afo'. Dr. Selby, he say he'd know Marse Archie anywhar, an' none er dese yere warn't he, an' he parse right by one man wifout skeercely lookin' at him. De man hed his eyes shet, an' his ha'r down ober his face, an' his clo'es so to'n an' bloody his own ma wouldn' ha' known him, but Miss Rose knowed him. She let go de cun'l's awm an' drap down on her knees by dat po' man what Dr. Selby done parse by, an' she tek her han' an' lif' de bloody ha'r offen his face, an' den she stoop an' kiss him wif de tears jes' po'in' down her cheeks. An Marse Archie open his eyes an' see her, an' he try ter speak an' couldn', an' he try ter lif' his han' an' couldn', but ober his po' face dere come sech a look ez I nuver seen. Chile, when I see dat happy look, an' see he kyarn't move nor speak, I jes' bu'sted out a-cryin' like a' ole fool nigger, an' cry tell I mos' kyarn't stan' up; an' de cun'l an' de doctor dey tu'n away right quick, an' go ter de do' an' stan' dar a minit. Den Dr. Selby come back an' bine up Marse Archie's wounds good, an' dey put him in de keridge an' we go long home ve'y slow, an' de' cun'l ridin' 'longside.

"Ef it hedn't been fur him we wouldn' got home at all, kase dey stopped us two or free times, an' he hed ter tell 'em who we wuz an' what we been arfter. I been wond'rin' what Miss Rose gwine do wif Marse Archie, an' ef she dar' tek him in de house arfter what he done tole marster, dat he nuver darken de do's ag'in. But she say ter Torm ter drive ter de quarters, an' den I know what she gwine do. An' sho' 'nuff she mek 'em tek Marse Archie in an' lay him on my bed, an' sont fur de bes' doctaw in de house. When he come he shook his head, but he put somepin' in a cup an' tole her ter give it ter him, an' den he call me out an' tell me ter git Miss Rose somepin ter eat right off. So I did, an' she tuk it; an' I try ter mek her go ter bed, an' say I'll call her ef Marse Archie stir, but she jes' say no, I mus' lie down an' she'd watch. All dat night she watch him, an' I sot by de winder, an' I so powerful tired I jes' went ter sleep wif my head on de table, an' when I rouse up twuz mawnin'.

"Miss Rose wuz a-settin' by de bed puttin' water on his wounds, an' he lay still an' heavy, an' his bref comin' hard, an' she done give him de larst drap in de cup. She motion me ter speak easy, an' say he's asleep an' do I t'ink he's better? I know he ain't, but how I gwine say so an' she lookin' so pitiful? But she 'spicioned it her ownse'f, I reckon, fur bimeby she get up slow an' went in de house, an' de fust t'ing I knowed she had Miss Ca'line out dar wif two men bringin' her in a cheer, like dey did when she come out ter de gate ter see Marse Archie a few days back. Miss Ca'line an' Miss Rose dey sot dar in my room all dat day, one on one side de bed an' anur-r on de ur-r side, an' dey didn' talk at all, only Miss Ca'line would kin' er sob sometimes, an' wipe her eyes. But Miss Rose sot a-fannin' him, an' nuver spoke nor cried. When it come along to'des evenin', an' de sun got low, Marse Archie gin a kin' er gasp an' open his eyes wide, an' arfter a bit he say, jes' natchel, 'Deah Rose.' She stoop down, an' he arx her open de winder. So I flung open de blines an' de sun come in an' shine on de bed. Den Marse Archie sigh an' say, like he sorter dreamin', 'I see de shinin' parf ter Heaven, an' I oughter walk upon it, but I kyarn' set my feet dar wifout my father say he'll forgimme.'

"Den Miss Rose git up an' gimme de fan an' run out de do', and my heart jes' jump in my mouf a minit arfter when I see her a-comin' back wif marster. I dunno how she do ter git him, but dar he wuz an' Marse Archie see him. He come in mighty slow an' stiff, an' stan' up tall by de bed an' look down on Marse Archie an' nuver speak a wud. Marse Archie put his han' up an' lif' de ban'age on his head so he kin see better, an' den he hole out his han' ter marster an' say, sorter gaspin' an' slow, ez he could git his breaf,

"'Forgimme, father,' he say; 'I went ag'in you, but I couldn' holp it.'

"Marster didn' speak, an' Marse Archie say ag'in, ve'y faint, like his voice gwine sink,

"'Kyarn' you shek han's now, sir?'

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"Marster's face begin ter wuk, an' he open his mouf oncet er twicet an' shet it ag'in wifout a soun', but all on a suddint he drap right down on his knees by de bed an' cotch Marse Archie's han' an' cry out loud, 'Don' die! my son—my son!' Marse Archie put out his ur-r han', too, an' marster put his head down on it an' cry like a chile. Den Marse Archie tu'n ter de winder an' he say, 'De parf's dere yit.'

"An' while de sun wuz goin' down, befo' de las' beam lef' shinin' on de bed, Marse Archie walk along it inter Heaven.

. . . . . .

"Miss Ca'line, she did'n live long arf-ter dey buried Marse Archie, an' marster an' Miss Rose dey wuz lef' alone at Hill-top. Marster warn't like de same man—he so quite. When he had pra'rs in de mawnin' he pray fur de Union, an' dat de Lawd 'ud please ter eend dis wicked waw, jes' like he used, but he pray anur-r pra'r, too, an' dat wuz dat de Lawd'd forgive dose dat med misteks, an' accept 'em fur dere 'tentions, an' I nuver year 'im mek dat pra'r dat his voice didn' shek like he mos' gwine cry. When dey rung de bells kase Richmon' done been tuk marster come in wif de tears a-runnin' down his cheeks, an' he went ter his room an' stay dar all day. Den he hung Marse Archie's picture back on de wall an' put his sode ober it, an' he'd sit an' look at it fur hours. He got so ole-lookin' an' white, an' so gentle an' mile, an' bimeby he tuk sick, an' dough Miss Rose ten' him faithful he didn' 'pear ter hev de spunk ter git well. When he died Miss Rose's relations down in Bal'-mer, dey com an' tuk her away, an' she lef' me an' my husban' Jim fur ter ten' de place, an' she on'y comes back in de summers. But my Torm, she got him a good place ez coachman wif some city folks, an' I see him ev'y now an' den. De res' er de niggers dey's done gone away, an' de place is like you see it. Tain' like it useter be."

The fire had burnt itself out, and the crackling hearth was now a mass of embers. In the silence that fell upon us when Aunt Charity finished speaking I could hear the rush of the November wind whirling the yellow leaves against the window. The sky was overcast and a storm seemed brewing. When I came away, and turned to say good-by, Aunt Charity was still sitting by the red coals, with the mysterious smoke encircling her head, and her voice came out after me, "I wuz sho'ly fon' er Miss Rose."

AN IRISH WILD-FLOWER.

(A BAREFOOT CHILD NEAR —— CASTLE.)

By Sarah M. B. Piatt.

She felt, I think, but as a wild-flower can,
Through her bright, fluttering rags, the dark, the cold;
Some farthest star, remembering what man
Forgets, had warmed her little head with gold.

Above her, hollow-eyed, long blind to tears,
Leaf-cloaked, a skeleton of stone arose. . . .
Oh, castle-shadow of a thousand years!
Where you have fallen, is this the thing that grows?

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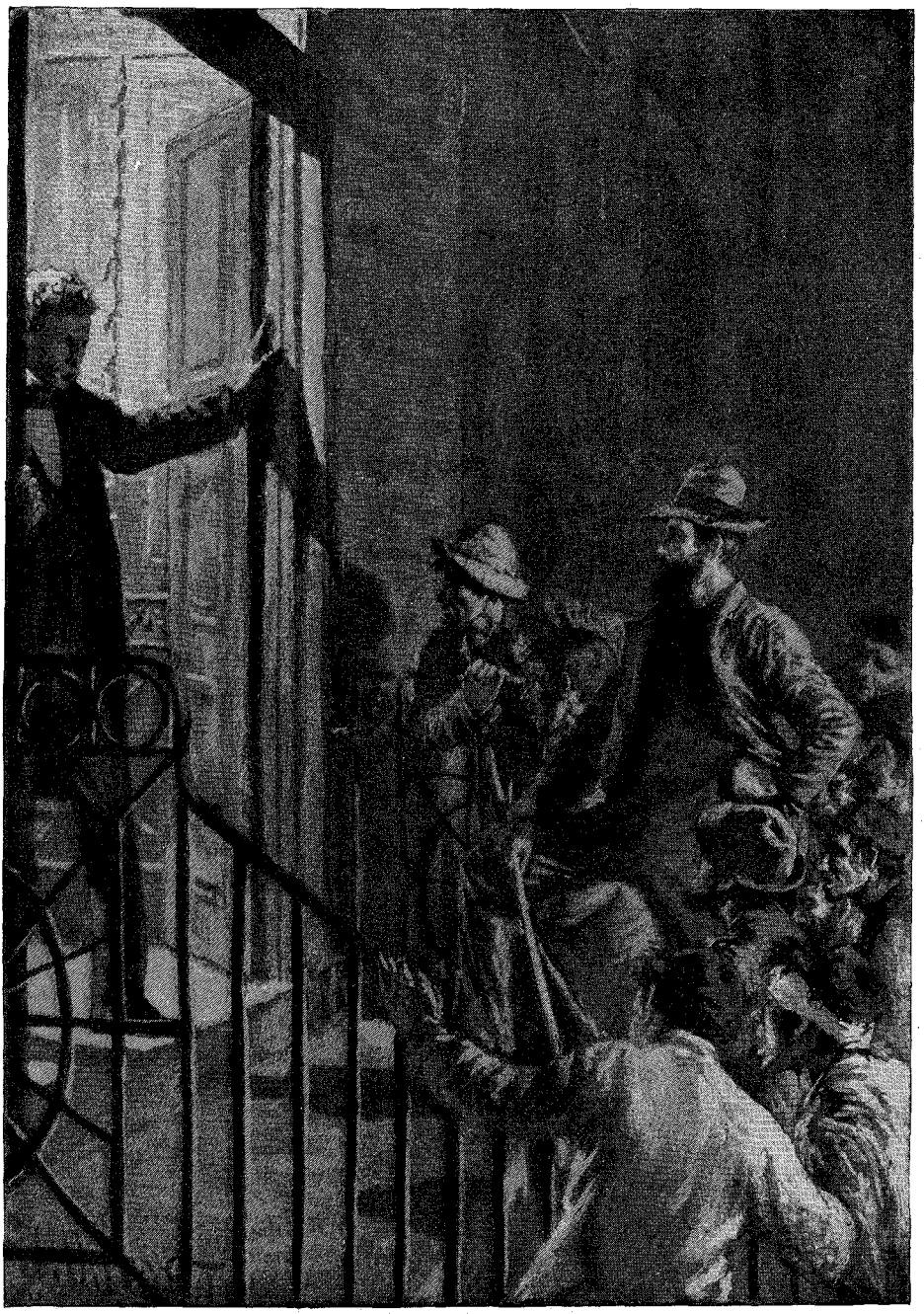

"Have you got a nigger here?"

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THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE.

By H. C. Bunner.

V.

IT is to be said for society that there was very little chuckling and smiling when this fresh piece of news about the Dolphs came out. Nor did the news pass from house to house like wildfire. It rather leaked out here and there, percolating through barriers of friendly silence, slipping from discreet lips and repeated in anxious confidence, with all manner of qualifications and hopeful suppositions and suggestions. As a matter of fact, people never really knew just what Eustace Dolph had done, or how far his wrong-doing had carried him. All that was ever positively known was that the boy had got into trouble down-town, and had gone to Europe. The exact nature of the trouble could only be conjectured. The very brokers who had been the instruments of young Dolph's ruin were not able to separate his authorized speculations from those which were illegitimate. They could do no more than guess, from what they knew of Van Riper's conservative method of investment, that the young man's unfortunate purchases were made for himself, and they figured these at fifty-five thousand odd hundred dollars.

Somebody who looked up the deed which Jacob Dolph executed that winter day found that he had transferred to Van Riper real-estate of more than that value.

No word ever came from the cold lips of Abram Van Riper's son; and his office was a piece of all but perfect machinery, which dared not creak when he commanded silence. And no one save Van Riper and Dolph, and their two lawyers, knew the whole truth. Dolph never even spoke about it to his wife, after that first night. It was these five people only who knew that Mr. Jacob Dolph had parted with the last bit of real-estate that he owned, outside of his own home, and they knew that his other property was of a doubtful sort, that could yield at the best only a very limited income—hardly enough for a man who lived in so great a house, and whose doors were open to all his friends nine months in the year.

Yet he stayed there, and grew old with an age which the years have not among their gifts. When his little girl grew older, and could sit upon his knee, her small hands clutched at a snowy-white moustache, and she complained that his great, dark, hollow eyes never would look "right into hers, away down deep." Yet he loved her, and talked more to her perhaps than to anyone else, not even excepting Aline.

But he never spoke to her of the elder brother whom she could not remember. It was her mother who whispered something of the story to her, and told her not to let papa know that she knew of it, for it would grieve him. Aline herself knew nothing about the boy save that he lived, and lived a criminal. Jacob himself could only have told her that their son was a wandering adventurer, known as a blackleg and sharper in every town in Europe.

The doors of the great house were closed to all the world, or opened only for some old friend, who went away very soon out of the presence of a sadness beyond all solace of words or kindly look or hand-clasp. And so, in something that only the grace of their gentle lives relieved from absolute poverty, those three dwelt in the old house, and let the world slip by them.

. . . . . .

There was no sleep for anyone of the little household in the great house on the night of the 14th of July, 1863. Doors and blinds were closed; only a light shone through the half-open slats at a second-story window, and in that

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room Aline lay sick, almost unto death, her white hair loosed from its usual dainty neatness, her dark eyes turning with an unmeaning gaze from the face of the little girl at her side to the face of her husband at the foot of her bed. Her hands, wrinkled and small, groped over the coverlet, with nervous twitchings, as every now and then the howls or the pistol-shots of the mob in the streets below them fell on her ear. And at every such movement the lips of the girl by her pillow twitched in piteous sympathy. About half-past twelve there was sharp firing in volleys to the southward of them, that threw the half-conscious sufferer into an agony of supersensitive disturbance. Then there came a silence that seemed unnaturally deep, yet it was only the silence of a summer night in the deserted city streets.

Through it they heard, sharp and sudden, with something inexplicably fearful about it, the patter of running feet—they had heard that sound often enough that night and the night before—but these steps stopped at their own door, and came up the steps, and the runner beat and pounded on the heavy panels.

Father and child looked in each other's eyes, and then Jacob Dolph left his post at the foot of the bed and, passing out of the room, went down the stairs with deliberate tread and opened the door.

A negro's face, almost gray in its mad fear, stared into his with a desperate appeal which the lips could not utter. Dolph drew the man in, and shut the door behind him. The negro leaned, trembling and exhausted, against the wall.

"I knowed you'd take me in, Mist' Dolph," he panted; "I'm feared they seen me, though—they was mighty clost behind."

They were close behind him, indeed. In half a minute the roar of the mob filled the street with one terrible howl and shriek of animal rage, heard high above the tramp of half a thousand feet, and the beasts of disorder, gathered from all the city's holes and dens of crime, wild for rapine and outrage, burst upon them, sweeping up the steps, hammering at the great doors, crying for the blood of the helpless and the innocent.

Foreign faces, almost all! Irish, mostly; but there were heavy, ignorant German types of feature uplifted under the gaslight; sallow, black-moustached Magyar faces; thin, acute, French faces—all with the stamp of old-world ignorance and vice upon them.

The door opened, and the white-haired old gentleman, erect, haughty, with brightening eyes, faced the leader of the mob—a great fellow, black-bearded, who had a space to himself on the stoop, and swung his broad shoulders from side to side.

"Have you got a nigger here?" he began, and then stopped short, for Jacob Dolph was looking upon the face of his son.

Vagabond and outcast, he had the vagabond's quick wit, this leader of infuriate crime, and some one good impulse stirred in him of his forfeited gentlehood. He turned savagely upon his followers.

"He ain't here!" he roared. "I told you so—I saw him turn the corner."

"Shtap an' burrn the bondholder's house!" yelled a man behind him. Eustace Dolph turned round with a furious, threatening gesture.

"You damned fool!" he thundered: "he's no bondholder—he's one of *us*. Go on, I tell you! Will you let that nigger get away?"

He half drove them down the steps. The old man stepped out, his face aflame under his white hair, his whole frame quivering.

"You lie, sir!" he cried; but his voice was drowned in the howl of the mob as it swept around the corner, forgetting all things else in the madness of its hideous chase.

When Jacob Dolph returned to his wife's chamber, her feeble gaze was lifted to the ceiling. At the sound of his footsteps, she let it fall dimly upon his face. He was thankful that, in that last moment of doubtful quickening, she could not read his eyes; and she passed away, smiling sweetly, one of her white old hands in his, and one in her child's.

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Age takes small account of the immediate flight of time. To the young, a

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year is a mighty span. Be it a happy or an unhappy year that youth looks forward to, it is a vista that stretches far into the future. And when it is done, this interminable year, and youth, just twelve months older, looks back to the first of it, what a long way off it is! What tremendous progress we have made! How much more we know! How insufficient are the standards by which we measured the world a poor three hundred and sixty-five days back!

But age has grown habituated to the flight of time. Years! We have seen so many of them that they make no great impression upon us. What! is it ten years since young Midas first came to the counting-room, asking humbly for an entry-clerk's place—he who is now the head of the firm? Bless us! it seems like yesterday. Is it ten years since we first put on that coat? Why, it must be clean out of the fashion by this time.

But age does not carry out the thought, and ask if itself be out of the

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fashion. Age knows better. A few wrinkles, a stoop in the back, a certain slowness of pace, do not make a man old at sixty—nor at seventy, neither; for, now you come to think of it, the ten years we were speaking of is gone, and it is seventy now, and not sixty. Seventy! Why, 'tis not to be thought of as old age—save when it is necessary to rebuke the easy arrogance of youth.

The time had come to Jacob Dolph when he could not feel that he was growing old. He was old, of course, in one sense. He was sixty-one when the war broke out; and they had not allowed him to form a regiment and go to the front at its head. But what was old for a soldier in active service was not old for a well-preserved civilian. True, he could never be the same man again, now that poor Aline was gone. True, he was growing more and more disinclined for active exercise, and he regretted he had led so sedentary a life. But though '64 piled itself up on '63, and '65 on top of that, these arbitrary divisions of time seemed to him but trivial.

Edith was growing old, perhaps; getting to be a great girl, taller than her mother and fairer of complexion, yet not unlike her, he sometimes thought, as she began to manage the affairs of the house, and to go about the great shabby mansion with her mother's keys jingling at her girdle. For the years had crawled one over the other, and it was 1873, and Edith was eighteen years old.

One rainy day in this year found Jacob Dolph in Wall Street. Although he himself did not think so, he was an old man to others, and kindly hands, such as were to be found even in that infuriate crowd, had helped him up the marble steps of the Sub-Treasury and had given him lodgment on one of the great blocks of marble that dominate the street. From where he stood he could see Wall Street, east and west, and the broad plaza of Broad Street to the south, filled with a compact mass of men, half-hidden by a myriad of umbrellas, rain-soaked, black, glinting in the dim light. So might a Roman legion have looked, when each man raised his targum above his head and came shoulder to shoulder with his neighbor for the assault.

There was a confused, ant-like movement in the vast crowd, and a dull murmur came from it, rising, in places, into excited shouts. Here and there the fringe of the mass swelled up and swept against the steps of some building, forcing, or trying to force, an entry. Sometimes a narrow stream of men trickled into the half-open doorway; sometimes the great portals closed, and then there was a mad outcry and a low groan, and the foremost on the steps suddenly turned back, and in some strange way slipped through the throng and sped in all directions to bear to hushed or clamorous offices the news that this house or that bank had "suspended payment." "Busted," the panting messengers said to white-faced merchants; and in the slang of the street was conveyed the message of doom. The great panic of 1873 was upon the town—the outcome of long years of unwarranted self-confidence, of selfish extravagance, of conscienceless speculation—and, as hour after hour passed by, fortunes were lost in the twinkling of an eye, and the bread was taken out of the mouths of the helpless.

After Jacob Dolph had stood for some time, looking down upon the tossing sea of black umbrellas, he saw a narrow lane made through the crowd in the wake of a little party of clerks and porters, bearing aid perhaps to some stricken bank. Slipping down, he followed close behind them. Perhaps the jostling hundreds on the sidewalk were gentle with him, seeing that he was an old man; perhaps the strength of excitement nerved him, for he made his way down the street to the flight of steps leading to the door of a tall white building; and he crowded himself up among the pack that was striving to enter. He had even got so far that he could see the line pouring in above his head, when there was a sudden cessation of motion in the press, and one leaf of the outer iron doors swung forward and met the other, already closed to bar the crush, and two green-painted panels stood, impassable, between him and the last of the Dolph fortune.

One howl and roar, and the crowd turned back on itself, and swept him with it. In five minutes a thousand

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offices knew of the greatest failure of the day; and Jacob Dolph was leaning —weak, gasping, dazed—against the side-wall of a hallway in William Street, with two stray office-boys staring at him out of their small, round, unsympathetic eyes.

Let us not ask what wild temptation led the old man back again to risk all he owned in that hellish game that is played in the narrow street. We may remember this: That he saw his daughter growing to womanhood in that silent and almost deserted house, shouldered now by low tenements and wretched shops and vile drinking-places; that he may have pictured for her a brighter life in that world that had long ago left him behind it in his bereaved and disgraced loneliness; that he had had some vision of her young beauty fulfilling its destiny amid sweeter and fairer surroundings. And let us not forget that he knew no other means than

these to win the money for which he cared little; which he found absolutely needful.

After Jacob Dolph had yielded for the last time to the temptation that had conquered him once before and had ruined his son's soul; after that last disastrous battle with the gamblers of Wall Street, wherein he lost the last poor remnant of the great Dolph fortune, giving up with it his father's home forever, certain old bread of his father's casting came back to him upon strange waters.

Abram Van Riper came to the daughter of the house of Dolph, a little before it became certain that the house must be sold, and told her, in his dry way, that he had to make a business communication to her, for he feared that her father was hardly capable of understanding such matters any longer. She winced a little; but he took a load off her heart when he made his slow, precise explanation. The fact was, he said, that the business transactions between her father and himself, consequent upon the defalcation of her brother Eustace, had never been

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closed, in all these seventeen years. (Edith Dolph trembled.) It was known at the time that the property transferred by her father rather more than covered the amount of her brother's—peculation. But her father's extreme sensitiveness had led him to avoid a precise adjustment, and as the property transferred was subject to certain long leases, he, Mr. Van Riper, had thought it best to wait until the property was sold and the account closed to settle the matter with Mr. Dolph. This had lately been done, and Mr. Van Riper found that, deducting charges, and interest on his money at seven per cent., he had made by the transaction six thousand three hundred and seventy dollars. This sum, he thought, properly belonged to Mr. Dolph. And if Miss Dolph would take the counsel of an old friend of her father's, she would leave the sum in charge of the house of Abram Van Riper's Son. The house would invest it at ten per cent.—he stopped and looked at Edith, but she only answered him with innocent eyes of attention—and would pay her six hundred and thirty-seven dollars annually in quarterly payments. It might be of assistance to Mr. Dolph in his present situation.

It was of assistance. They lived on it, father and daughter, with such aid as Decorative Art—just introduced to this country—gave in semi-remunerative employment for her deft fingers.

Abram Van Riper, when he left the weeping, grateful girl, marched out into the street, turned his face toward what was once Greenwich village, and said to his soul:

"I think that will balance any obligation my father may have put himself under in buying that State Street house too cheap. Now then, old gentleman, you can lie easy in your grave. The Van Ripers ain't beholden to the Dolphs, that's sure."

. . . . . .

A few years ago—shall we say as many as ten?—there were two small rooms up in a quiet street in Harlem tenanted by an old gentleman and a young gentlewoman; and in the front room, which was the young woman's room by night, but a sort of parlor or sitting room in the daytime, the old gentleman stood up, four times a year, to have his collar pulled up and his necktie set right, and his coat dusted off by a pair of small white hands, so that he might be presentable when he went down town to collect certain moneys due him.

They were small rooms; but they were bright and cheerful, being decorated with sketches and studies of an artistic sort, which may have been somewhat crude and uncertain as to treatment, but were certainly pleasant and feminine. Yet few saw them save the young woman and the old man. The most frequent visitor was a young artist from the West, who often escorted Miss Dolph to and from the Art League rooms. His name was Rand; he had studied in Munich; he had a future before him, and was making money on his prospects. He might just as well have lived in luxurious bachelor quarters in the lower part of the city; but, for reasons of his own, he preferred to live in Harlem.

Old Mr. Dolph insisted on going regularly every quarter-day to the office of the Van Riper Estate "to collect," as he said, "the interest due him." Four times a year he went down town on the Eighth Avenue cars, where the conductors soon learned to know him by his shiny black broadcloth coat and his snow-white hair. His daughter was always uneasy about these trips; but her father could not be dissuaded from them. To him they were his one hold on active life—the all-important events of the year. It would have broken his tender old heart to tell him that he could not go to collect his "interest." And so she set his necktie right, and he went.

When he got out of the car at Abingdon Square he tottered, in his slow, old way, to a neat structure which combined modern jauntiness with old-time solidity, and which was labelled simply: "Office of the Van Riper Estate," and there he told the smilingly indulgent clerk that he thought he would "take it in cash, this time," and, taking it in cash, went forth.

And then he walked down through Greenwich Village into New York City, and into the street where stood the house that his father had built. Thus he had gone to view it four times a year

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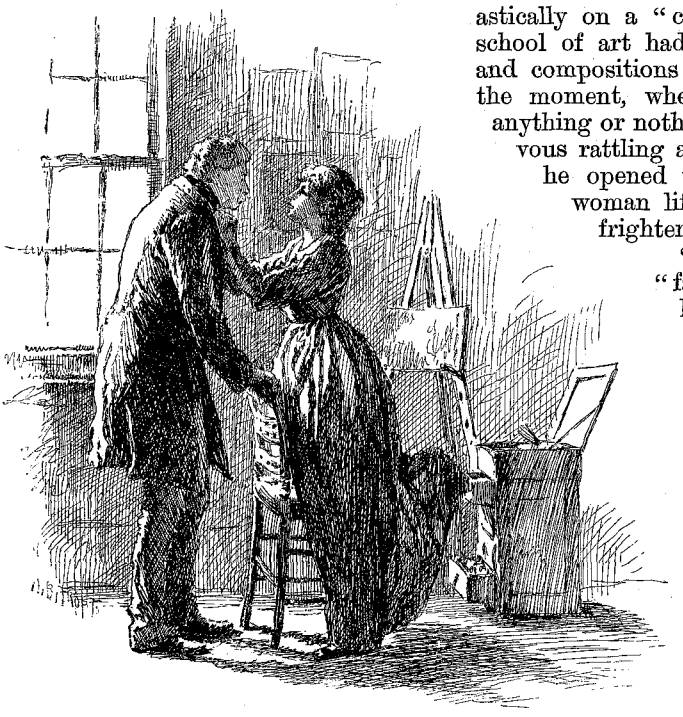
during every year—save the first—since he had given it up.

He had seen it go through one stage of decadence after another. First it was rented, by its new owner, to the Jewish pawnbroker, with his numerous family. Good, honest folk they were, who tried to make the house look fine, and the five daughters made the front stoop resplendent of summer evenings. But they had long ago moved up town. Then it was a cheap boarding-house, and vulgar and flashy men and women swarmed out in the morning and in at eventide. Then it was a lodging-house, and shabby people



let themselves out and in at all hours of the day and night. And last of all it had become a tenement-house, and had fallen into line with its neighbors to left and right, and the window-panes were broken, and the curse of misery and poverty and utter degradation had come upon it.

But still it lifted its grand stone front, still it stood, broad and great, among all the houses in the street. And it was the old man's custom, after he had stood on the opposite sidewalk and gazed at it for a while, to go to a little French café a block to the eastward, and there to take a glass of *vermouth gommé*—it was a mild drink, and pleasing to an old man. Sometimes he chanced to find some one in this place who would listen to his talk about the old house—he was very grand; but they were decent people who went to that café—and perhaps would go back with him a block and look at it. We would not have talked to chance people in an East-side French café. But then we have never owned such a house, and lost it—and everything else.

. . . . . .

Late one hot summer afternoon young Rand sat in his studio, working enthusiastically on a "composition." A new school of art had invaded New York, and compositions were everything, for the moment, whether they composed anything or nothing. He heard a nervous rattling at his door-knob, and he opened the door. A young woman lifted a sweet, flushed, frightened face to his.

"O John," she cried; "father hasn't come home yet, and it's five o'clock, and he left home at nine."

John Rand threw off his flannel jacket, and got into his coat.

"We'll find him; don't worry, dear," he said.

They found him within an hour. The great city, having no further use for the old Dolph house, was crowding it out of existence. With the crash of falling bricks, and the creaking of the tackle that swung the great beams downward, the old house was crumbling into a gap between two high walls. Already you could see through to where the bright new bricks were piled at the back to build the huge eight-story factory that was to take its place. But it was not to see this demolition that the crowd was gathered, filling the narrow street. It stood, dense, ugly, vulgar, stolidly intent, gazing at the windows of the house opposite—a poor tenement-house.

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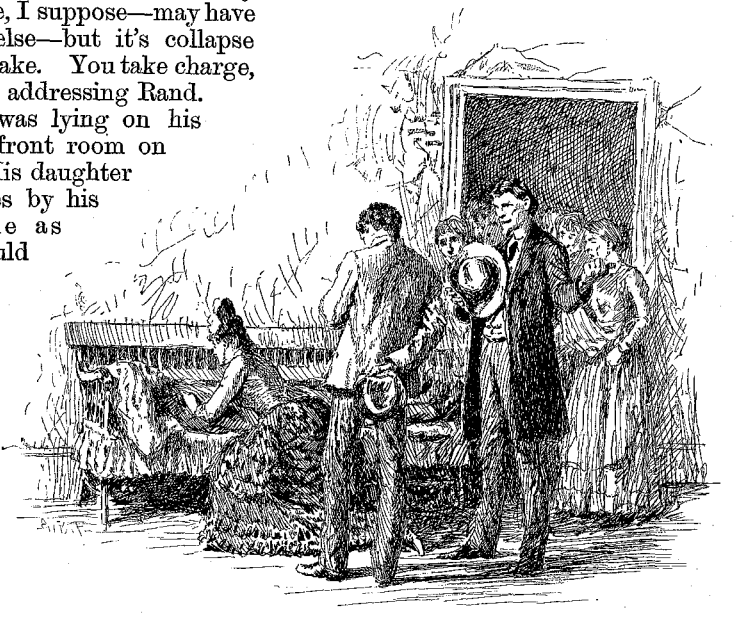
As they went up the steps they met the young hospital-surgeon, going back to his ambulance.

"You his folks?" he inquired. "Sorry to tell you so; but I can't do any good. Sunstroke, I suppose—may have been something else—but it's collapse now, and no mistake. You take charge, sir?" he finished, addressing Rand.

Jacob Dolph was lying on his back in the bare front room on the first floor. His daughter fell on her knees by his side, and made as though she would throw her arms around him; but, looking in his face, she saw death quietly coming upon him, and she only bent down and kissed him, while her tears wet his brow.



Meanwhile a tall Southerner, with hair half-way down his neck and kindly eyes that moved in unison with his broad gestures, was talking to Rand.

"I met the ol' gentleman in the French café, neah heah," he said, "and he was jus' honing to have me come up and see his house, seh—house he used to have. Well, I came right along, an' when we got here, sure 'nough, they's ta'in' down that house. Neveh felt so bad in all my life, seh. He wasn't expectin' of it, and I 'lowed 'twuz his old home, like, and he was right hahd hit, fo' a fact. He said to me, 'Good-day, seh,' sezee; 'good-day, seh,' he says to me, an' then he starts across the street, an' first thing I know, he falls down flat on his face, seh. Saw that there brick an' mortar comin' down, an' fell flat on his face. This hyeh pill-man 'lowed 'twuz sunstroke; but a Southern man like I am don't need to be told what a gentleman's feelings are when he sees his house a-torn down—no, seh. If you ever down oweh way, seh, I'd be right glad——"

But Rand had lifted Edith from the floor, for her father would know her no more, and had passed out of this world, unconscious of all the squalor and ruin about him; and the poor girl was sobbing on his shoulder.

He was very tender with her, very sorry for her. But he had never known the walls that fell across the way; he was a young man, an artist, with a great future before him, and the world was young to him, and she was to be his wife.

Still, looking down, he saw that sweetly calm, listening look that makes beautiful the faces of the dead come over the face of Jacob Dolph, as though he, lying there, heard the hammers of the workmen breaking down his father's house, brick by brick—and yet the sound could no longer jar upon his ear or grieve his gentle spirit.

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AN OCEAN GRAVE-YARD.

By J. Macdonald Oxley.

I.

It is little more than a mere dot of dry land in an immensity of ocean space, the restlessness of whose hissing surges is so incessant that here might Jeremiah have stood when he said, "there is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet." Sorrow there is, too, right often, and sorrow there has been ever since Sable Island first figured in human history. No other island on this globe can show so appalling a record of shipwreck and disaster.

Now parched beneath the burning rays of an unshaded summer sun, now swathed in chilling robes of mist or snow, ofttimes deluged with torrents of rain, and at all seasons blown upon by the tireless winds, Sable Island, remarkable as regards its position, its shape, its structure, and still more as regards its history, has somehow strangely escaped the notice of those who travel, and remains to this day shrouded in an obscurity no less remarkable. It does not, however, lack for mention in history, and we might well linger a while over the references made to it by various writers during the past three centuries and a half. But of these I have written elsewhere,* and my purpose now is rather to recall its unequalled record of disaster, the full extent of which, indeed, can perhaps never be fully known.

A visit to Sable Island can be made only under certain conditions, and these conditions so infrequently occur that it is no unusual thing for the passage there to be taken in vain. It lies due east from Nova Scotia, at a distance of about eighty-five miles, between the 43d and 44th degrees of N. lat., and the 59th of W. long. To one approaching from the north the island appears to be a succession of low sand-hills, thinly patched with struggling vegetation, having at the west end an elevation of some twenty feet, then gradually rising as you go eastward until they attain the height of eighty feet near the East End light, beyond which they slope away again until they merge into the northeast bar. Its general shape is that of a long, narrow crescent, measuring twenty-two miles from tip to tip, and one mile in breadth at its best. The time was, as will be presently shown, when these measurements might easily have been doubled, but now each succeeding year finds them surely, steadily decreasing.

Perplexing as are the currents, and bewildering the fogs that beset the island, they are not by any means its worst feature. Far more fruitful of harm are the entangling shallows, which spread out so widely that for many a mile beyond the point where sea and sand meet and mingle there is not water enough to float a small schooner. Thus, at the northeast end on a windy day there may be seen some nine miles of roaring breakers before a depth of six fathoms is reached, and then four miles more of heavy cross-seas leading out to a depth of from ten to thirteen fathoms. At the northwest end the bar extends seaward nearly seventeen miles, after the same fashion, before the water is really deep. So that taking the length of the island and its bars together the scene presented in stormy weather is magnificent and awe-inspiring beyond all possible powers of description, when in continuous line for over fifty miles the raging waves of the sea, rolling in unchecked from vast ocean spaces, foam out their fury upon the sand-banks, which seem to quake and quiver beneath their overwhelming onset.

The conditions which have been hinted at as prerequisite to effecting a landing upon Sable Island are that the day be fine and the wind securely settled in the south. The only good landing-place is on the north side; and even there the government steamer, which forms the sole connecting link between the island and the outside world, can come no closer than a mile, and must keep a

* See Historic Aspects of Sable Island, in Magazine of American History for February, 1886.

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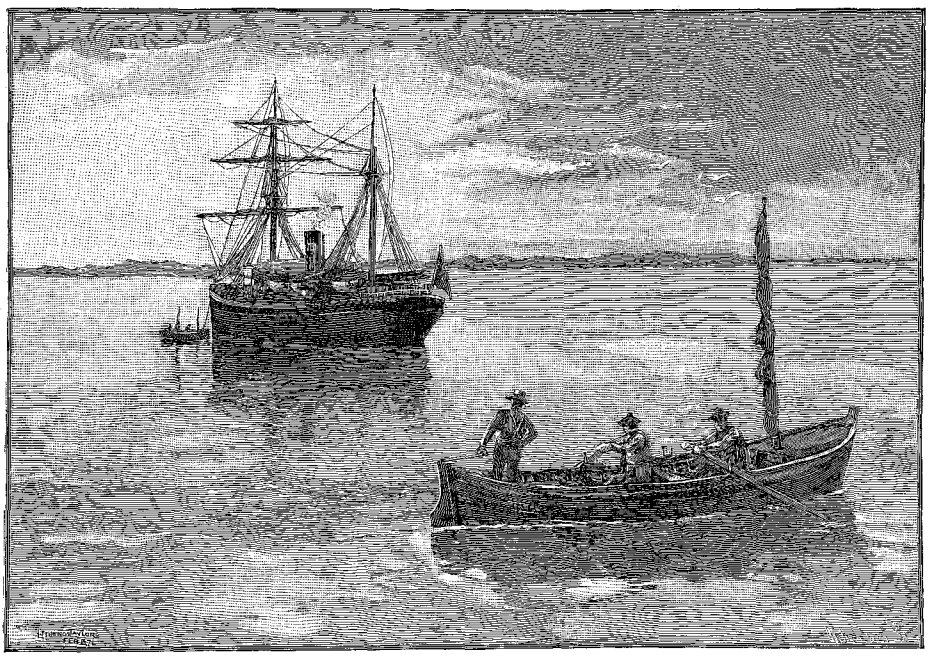
vigilant lookout so that on the first sign of a change in the wind she may weigh anchor and make an offing without delay.

Let us suppose that the halcyon days of July have come, and that we have obtained permission to accompany the



The Eastern Coast of Sable Island.

Newfield upon one of her regular supply trips. The midsummer night passes quickly. Our ninety miles of open sea are soon accomplished, and as the morning sun climbs grandly upward from his bed among the eastern waves, his rich red rays crimson the creamy froth that fringes all the shore. We are in luck to-day, for old ocean is at peace with himself, and the south wind blows softly. How rare this is may be imagined from two entries in the superintendent's journal—one, to the effect that there had not been five fine days in four months; the other, that the steamer was eight days in trying to effect a landing. Fine though the day be, however, to get safely ashore is no easy matter, for the long ocean-rollers are tumbling in upon the beach with tireless energy, and no ordinary boat may run their gauntlet with impunity. But there is due provision made for this. Hardly has the steamer come to anchor when the beach is dotted with men and horses, one of the broad-beamed, high-stemmed surf-boats peculiar to the island is rapidly drawn on its wide-wheeled cart to the water's edge, and after gallantly breasting the breakers comes swiftly toward us. Soon it is alongside, and the crew grasp eagerly at the mail-bags, whose contents will tell them what their friends and the rest of the world have been doing since the steamer's last visit. We are to return with them; and it will be a wise precaution to don our waterproofs and wear our closest-fitting caps, for there are some marine gymnastics before us, which may not improbably result in our undergoing an involuntary baptism that would content the most rigid immersionist ere reaching land. Seated in the stern sheets we look forward to the nearing surf with an anxiety which even the encouragement given by sleek, shining seals bobbing up serenely all about our boat, as if in cheery welcome, does not altogether allay. The crew bend lustily to their oars, and the helmsman,

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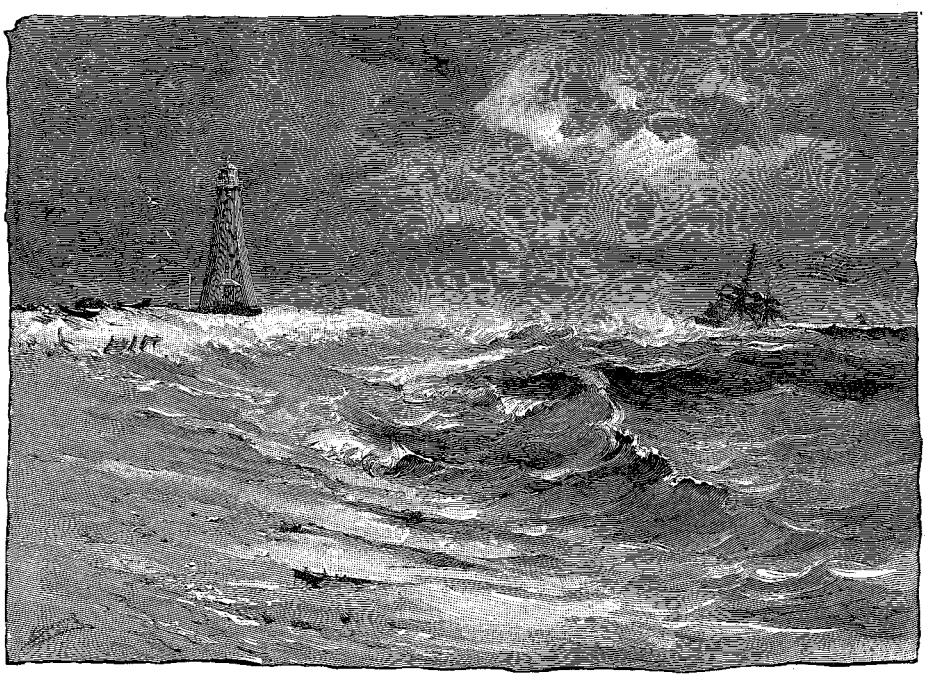
standing high in the pointed stern, with loud command and brawny arm keeps the great boat true in her proper course, let the billows buffet her never so roughly, until, riding triumphantly upon the back of a huge comber, she is carried far up the beach and stranded amid a mass of seething waters. To spring from their seats and hold hard the boat, lest it be swept back by the receding wave, is the work of a moment for the dripping oarsmen, and then another foaming breaker, supplemented by a vigorous shove from their stalwart arms, sends their unwieldy craft up high and dry, and the spray-splashed passengers can step out upon *terra firma*.

The yielding sands do not make easy walking, and we plod slowly up the slight ascent until, going through a short pass between two hummocks, we suddenly emerge upon a scene so utterly different from what has hitherto met our gaze that we are fain to wonder for a moment if it may not possibly be a mirage or ocular delusion of some sort. Before us lies a broad valley, completely shut in from the sea by hills, which rise to right and left, and wave with a wealth of vegetation that is inexpressibly refreshing to eyes already wearied with the monotony of sand and sea. Ranged in an irregular square stand the buildings of the main station—the superintendent's spacious dwelling, where a warm welcome always awaits the newcomer, be he casual visitor or castaway, flanked by quarters for the staff, boat-houses, stores, and other outbuildings, while well-filled barns and well-stocked barn-yards lend an air of substantial comfort to the whole picture.

After exchanging greetings with the superintendent and his staff, who, delighted with this pleasant break in the monotony of their lives, crowd about us, eager for the latest news, our first thought is to climb the big flag-staff and view the landscape from the crow's-nest perched perilously on high. The ascent accomplished, a wonderful panorama lies outspread before us. From beneath our feet the narrow island stretches east and west its bow-like form, holding a shallow lagoon, some eight miles long, in its centre, and presenting many an effective contrast of sandy upland and grassy meadow, bare,



The West Light.

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bleak beach and richly flowered nook, where fairies might hold their midnight revels. From the foreground, with its group of buildings, the eye roams over to the West End lighthouse, whence the men are now hurrying, pony-back, at the summons of the flag announcing the steamer's arrival. Every sandy peak or verdurous knoll bears some sad tradition. Baker's Hill, Trot's Cove, Scotchman's Head, French Gardens—so many silent records of human suffering. Then turning eastward we see the little burying-ground, nestling in the deep, rich grass, and consecrated to the last sleep of many a victim to the ocean's wrath. Nine miles farther down a telescope makes plain the flag-staff at the foot of the lake, and five miles beyond that the East End light, with its attendant buildings. Herds of wild ponies, jealously guarded by shaggy stallions, graze upon the hillsides, black duck and sheldrake in tempting flocks paddle about the innumerable ponds, while sea-birds fill the air with their harsh chatter, and whole regiments of seals bask in snug content along the sunny beach. Here and there the bleaching ribs of naval skeletons protrude half-buried from the sand, and the whole picture is set in a silver-frosted frame of seething surf.

II.

It does not take many hours to exhaust the sights of Sable Island, but many long nights might be spent around the superintendent's fireside ere the stories and legends he and his men delight in telling would be one-half exhausted. For every foot of the island is haunted ground, and the station dwellings are rich in relics, each one having its own connection with a shadowy and sorrowful past. The supernatural of course plays a leading part in these relations, and if one be but credulous enough, they may have their faith in ghosts revisiting the glimpses of the moon greatly strengthened by the legends of De Lery's heroic friar, or King Charles's remorseful regicide, of the Pale Lady with the Bloody Finger, and a score of others which cast an eerie halo round this weird spot. I should greatly like to set forth some of them at length, were it not that the authentic annals of the place require all the space at my disposal.

Since the founding of the Humane Establishment, in 1802, a wreck register has been carefully kept, and on its pages may be read to-day the names of more than one hundred and fifty vessels that have come to their undoing on these fatal sands. Once entangled amid the shallows, once stranded upon the bars, and it was all over with the hapless craft, whether she were stately frigate, speedy steamer, clipper ship, or humble fisher's boat. Mr. Simon D. Macdonald, F.G.S., of Halifax, N. S., sometime ago prepared with great skill and care a most interesting chart of Sable Island, indicating so far as possible the exact locality and date of each disaster, as well as the character of the vessel wrecked; and looking at this chart the island is seen to be completely encircled by these grim proofs of its destructive powers.

A hasty glance at some of the more recent wrecks will lend emphasis to the story told by the chart. In the year 1863 the fine steamer Georgia ended her career on the western bar, fortunately, however, without loss of life; and three years later the steamship Ephesus met with a like experience near the same spot, there being little or no salvage in either case. At the wreck of the schooner Ocean Traveller, in 1870, all the nine men composing her crew were lost. So was it with the Zephyr in 1873; and when the Portuguese Farto went to pieces, in 1875, the captain and two sailors perished. Then, in 1876, the American schooner Reeves found a grave, not only for herself, but for everyone on board; and in 1879 nine passengers were carried away by the billows at the stranding of the State of Virginia. The year 1882 was marked by the destruction of two Norwegian barks, with a loss of life in each case; 1883, by the wreck of the bark Britannia and the loss of thirteen lives; and 1884, by that of the splendid steamship Amsterdam, when three of the passengers paid the forfeit. This last disaster attracted a good deal of attention throughout the United States because of some grossly exagger-

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ated reports which were put in circulation as to the brutal treatment alleged to have been received by the unfortunate castaways at the hands of the staff, the simple truth being that a couple of the boat's crew got intoxicated with wine which had been saved from the wreck, and conducted themselves in such a manner as to frighten some of the women and children, for which offence they were severely punished by the superintendent.

It need hardly be said that even the tremendous total of one hundred and fifty-two wrecks falls short of representing the whole truth. On the contrary, for every wreck that is recorded, at least one other never to be known may be safely added. After many a storm do the waves cast up at the patrolman's feet the evidence of some fresh disaster—a shattered spar, an empty hen-coop, a fragment of cabin furniture, or perchance a bruised and battered corpse. And then, alas! there must be added the dread work done by the distant bars, from which not even such pathetic tokens as these find their way ashore. The following brief account of a disaster that occurred in December, 1884, will serve to convey some idea of what it means to be wrecked on Sable Island:

The A. S. H. was a French brigantine en route from St. Pierre to Boston with a cargo of fish. Toward evening of December 19th she was caught in a violent snow-storm and hurled upon the West End bar, beginning to break up almost immediately. She had a crew of seven men on board. The thermometer stood at twelve degrees below zero, and the sufferings of the unhappy men were so terrible that death assumed the guise of a welcome relief. Three were washed overboard when the ship struck, and although the water was strewn with floating débris, they made no effort to prolong their lives. The steward, frenzied with fright and pain, ran to his berth, seized a razor, cut his throat from ear to ear, and then leaped into the boiling surf. The captain, the mate, and the remaining sailor succeeded in reaching the shore on a spar; but they only escaped the terrors of the deep to encounter the still more fearful terror of the frost-king. They could just discern through the blinding snow a faint glimmer from the lighthouse, three long miles away, and they set out toward it. The sand was being driven with tremendous force before the gale, and the grains dashed against the faces of the half-frozen men like tiny hail-stones. At length the captain could hold out no longer, and lying down, was speedily frozen to death. A little farther on the sailor, too, succumbed. Left alone in the struggle with death, the mate, fortunately a man of unusual strength, pushed desperately forward. Becoming too weak to stand upright, he took to his hands and knees, and in this fashion, after six hours of suffering such as human beings rarely endure, reached the lighthouse, at two o'clock in the morning, so bruised, bleeding, and frost-bitten that for a time his life hung trembling in the balance.

Another and much earlier wreck deserves attention because of its bearing upon a problem now deeply interesting seafarers the world over. It happened in 1846, and Superintendent Darby is our authority. A wild gale had suddenly sprung up, and he and his men were patrolling the beach, when they descried a large schooner running right down before the storm dead on to the lee shore. The sea was breaking everywhere as far as the eye could reach, and it seemed impossible for any vessel to live in it for a moment; yet on the schooner came, passing breaker after breaker uninjured, the extraordinary thing being that, although the huge waves raised their curled heads almost to the top of her masts, and the fall of any of them upon her deck would have crushed her like an egg-shell, not one seemed permitted to touch her. On the contrary, as if by a miracle, the sea became smooth ere it reached her, and she left a shining track behind. After some minutes of thrilling suspense, she was hurled high and dry upon the beach, and every one of her crew rescued uninjured.

Then came the explanation of the strange phenomenon which had so mystified Superintendent Darby. Two large casks filled with fish-oil had been lashed in the fore-rigging, and, securely lashed beside them, two of the strongest sail-

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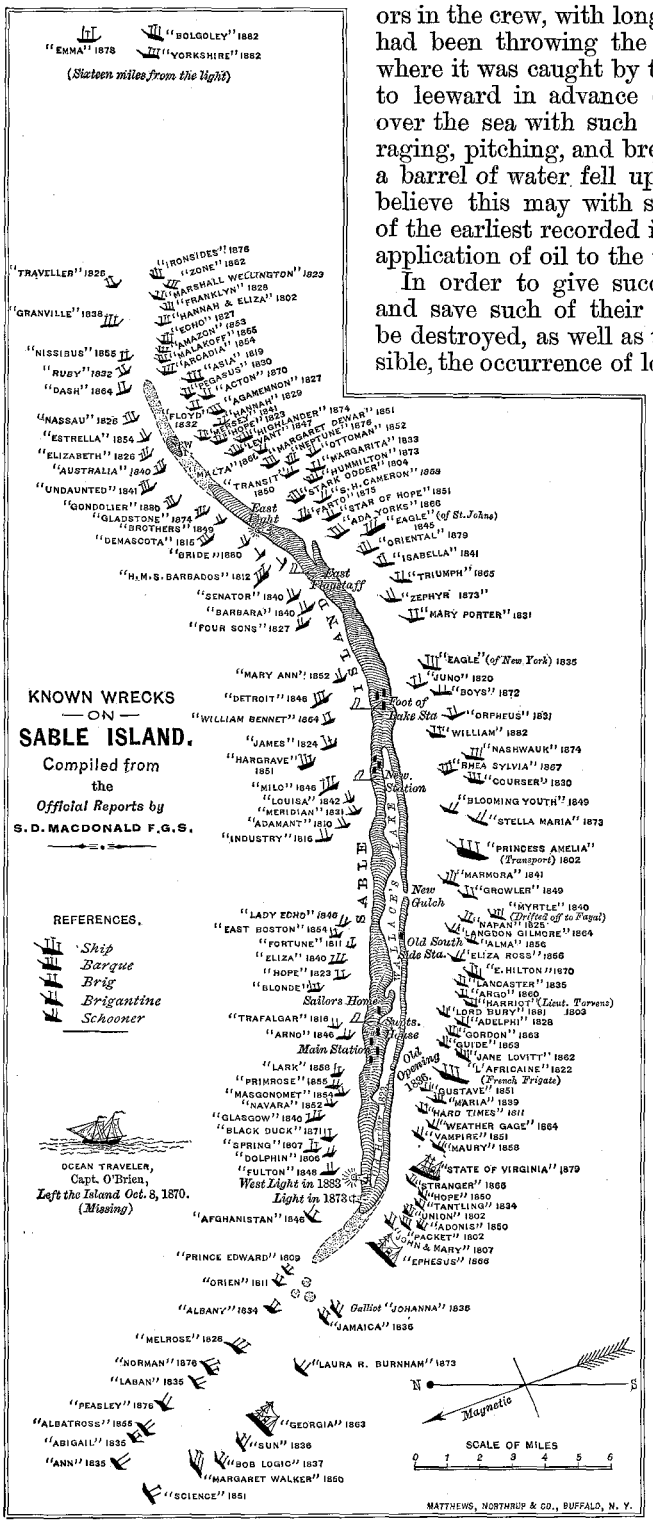

ors in the crew, with long wooden ladles in hand, had been throwing the oil high up in the air, where it was caught by the wind and carried far to leeward in advance of the vessel, spreading over the sea with such effect that, while it was raging, pitching, and breaking all about her, not a barrel of water fell upon the Arno's deck. I believe this may with safety be claimed as one of the earliest recorded instances of the practical application of oil to the troubled waters.

In order to give succor to the shipwrecked, and save such of their property as might not be destroyed, as well as to prevent, so far as possible, the occurrence of losses, the Canadian Government maintains two fine lighthouses and a fully equipped life-saving station at Sable Island. The first step in this direction was taken by the province of Nova Scotia as far back as 1802, voting two thousand dollars a year for the purpose. Little, of course, could be done upon so small a sum; but in 1827 the Imperial Government came to its aid with a like annual amount, which is regularly paid to the present day. Upon the confederation of the Provinces, in 1867, the care of the island fell into the hands of the Federal Government, and since then hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent upon it. A staff of from eighteen to twenty men is steadily maintained there, two lifeboats, built after the most approved fashion of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, and a large despatch-boat, have been lately added, the men are drilled regularly in the management of the lifeboats and of the rocket apparatus, and com-

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plete telephone connection between the lighthouses and the different stations has been established, while a telegraph-cable to the mainland is contemplated in the near future. So that, if it be not already, Sable Island will be soon a life-saving station, whose equipment and capabilities cannot be excelled along the entire Atlantic coast.

III.

A VERY remarkable feature of Sable Island, and one which surpasses all others in interest and importance in the eyes of navigators, yet awaits notice, to wit, the startling and significant changes which have taken place in its size and position since first it became the subject of surveys and of regular observations. Mr. Macdonald, to whose wreck chart I have already referred, has made a very thorough study of this subject, and I am indebted to him for many of the following facts. On the earliest charts of the island, which were compiled from French sources, it was laid down as being forty miles in length and two and one-fourth in breadth. In 1776 a special survey was made under Admiralty instructions, and the length found to be only thirty-one miles and the breadth two miles, while the west end was placed twenty-two miles farther east. Forty-two years later a second survey was made by Lieutenant Burton, and his report took a mile away from the length, but left the breadth the same. Another interval of forty-two years passed, and the Admiralty authorities, having had their attention called to the evident inaccuracy of their charts, had another survey made, which resulted in a still further reduction of the island's area, while the west end was placed two miles more to the eastward. Little more than thirty years have elapsed since then, and yet, according to the last Admiralty survey, executed some years ago, the total length is, as we have already seen, only twenty-two miles at best, while the breadth has shrunk to a single mile.

Surprising, in fact almost incredible, as these changes may appear, they are fully proven by the evidence of those whose right to speak is based upon personal observation. When seeking a site for the main station, in 1802, a well-sheltered position was chosen among the sand-hills five miles distant from the west end. Yet in 1814 the superintendent was compelled to move three miles farther east, as within the four preceding years no less than four miles had gone entirely from the west end, while on the north side an area equal to forty feet wide and three miles long had been carried away during a single gale. In 1820 another move, this time four more miles eastward, was necessitated. Still the sea steadily advanced, as if determined not to be balked of its prey. The two following winters brought with them frequent storms which wrought fearful havoc along the western shore, toppling great sand-hills into the surf, as well as altering the surface in the interior, thousands of tons of sand being carried from the beach and strewn over the inland valleys, smothering vegetation so that hundreds of ponies died for want of food. In 1833 the old station was abandoned and new buildings erected on the broadest and most sheltered portion of the island, where they still stand in comparative safety.

The old dwelling of the superintendent was then carried yet another four miles toward the east, and subsequently two miles more, where, strange to say, it escaped the insatiable maw of the sea only to fall a victim to the sand. Gradually the gales stole away the hummocks under whose lee it nestled in seeming safety. Left to the rake of the winds, sand-laden eddies swirled wickedly about it. Slowly, yet surely, a mound arose, creeping up from threshold to lintel, from floor to peak, until at length the house wholly disappeared, and the surface levelled out innocently above it, leaving no mark to indicate the spot of its sepulture.

For some years Sable Island enjoyed comparative repose, and then the work of destruction began anew with a vigor that soon made amends for the lost time. The winter of 1881 did tremendous damage. In addition to the gradual work of erosion great areas were removed at once. During one gale seventy feet by one-fourth of a mile departed bodily. A month later thirty feet of

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the whole breadth of the island at the west vanished in a few hours. The winter of 1882 was even worse, and was distinguished by the destruction wrought among the buildings, including the West End lighthouse, a splendid structure nearly one hundred feet high, originally erected a whole mile within the grass hills, on what was thought a perfectly secure site. There was scarcely time to take it hurriedly to pieces ere the foundation upon which it stood, hopelessly undermined, toppled over into the sea.

The history of the lake, which has been mentioned as occupying a part of the centre of the island, furnishes equally striking evidence of the vicissitudes this much-enduring spot has undergone. When first known, this lake had an opening on the north side, which was afterward closed. A few years later, during a terrific storm, the sea forced a channel through the lake's margin, rendering it a convenient harbor for small vessels. But in 1836 a similar tempest closed it again, at the same time imprisoning two American schooners that had run in there for shelter. Gradually it became very shoal from the washing down of the surrounding cliffs. Then, during the winter of 1881, a gale opened a gulch toward the east end, which so drained the lake that it shrank to some eight miles in length, where it remains. The lake margin forming the south shore was at one time half a mile broad and fifty feet high. To-day it is merely a narrow ridge forming a precarious sea-wall, over which the waves break in stormy weather. Should this barrier be removed, the demolition of the island will proceed with such increased rapidity that the end may be approximately predicted.

During storms, in addition to the action of waves and currents, the winds ravage the island's surface on their own account. Finding a raw spot, that is, where there is no protecting skin of sod, the eddying swirls scoop out the loose sand and carry it off with them, so that around the stations the utmost vigilance is ever exercised to discover the first break in the sod, and patch it carefully before headway has been gained; otherwise the substantial buildings would soon go tottering from their foundations.

To sum up the whole matter in a sentence, Sable Island is being submerged, and is travelling eastward at such a rate that any chart of it, to be accurate, would need to be corrected every few years. It is safe to say that the latest chart obtainable by mariners is some miles at least out of the way. Since the beginning of the present century the island has decreased in length from forty miles to twenty-two; in breadth, from two and one-fourth to something less than one; in height, from two hundred feet to eighty, while there has been a variation in the position of the West End of not less than twenty-five miles. With such startling figures as these before us, it is not difficult to forecast its future. Slowly, perhaps, yet none the less surely, and defying all attempts or devices of feeble man to stay its advance, the time is coming when the victorious waves will fling their triumphant spray high over the last vestige of dry land, and the lights of Sable Island will no longer send their warning gleams across the fatal sands, that will then far more than ever merit the sorrow-laden title of "An Ocean Grave-yard."

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THE MANSE:

A FRAGMENT.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

. . . I HAVE named, among many rivers that make music in my memory, that dirty Water of Lieth; often and often I desire to look upon it again; and the choice of a point of view is easy to me: it should be at a certain water-door, embowered in shrubbery. The river is there dammed back for the service of the flour-mill just below, so that it lies deep and darkling, and the sand slopes into brown obscurity with a glint of gold; and it has but newly been recruited by the borrowings of the snuff-mill just above, and these, tumbling merrily in, shake the pool to its black heart, fill it with drowsy eddies, and set the curded froth of many other mills solemnly steering to and fro upon the surface. Or so it was when I was young, for change, and the masons, and the pruning-knife, have been busy; and if I could hope to repeat a cherished experience, it must be on many and impossible conditions. I must choose, as well as the point of view, a certain moment in my growth, so that the scale may be exaggerated, and the trees on the steep opposite side may seem to climb to heaven, and the sand by the water-door, where I am standing, seem as low as Styx. And I must choose the season also, so that the valley may be brimmed like a cup with sunshine and the songs of birds;—and the year of grace, so that when I turn to leave the riverside I may find the old manse and its inhabitants unchanged.

It was a place in that time like no other: the garden cut into provinces by a great hedge of beech, and overlooked by the church and the terrace of the church-yard, where the tombstones were thick, and after nightfall "spunkies" might be seen to dance, at least by children; flower-pots lying warm in sunshine; laurels and the great yew making elsewhere a pleasing horror of shade; the smell of water rising from all round, with an added tang of paper-mills; the sound of water everywhere, and the sound of mills—the wheel and the dam singing their alternate strain; the birds on every bush and from every corner of the overhanging woods pealing out their notes until the air throbbed with them; and in the midst of this, the manse. I see it, by the standard of my childish stature, as a great and roomy house. In truth, it was both small and inconvenient, and, standing where it did, it is difficult to suppose that it was healthful. Yet a large family of stalwart sons and tall daughters was housed and reared, and came to man and womanhood, in that nest of little chambers; so that the face of the earth was peppered with the children of the manse, and letters with outlandish stamps became familiar to the local postman, and the walls of the little chambers brightened with the wonders of the East. The dullest could see this was a house that had a pair of hands in divers foreign places: a well-beloved house—its image fondly dwelt on by many travellers.

Here there lived an ancestor of mine, who was a herd of men. I read him, judging with older criticism the report of childish observation, as a man of singular simplicity of nature; unemotional, and hating the display of what he felt; standing contented on the old ways; a lover of his life and innocent habits to the end. We children admired him: partly for his beautiful face and silver hair, for none more than children are concerned for beauty, and, above all, for beauty in the old; partly for the solemn light in which we beheld him once a week, the observed of all observers, in the pulpit. But his strictness and distance, the effect, I now fancy, of old age, slow blood, and settled habit, oppressed us with a kind of terror. When not abroad, he sat much alone, writing sermons or letters to his scattered family, in a dark and cold room with a library

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of bloodless books—or so they seemed in those days, although I have some of them now on my own shelves and like well enough to read them; and these lonely hours wrapped him in the greater gloom for our imaginations. But the study had a redeeming grace in many Indian pictures, gaudily colored and dear to young eyes. I cannot depict (for I have no such passions now) the greed with which I beheld them; and when I was once sent in to say a psalm to my grandfather, I went, quaking indeed with fear, but at the same time glowing with hope that, if I said it well, he might reward me with an Indian picture.

> Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
> He slumber that thee keeps,

it ran: a strange conglomerate of the unpronounceable, a sad model to set in childhood before one who was himself to be a versifier, and a task in recitation that really merited reward. And I must suppose the old man thought so too, and was either touched or amused by the performance; for he took me in his arms with most unwonted tenderness, and kissed me, and gave me a little kindly sermon for my psalm; so that, for that day, we were clerk and parson. I was struck by this reception into so tender a surprise that I forgot my disappointment. And indeed the hope was one of those that childhood forges for a pastime and with no design upon reality. Nothing was more unlikely than that my grandfather should strip himself of one of those pictures, love-gifts and reminders of his absent sons; nothing was more unlikely than that he should bestow it upon me. He had no idea of spoiling children, leaving all that to my aunt; he had fared hard himself, and blubbered under the rod, in the last century; and his ways were still Spartan for the young. The last word I heard upon his lips was in this Spartan key. He had overwalked in the teeth of an east wind, and was now near the end of his many days. He sat by the dining-room fire, with his white hair, pale face, and bloodshot eyes, a somewhat awful figure; and my aunt had given him a dose of our good old Scotch medicine, Dr. Gregory's powder. Now that remedy, as the work of a near kinsman of Rob Roy himself, may have a savor of romance for the imagination; but it comes uncouthly to the palate. The old gentleman had taken it with a wry face; and that being accomplished, sat with perfect simplicity, like a child's, munching a "barley-sugar kiss." But when my aunt, having the canister open in her hands, proposed to let me share in the sweets, he interfered at once. I had had no Gregory; then I should have no barley-sugar kiss; so he decided, with a touch of irritation. And just then, the phaeton coming opportunely to the kitchen door—for such was our unlordly fashion—I was taken for the last time from the presence of my grandfather.

Now I often wonder what I have inherited from this old minister. I must suppose, indeed, that he was fond of preaching sermons, and so am I; though I never heard it maintained that either of us loved to hear them. He sought health in his youth in the Isle of Wight, and I have sought it in both hemispheres; but whereas he found and kept it, I am still on the quest. He was a great lover of Shakespeare, whom he read aloud, I have been told, with taste; well, I love my Shakespeare also, and am persuaded I can read him well, though I own I never have been told so. He made embroidery, designing his own patterns; and in that kind of work I never made anything but a kettle-holder in Berlin wool, and an odd garter of knitting, which was as black as the chimney before I had done with it. He loved port, and nuts, and porter; and so do I, but they agreed better with my grandfather, which seems to me a breach of contract. He had chalk-stones in his fingers; and these, in good time, I may possibly inherit, but I would much rather have inherited his noble presence. Try as I please, I cannot join myself on with the reverend doctor; and all the while, no doubt, and even as I write the phrase, he moves in my blood, and whispers words to me, and sits efficient in the very knot and centre of my being. In his garden, as I played there, I learned the love of mills—or had I an ancestor a miller?—and a kindness for the neigh-

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borhood of graves, as homely things not without their poetry—or had I an ancestor a sexton? But what of the garden where he played himself?—for that, too, was a scene of my education. Some part of me played there in the eighteenth century, and ran races under the green avenue at Pilrig; some part of me trudged up Lieth Walk, which was still a country place, and sat on the High School benches, and was thrashed, perhaps, by Dr. Adam. The house where I spent my youth was not yet thought upon; but we made holiday parties among the corn-fields on its site, and ate strawberries and cream near by at a gardener's. All this I had forgotten; only my grandfather remembered and once reminded me. I have forgotten, too, how we grew up, and took orders, and went to our first Ayrshire parish, and fell in love with and married a daughter of Burns's Dr. Smith—"Smith opens out his cauld harangues"—I have forgotten, but I was there all the same, and heard stories of Burns at first hand.

And there is a thing stranger than all that; for this *homunculus*, or part-man of mine that walked about the eighteenth century with Dr. Balfour in his youth, was in the way of meeting other *homunculos* or part-men, in the persons of my other ancestors. These were of a lower order, and doubtless we looked down upon them duly. But as I went to college with Dr. Balfour, I may have seen the lamp and oil man taking down the shutters from his shop beside the Tron; —we may have had a rabbit-hutch or a book-shelf made for us by a certain carpenter in I know not what wynd of the old, smoky city; or, upon some holiday excursion, we may have looked into the windows of a cottage in a flower-garden and seen a certain weaver plying his shuttle. And these were all kinsmen of mine upon the other side; and from the eyes of the lamp and oil man one-half of my unborn father, and one-quarter of myself, looked out upon us as we went by to college. Nothing of all this would cross the mind of the young student, as he posted up the Bridges with trim, stockinged legs, in that city of cocked hats and good Scotch still unadulterated. It would not cross his mind that he should have a daughter; and the lamp and oil man, just then beginning, by a not unnatural metastasis, to bloom into a lighthouse-engineer, should have a grandson; and that these two, in the fulness of time, should wed; and some portion of that student himself should survive yet a year or two longer in the person of their child.

But our ancestral adventures are beyond even the arithmetic of fancy; and it is the chief recommendation of long pedigrees, that we can follow backward the careers of our *homunculos* and be reminded of our antenatal lives. Our conscious years are but a moment in the history of the elements that build us. Are you a bank-clerk, and do you live at Peckham? It was not always so; and though to-day I am only a man of letters, either tradition errs or I was present when there landed at St. Andrew's a French barber-surgeon, to tend the health and the beard of the great Cardinal Beaton; I was present when a skipper, plying from Dundee, smuggled Jacobites to France after the '15; I was in a West India merchant's office, perhaps next door to Baillie Nichol Jarvie's, and managed the business of a plantation in St. Kitt's; I was with my engineer-grandfather (the son-in-law of the lamp and oil man) when he sailed north about Scotland on the famous cruise that gave us the "Pirate" and the "Lord of the Isles"; I was with him, too, on the Bell Rock, in the fog, when the Smeaton had drifted from her moorings, and the Aberdeen men, pick in hand, had seized upon the only boat, and he must stoop and lap sea-water before his tongue could utter audible words; and once more with him when the Bell Rock beacon took a "thrawe," and his workmen fled into the tower, then nearly finished, and he sat unmoved reading in his Bible—or affecting to read—till one after another slunk back with confusion of countenance to their engineer. Yes, parts of me have seen life, and met adventures, and sometimes met them well. And away in the still cloudier past, the threads that make me up can be traced by fancy into the bosoms of thousands and millions of ascendants. Picts who rallied round Macbeth and the old (and highly preferable) system of descent by

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females, fleërs from before the legions of Agricola, marchers in Pannonian morasses, star-gazers on Chaldæan plateaus; and, farthest of all, what face is this that fancy can see peering through the disparted branches? What sleeper in green tree-tops, what muncher of nuts, concludes my pedigree? Probably arboreal in his habits. . . .

And I know not which is the more strange, that I should carry about with me some fibres of my minister-grandfather; or that in him, as he sat in his cool study, grave, reverend, contented gentleman, there was an aboriginal frisking of the blood that was not his; tree-top memories, like undeveloped negatives, lay dormant in his mind; tree-top instincts awoke and were trod down; and Probably Arboreal (scarce to be distinguished from a monkey) gambolled and chattered in the brain of the old divine.

LOHENGRIN.

By Susan Coolidge.

To have touched Heaven, and failed to enter in!
Ah, Elsa, prone upon the lonely shore,
  Watching the swan-wings beat along the blue,
Watching the glitter of the silver mail,
  Like flash of foam, till all are lost to view;
What may thy sorrow or thy watch avail?
    He cometh never-more.

All gone the new hope of thy yesterday:
The tender gaze and strong, like dewy fire,
  The gracious form with airs of Heaven bedight,
The love that warmed thy being like a sun;
  Thou hadst thy choice of noonday or of night,
Now the swart shadows gather, one by one,
    To give thee thy desire!

To every life one heavenly chance befalls;
To every soul a moment, big with fate,
  When, grown importunate with need and fear,
It cries for help, and lo! from close at hand,
  The voice Celestial answers, "I am here!"
Oh, blessed souls, made wise to understand,
    Made bravely glad to wait!

But thou, pale watcher on the lonely shore,
Where the surf thunders, and the foam-bells fly,
  Is there no place for penitence and pain?
No saving grace in thy all-piteous rue?
  Will the bright vision never come again?
Alas, the swan-wings vanish in the blue,
    There cometh no reply!

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SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOLTING THE TICKET.

It was the year of a great political revival—coming none too soon.

It is a part of the history of human progress that grand moral movements, once they have fulfilled their immediate purpose, swing backward to the establishment of some new abuse. The net gain is, no doubt, century by century, continuous. But to those who look for episodic interest rather than epochal meaning the march of the race must often seem crab-like—as when a Henry VIII. utilizes a reforming revolt to crush and plunder a vast system of benefaction, and create a hard-fisted, commercial plutocracy with one hand, while calling into existence with the other a permanent class of starving poor; or when a Bonaparte makes the waning impetus of a democratic uprising serve his imperial ambition, and converts the legions of the Republic into the guards of a Cæsar.

So, in our own time, in our own country, craft and greed had climbed to the control of a great organization, baptized in the name of Freedom and excited still with the thoughts of its tremendous achievements, and diverted its forces to the service of base ends. This ignoble mastery had not gone unchallenged. More than one revolt against it had given promise, for a little, of success. But each in its failure had but repeated the familiar experience of yeomanry against trained troops, of sporadic, scattering popular impulses against the cool, consecutive plans of organized power. But it is the fate of despotisms, whether of a man or of a machine, to by excesses sap their own foundations. There came a time when the political usurpers who, through the listlessness of some citizens, the ancient prejudices of others, the mean lust for profit and place of still a third class, had attained power, went just a step too far.

As this is a romance, and not a political history, it is permitted to avoid both dates and any details which might seem to fix a particular occurrence, and ask the reader to conceive that the crisis grew out of the manner in which these politicians obtained control of an imaginary but important Convention—that they bribed delegates, that they forged telegrams to secure a majority for themselves on the organizing committee, and that they made drunk the poor tool they had selected for Chairman and locked him in his hotel room that he might not escape them. It strains credulity to assume all this, I know, but its acceptance is essential to the story. Fortunately it is less difficult to credit the corollary—that the decent people of the State, led by an honest press, rose *en masse* and pulverized this machine at the following election.

It was at the outset of this crisis that Seth became editor of the Tecumseh *Chronicle*. The young man had been, it need scarcely be said, deeply interested in the events which led up to it, and when the first of the party papers came out frankly, the morning after the Convention, refusing to support its nominations, he was in a tremor of delight. He scarcely dared hope that the *Chronicle* would follow their lead, but still he did hope. Mr. Samboye remained downstairs in consultation with Mr. Workman longer than usual on that eventful forenoon. They were settling the policy of the paper, of course, and the young news editor, perfunctorily weeding out copy for the "first side," was conscious all the while of being eagerly anxious to know what this policy was to be.

Mr. Samboye presently came up, took his seat without the ordinary prelude of conversation, and began writing. He finished his article, still without a word to anyone, and took it down to Mr. Workman. He was absent but a few moments. On his return Seth asked him:

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"Do we bolt the ticket?"

Before he could answer, a telegraph boy came running up the stairs (this one actually did run) with a despatch for Mr. Samboye. The editor opened and read it in a puzzled way at first, then more carefully and with a light of comprehension on his broad face. He folded the telegram up carefully, put it into his inner vest pocket, and said to Seth:

"No, we occupy a picturesque position on the top rail of the fence."

The editor did not seem quite himself that day. He stayed about the editorial room instead of going out to lunch, until the leader proof was ready, and then he asked to read it himself, instead of letting it go in the ordinary course to the proof-reader. He made a good many corrections on it, which was unusual for him. Finally, about half an hour before the paper went to press, he took his departure, saying briefly to Seth that he would not return that day.

Two hours later the office boy summoned Seth to the counting-room below. Mr. Workman sat alone at his desk, with the day's *Chronicle* spread out before him, and with the original proof-sheet of the leader in his hand. He motioned Seth to close the doors, and to take a seat close beside him.

"You have read this leader?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"Yes."

"What do you think of it?"

"I shouldn't like to say all that I think of it."

"Neither should I," replied Mr. Workman with an iron-clad smile. He was very pale, and Seth scented a storm in the manner in which the grim smile faded from his face after an instant of hovering, as a gleam of wintry sunshine passes off the snow. "There's a story—a very curious story—back of this leader. I only know part of it; perhaps you can help me to get at the rest."

Not knowing what to say, Seth remained silent.

The proprietor continued: "When this leader left my hands this morning it bolted the ticket, out and out. There was no mistake about it. It was square-footed. As it is now, it's neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. It condemns the Convention and the frauds, but it practically says that the result must be accepted. The worst of it is I didn't see the paper until the edition had been worked off. The alterations in the proof here, which make all the difference between white and black, are in Samboye's hand. Did he say anything to you about it? Was anybody up in the editorial room to see him?"

"No one came up to see him; he said nothing to me except that we were on the fence. That disgusted me so much that I asked nothing further."

"Did he say that when he came up from here—or later, after he had gone over the proof?"

"He said it when—or no, hold on—he received a despatch just before;" and Seth recounted the episode of the telegram.

Mr. Workman was much impressed with this. He covered his blotter thick with scrolls and geometrical figures while he pondered it. At last he spoke.

"You don't know where the telegram came from?—no, of course not. I think I know about where, and I think I can guess about what it said. It said that, in this matter of bolting tickets, one day's delay might make an immense amount of difference, and that it would be worth his while to keep the *Chronicle* non-committal in its first issue by hook or by crook. Take my word for it, that is what it said in substance. The fellows who sent it were scared about the *Chronicle*. They knew what an effect its course would have on the weeklies, most of which go to press to-morrow. They couldn't spend money better than in having us accept the ticket, and not only commit ourselves but the country editors—and *they've bought Samboye!*"

There was a long silence. The two men looked at each other. Finally Workman said:

"The worst feature of it is, there is no way of getting at the thing—of proving it. I suppose I could get an order compelling the company to produce the telegram, but I am not sure, and then it would be a big scandal and a big expense." He lapsed into pencil work again and sighed.

"But is Samboye that kind of man?" asked Seth.

"Oh, yes, I have no illusions on that

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score. I very nearly caught him in a thing of this sort—on a smaller scale, of course—three years ago."

"But why then——"

"Why have I kept him? you were going to ask. Well, he is a good man in his way. He is an immensely clever writer, if you don't care much for solid argument, and do care for decorative stuff, with a good deal of fun, and epigram, and big words. People used to talk about his articles. I suppose hundreds of people buy the *Chronicle* just to read them. Well, we will have to lose those people, and all the others who will quarrel with us for bolting the ticket. For she's going to be bolted! So you had better go to bed early to-night, and eat raw meat for breakfast, for we want a leader to-morrow that will make their hair curl."

"Do you mean——" began Seth, in a flutter of strange excitement.

"Yes, you will have to take hold. Samboye shall never show his face in that room again. That's settled! I may get somebody else later—we'll see. But you can carry it along for a time, can't you?"

"I'll try—but I am afraid——"

"You needn't be afraid. In a campaign you simply want straightforward, red-hot, to-the-point writing. It is the rest of the year, when one must write general matter, that pulls on a man. Besides Ansdell will help you out, if you need him. Oh, yes, and that reminds me—your brother Albert didn't show to very good advantage in that Convention. He might easily have made a better beginning in politics than that. From all accounts he had the Dearborn County delegates in his pocket, and, although these other scandals have diverted attention from it, I think the way they ratted over was about the worst thing in the whole affair."

"It wasn't nice, for a fact," said Seth.

"I haven't had it mentioned in the paper, mostly on your account. But I am not so clear about keeping silent next week, when the Congressional Convention comes up. Your brother, I suppose, has Dearborn County solid for his own candidacy. But here in Adams County the delegates are for Ansdell—and of course he is our sort of man. I don't think much of a party paper interfering before the nomination is made, but this may be a case where it will be necessary—especially if Abe Beekman, up in Jay County, tries any of his funny work. However, it will be time enough to cross that bridge when we get to it. Meanwhile, say not a word to anybody, in the office or out of it, about what has happened. Just go ahead with the work, and pay attention to no one."

There was no scandal. Mr. Samboye took his punishment quietly, and left Tecumseh shortly afterward, ostensibly on a long vacation. There was some little gossip, but no whisper of the actual facts in the case.

Seth surprised himself by the excellence and evenness of his work in the new position. Probably he will never do better or stronger writing than he did in this his first campaign. For one thing, it is doubtful if any political contest can ever again appeal to his enthusiasm, and stir all his emotions to the glowing point of ardency, as this one did. In one sense his new position was embarrassing, for a number of the old-time readers of the *Chronicle* refused to support it now against their party, and some of them said very disagreeable things about the youngster rattling about in Samboye's shoes. But there was another class, a larger class it seemed to him, who shared his enthusiasm, and, in their excited admiration for the course of the paper, heaped praises upon him even beyond his deserts. So he worked on, writing almost the entire page daily, coming down early in the morning and staying long after the paper was out, and giving scarcely a thought to the outside world.

He had barely seen Ansdell since his promotion. He felt an even greater sense of loss in this than he would have done under ordinary circumstances, for the tremendous mental outpouring to which he was daily subjected made him almost famished at times for food in the form of conversation with this man who, of all others, most sympathized with him.

But there was a difficulty in the way, of which Seth's sensitiveness made, no doubt, a great deal too much. The fight for the Congressional nomination in the district was attracting attention all over

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the State, and, as evil luck would have it, Seth's brother was pitted against Seth's dearest friend. It was no ordinary contest, in which a man could with ease maintain a friendly neutrality. Everywhere the struggle in the Thirty-sixth District was regarded as a sample conflict, as embodying in itself all the features of the larger issue between the machine and the people. Albert Fairchild had identified himself so thoroughly with the party organization, and had played so prominent a part in the scandals which provoked the revolt, that his cause was distinctly that of the politicians; while Ansdell was just as distinctively the representative of the independent and rebellious element. In no other district of the State were the lines so clearly drawn.

It was a fortnight or so after Seth's assumption of the editorship that the District Convention was held at the little village of Tyre, some dozen miles from Thessaly, up in Jay County. The *Chronicle* had taken no part in the contest. No one doubted that its sympathies were with Ansdell, but still it had not said so. The night before the Convention Mr. Workman advised Seth to write to his brother, warning him that if he were nominated the *Chronicle* could not support him.

"So long as we are in the bolting business, we might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," said the proprietor.

It was not a pleasant task, but Seth performed it as graciously as he could.

There was no news from Tyre next day save that Mr. Beekman of Jay was also a candidate, and that the Convention was in a deadlock. The second day, along with the news announcement that the Convention, after seventy-odd fruitless ballots, had adjourned for a week, came a despatch from Albert, begging Seth to visit the farm for a couple of days, and talk the thing over before the *Chronicle* took action. Upon consultation with Mr. Workman Seth replied that this was impossible, owing to the necessities of his work.

Then there came a letter from Albert, brief, but very much to the point.

"Dear Brother: I am sorry if your work must suffer by your coming to me, but I think I have a claim upon you superior to even that of the *Chronicle*. If I have not, I ought to have. I decline to believe that, if you represent the matter to him as really imperative, my former friend, Mr. Workman, will place any obstacles in your way. But if he does, I still insist that your choice between him and me must be a final one. I do not write a word to you about gratitude. I simply say, be here at the farm on Sunday—or never again.

"Albert."

After this there was nothing to do but for Seth to telegraph that he would come.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WELCOME.

When Seth walked over from the Thessaly station, Sunday forenoon, to the farm, he was not, it may be imagined, in a placid frame of mind. There lay before him an interview with his brother which could not, in the nature of things, be pleasant, and which might very easily be distinctly unpleasant. It was his duty to say sundry things to Albert which were not in themselves nice, and if Albert was still in the mood shown forth by his peremptory letter, these remarks would very likely produce a scene. Seth was in no sense afraid of his brother, nor had the thrifty thought that this brother was a rich, childless man, to offend whom would be a gratuitous economic blunder, ever entered his head. The youngster had no faculty whatever for financial prudence. But he was grateful—almost ridiculously grateful—by nature. The trait is not a rare one, even in these days when a new civilization has substituted for individual patronage and beneficence the thanks-to-nobody trade-unionism of universal conceit and rivalry, but it was abnormally developed in the youngest of the Fairchilds.

He said to himself, as he crossed the fields toward the white and red landmark of house and barns on the side hill, that he owed everything in the world to this brother. Whatever there might be in his public attitude to con-

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demn, however pernicious his politics might be, still it was his fraternal feeling and generosity which had created the vast gulf between Seth the plow-yokel and Seth the editor. These reflections brought no comfort to the young man.

Some perverse agency whispered to him, as he strode along over the stubble, that after all he had never really liked Albert; and this liberality of his, too, might it not be a mere cheap mess of pottage, thrown to Seth to console him for the loss of his rights in the farm? John had always been incredulous as to Albert's true goodness in this matter; might there not be something in these suspicions? Seth tried manfully to combat these ungenerous doubts, but they forced themselves upon his mind.

Then there was Albert's treatment of his wife! Seth had never been clear as to the exact nature of Isabel's grievance against her husband. No specific allegation of cruelty or neglect, much less of infidelity, had ever been laid by her at Albert's door in his brother's hearing. Indeed, so far as Seth's observation went, Albert had always appeared to be a decent enough sort of husband, complaisant even if somewhat indifferent, and acquiescent to the verge of weakness, in her whims. He seemed to refuse her nothing, in the matter of having her own way, and if he most often broke the ruling conjugal dumbness by satirical comments on her actions and opinions, he at least never seriously attempted to fetter either. This sounded like the description of a tolerable husband, as husbands go. But up against it was to be set Isabel's plaintive, pitiful, persistent assertion of unhappiness with him. And clearly she ought to know what her husband was like a good deal better than an outsider could.

So the arguments did battle in Seth's mind, as he climbed the last fence, and felt his feet on ancestral soil. He had now only to cross a short stretch of pasture land to be at his journey's end.

Perfect silence rested on the farm. The fat cows lay lazily about him, comfortably chewing the cud of sweet aftermath; the cluster of bright, neat buildings fell into picturesque lines of composition before him, in the soft, hazy sunshine of Indian summer. The background of scarlet and ochre and deep purple-browns in the woods beyond, of warm mauve hills and pale, fluffy clouds above; the shaggy old horse, standing in tranquil bliss, with his head over the fence; the aged shepherd-dog stretched asleep on the kitchen door-stone in the sunny distance—all brought to him a sense of content and beauty which warmed his heart and calmed his thoughts. The spell of the peaceful, restful scene soothed him. Then, as by magic, the whole picture seemed to take on the charm of Isabel's presence. "I am to see her!" he said aloud, almost exultantly.

There had been no special pleasure in this prospect a few hours before. Indeed, it had been months since he had been conscious of a genuine desire to meet his sister-in-law. At times of late it had even seemed to him that a meeting would be a source of embarrassment, just as the necessity of keeping up the clandestine correspondence presented itself often to him in the light of a bore.

But now—yes! she was walking forth swiftly to meet him—coming over the grass with a gliding haste which had a wealth of welcome in every motion. The very genius of the mellow, warm-hearted season she seemed to his eyes as she advanced, clad in some soft, indefinite stuff, loose-flowing, and that in tint under the red noon sun could be the shadow on golden grain, or the light on dark puce grapes, or the dim, violet haze over the distant valley. She was near him now, beaming with unaffected delight, reaching out her hands in greeting—and his heart went to meet her.

"Oh, Seth! How good of you to come!"

She had almost thrown herself into his arms, and had stood upon tiptoe to be kissed. He held himself back from the embrace, but he did kiss her, and he swung her hands now in his, looking into her glowing eyes with tender, responsive intentness, and smiling his joy. This reception did make him very happy, but he had also a great uneasiness lest some of the folks should be observing them from the windows of the house.

She divined his thoughts, and said, gayly: "They are all at church!"

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"What? Albert too?" Seth knew that his brother was not of a religious turn; but he swiftly bethought himself, and added, "Oh, I forgot that election is coming on."

"No," she chirruped, springing along by his side, her arm tight in his, her walk reflecting exultantly her emotion, "he is in New York. He will be back to-morrow. He has telegraphed me to have you wait." She dropped into a mock-serious tone: "That is, of course, if you would *like* to wait?" She looked up archly: "Do you much mind waiting?"

"Do I *mind!*" He could only look his delight. His voice trembled.

She made a tiny skip, and lifted her face to him again, radiant with happiness. "Do you know," she said, "I could run and jump like any little child, I am so wild with joy! It seems such an age since we were together last! Only letters—but they were very nice, though. You dear boy, who taught you to write such pretty letters?"

He pressed her arm closer in his. "Who taught me everything that is sweet?" he whispered. It was all very delicious, but still it troubled him.

They entered the house, and he excused himself while he took his hand-bag up to his old room, and made his toilet after the long hot walk. As he occupied himself thus, and brushed his novel beard, his thoughts were much perturbed. It was very far from his ideas to make love to his brother's wife. This bald statement of the situation which framed itself now in his mind, almost for the first time, repelled and alarmed him. Yet it seemed to sum up the state of affairs fairly. If there was not love-making in every feature of that meeting out on the lawn, then his conceptions of the tender passion were all at fault.

"By Jove, it mustn't come to that!" he said to himself. "A fellow ought to be able to be fond of his sister-in-law, and be pleasant to her, and sympathize with her and all that, without going beyond the bounds, and making a scoundrel of himself."

And it was with a deep resolution to be careful, and watch all his words, that he descended the stairs. He had taken out of his valise two front pages of a Sunday newspaper containing "Jeff Brigg's Love Story," which he had saved a while before for Isabel, and he gave them now to her.

"Here is something I cut out for you, Isabel; it is a very pretty story, and I know you will like it."

"Oh, how sweet of you! How well you know just what will please me most of all! And you shall read it to me! The other stories you have sent me were only moderately nice, because I had to read them by myself, but this—oh! this will be enchanting!"

She arranged an easy chair—a low, capacious chair with light blue dominant color in covering—close beside the window in the parlor which overlooked the poplars, and seated herself in it. Seth brought a hassock for her feet, and then put his own chair along side, where he could see her, and still get a good light on the print. It was not easy for him to begin the reading, so great was the fascination of looking at his companion. The sunlight flared upon the white curtains above her and its reflections glowed back again from her crown of golden braids, luminous against the azure of the chair, and tipped with soft radiance her rounded profile, in cameo-relief against the deep olive of the poplars. Isabel was an artist.

He made a beginning at last, and read until the democrat wagon drove up in the yard, with its load of church-goers. She made a little mouth at the interruption.

"I suppose Sabrina will come in now, and dinner will be ready soon. But afterward we can be quiet again, for she always reads the Bible in her own room Sunday afternoons."

All through the cold dinner, despite the necessity of answering Aunt Sabrina's and Milton's remarks, Seth found his mental vision fixed on that beautiful profile against the leafy background; especially sweet was the portrait when the eyes were closed, and the lovely fullness above the lids, as in the face of a Madonna, was revealed in the wavering light.

The story was not to be finished that afternoon, for Elhanan Pratt and his daughter dropped in almost before the meal was finished, and a little later An-

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nie Fairchild came. There was not even much consolation in the pretty grimaces expressive of discontent which Isabel from time to time, when the visitors were not looking, confided to Seth. It was a very dull afternoon.

The venerable Mr. Pratt, a weazen, verbose little "gentleman-farmer," who wore a huge black satin stock over his high flaring collar opening behind, and remained clean-shaven in pious memory of Henry Clay and the coon campaign, sat on the edge of his chair and droned commonplaces by the hour. He evidently had an axe to grind by his visit, and he was much disappointed by Albert's absence. But if he could not see "the coming Congressman," as he called him once or twice, and sound that new political magnate as to his own renomination for the Assembly, he could at least enjoy the monopoly of a long conversation with the editor of the Tecumseh *Chronicle*, and impress that young man with the breadth and value of his views. So Seth was forced to spend three dreary hours, answering as briefly as might be, listening wearily, and stealing stray glances at the three young women, who made a brighter group on the other side of the parlor stove. Once or twice he tried tentatively to engraft himself upon their conversation, and choke old Elhanan off, but the solemn little bore relentlessly brought him back to the dry bones of politics. Thus it happened that he had barely had an opportunity of exchanging a word with his cousin Annie, when she stood up and said, "I must be going."

He walked over to her now, and put his hand in a brotherly way on her shoulder, as he helped her on with her cloak.

"I've scarcely had a word with you, Annie," he said, smiling. "How is your grandmother? I needn't ask how *you* are. You grow prettier every day. And how do you get on with your school?"—for the girl was now teaching in the district schoolhouse over the hill.

She answered, "Oh, grandmother is about the same; perhaps a little weaker, but as bright mentally as ever. You are looking well, Seth, and quite the man now. Your beard becomes you—doesn't it, Isabel? We are so sorry you can't come to-morrow night. We see so little of you since you have become a city man."

"Sorry that I can't come!" repeated Seth after her. "Come where?"

Isabel interposed with a ready explanation. "There is to be a husking over at Crump's to-morrow evening—the first of the season. There will be a big party of young people, and Crump sent over by Annie an invitation for us. But I have explained that you are here on business, which may very likely occupy you to-morrow evening, and that in any case you would have to write your leaders for the next day's paper. We are ever so sorry, Annie," she added, turning to the school-teacher now, "but you know this is a terribly busy time with Seth, and we mustn't think of letting our little country sociables interfere with his work. Sometime, soon, he will come for a real vacation, instead of a flying business trip, and then we can monopolize him—and we will, too, won't we Annie?"

Annie smiled, a little faintly, as if her heart were not altogether in it, and replied, "Yes, to be sure we will." She added, to Seth, "I won't say good-by. I suppose I shall see you again."

He assented, and went to the door with her, and stood on the steps watching her as she walked away in the autumn dusk. Decidedly she *was* a pretty girl!

The Pratts, father and daughter, consented upon the shadowiest suggestion of an invitation to stay and partake of the picked-up Sunday tea, and that involved their spending the evening. Aunt Sabrina came in, and the talk was dreary and general. So "Jeff Briggs" and his amatory affairs went over to the morrow.

In the morning Seth walked over to Thessaly and saw John. The interview depressed him. John had had some idea of following the *Chronicle's* lead, and bolting the State ticket, but the county politicians had bullied him out of the thing by threatening the destruction of the job-printing business connected with the *Banner of Liberty*, and the boycotting of the paper itself. All

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his inclinations, too, were toward Ansdell in the Congressional race; but Albert had loaned him some money, and, besides, he couldn't see his way clear to disregarding, openly at least, the fraternal tie. He was consequently in a savage mood.

"I'm thinking of taking out the headline of the paper this week," he growled, with a sardonic humor, "and putting in instead a cut of a runaway slave, with a bundle over his shoulder, which is in the job-room here, left over from the days when there was slavery in New York State, and masters used to advertise in the old paper for fugitives. '*Banner of Liberty*' indeed! By heaven, it ought to be '*Banner of Bondage*'!"

There was no comfort or profit in discussing the situation, either general or local, with John. He neither knew nor cared, he swore, what Albert's chances were to dissolve the deadlock on the morrow. He might or he mightn't; it was all one to him, and apparently to the party, who were the ——!

Seth left John to his bad temper and language, and returned to the farm in the afternoon. A telegram from Albert awaited him.

"NEW YORK, October 19.—If possible conclude business, home to-night, at latest to-morrow morning. Wait for me at all hazards. ALBERT."

To provide against a possible delay over Tuesday, Seth devoted the afternoon, and the earlier part of the evening, to writing matter for his paper, which Dana was to convey to Thessaly for the early morning train when he went to the cheese-factory. If Albert was coming at all that night, he would arrive about eight.

Nine o'clock came. Aunt Sabrina, after sitting in stern silence by the living-room stove for an hour or two, looking at the wall-paper as her brother Lemuel had been wont to do, went up to bed with a frigid "good-night." The farm people had all retired with the chickens long before.

Scarcely raising his eyes from his writing, Seth remarked:

"How Aunt Sabrina has failed since I left the farm! She grows ever so much like father. Poor old woman, she was so eager to have Albert come here, so elated with the idea that the family was to be restored to social and political dignity again—and now the apples seem to be all dead-sea fruit to her. I can't see that she takes the slightest interest in Albert's campaign. Odd, isn't it?"

Isabel was sitting near the stove, around the corner of the table from him. The reddish radiance reflected down from the shaded lamp fell upon her rounded chin and her smooth white neck, dainty in tint as the ruffle in which it lost itself. Above this lace at the back, as she bent over her embroidery, some stray curling wisps of hair gleamed like gold in the light. She replied:

"It isn't that at all. She's interested enough in the Congress idea, or would be if she hadn't something else on her mind. The prying old piece found out, by quizzing Dana, about our writing to each other. She has got it into her ridiculous old head, I feel sure, that there is something between us. Didn't you notice the way she eyed us at the dinner table yesterday?"

Seth did not answer. His article was unfinished, but he suddenly found himself in doubt whether it was not already long enough. He reflected, or tried to reflect, for a moment, while the soft tones of her voice murmured in his ears, then added a sentence which might serve as a conclusion, and scrawled a dash underneath.

"There! I'm through!" he said, and looked up.

Her eyes were fixed upon his face. They were in the shadow of the tinted lamp-shade, but they had a light of their own—a languorous, alluring glow. He had never looked into such eyes before; they fascinated him, and he knew, in a delicious trembling, that his own were answering them in kind.

"You can read to me now," she said, the rapt, wistful gaze melting into a smile. "He will not come to-night."

Seth took the story, as she gave it to him from her work-box, and glanced over it to pick up the thread of the narrative where it had been dropped. As he was still thus engaged, he felt her hand laid upon his, and, as their eyes met again, heard her low, soft voice murmur:

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"Do you know why I declined our invitation for the husking?"

There was a silence, which the young man felt that his face made full of acquiescent meaning.

She answered her own question: "I wanted you here, all for myself."

Seth lost himself in an uplifting, floating sensation of ethereal beatitude. Her hand was in his now, warm and palpitating, and he raised it to his lips. It was difficult to breathe, but the oppression in his breast was all delight. He rose to his feet, his arms outstretched, his heart beating in exultant tumult. He heard her whisper—he could scarcely see her for the magnetic waving before his eyes—the refrain of the story: "So strong and yet so gentle!" His lips were formed for the passionate utterance—already framed in his heart—"My darling!" when there came the sound of footsteps on the path without, and of a hand upon the latch.

Seth mechanically took up the manuscript of his article, and turned toward the door. Beneath an impassive mien, far more composed than he dared to hope, there was the sensation of being hurled down, down, through the air, to unwelcome earth.

It was Albert. He looked at the two cursorily but closely, and only said, as he tossed his bag into a chair:

"Train was late. You go to bed at once, Isabel. I have particular business with Seth."

CHAPTER XX.

THE NIGHT: THE BROTHERS.

ALBERT seemed in an amiable mood as, divesting himself of his outer garments, he drew up a chair by the fire, offered Seth a cigar from his case and lighted one himself. He examined Seth's face by the flame of the match, as the latter lighted his cigar, and appeared to be satisfied with the inspection.

"Sit down here," he said pleasantly. "I want a good long talk with you. It was too bad to keep you waiting so long, but there was no help for it. I couldn't see the people in New York that I wanted to see until to-day, and it was only by good fortune that I caught the train as it was. Then we were delayed on the road, of course. If an engineer on this one-horse line should ever get a train through on time I believe he'd have a fit, just from the shock of the thing. And then I had to wake up the man at the livery stable in Thessaly—fancy his being asleep at eight o'clock!—and he would only bring me as far as the foot of the hill, because he had been up to a dance all the previous night. But of course, in my position now, running for office, I couldn't complain. Beside, I ought to be used to all these little delights of rural existence by this time."

Albert stretched his feet out comfortably on the rail of the stove, and leaned back in his chair with an air of enjoyment. He had been growing very stout this past year, Seth noticed, and the bald spot on his crown had visibly spread. He seemed unwontedly good-natured too—a natural and proper accompaniment to increasing obesity.

"But all this has nothing to do with my asking you to come here, has it? Did Workman raise any objections to your coming?"

"No, of course not, after he read your letter."

The lawyer smiled complacently: "I thought that letter would fetch him. Of course, my boy, the harshness of the letter was for effect on him, not on you. It simply gave you a chance to say you had *got* to come."

Seth did not find himself wholly clear on this point, but he nodded assent. Albert looked at him, and seemed a trifle annoyed at having the conversation all to himself, but he went on after a moment's pause, speaking now with good humored gravity:

"First of all, I ought to tell you how proud I have been of your fine progress on the *Chronicle*. I doubt if there is another young man of your age in the State who has done so much climbing in so short a time. I take a real satisfaction in thinking that you are my brother. I can't tell you how often I say to myself: 'Albert Fairchild, the best thing you ever did in your life, or ever will do was to give that boy a chance.'"

This was gall and wormwood to the young man. He had almost succeeded in regaining the composure so abruptly

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scattered by Albert's unexpected arrival. The fluttering agitation came back now, and brought with it a painful sense of shame and self-reproach as Albert's words recalled the scene which his entrance had interrupted. Seth did not look his brother in the face, but murmured some commonplace words of gratitude. He was glad that there was a red shade on the lamp; it might conceal his flush of humiliation.

Albert went on: "But you were not invited here so peremptorily just to hear this. Brotherly pride and affection are things that don't need words—that can be taken for granted—are they not?"

Seth tried to smile, and said, "Yes, of course they are."

"Well, youngster, I am taking them for granted in your case. Mind, as I said in my letter, I am not saying a word about gratitude. I don't want the thing to be put on that footing at all. Brothers ought to be able to help each other, and all that, without lugging in the question of gratitude. I am talking to you as one man should to another who bears the same name, and was of the same mother. By George! poetry, isn't it? Well, the point is this. The time has come when you can help me, help me immensely. I am not in this fight for myself alone. Personally I care very little about going to Congress. But I have got the family to consider, and I am in a position now where I can make a ten-strike for it. A good deal of it I have created myself. These countrymen up here in Dearborn County fancy they are shrewd politicians, but it has taken me, almost a novice in politics, less than two years to get the whole machinery right under my thumb. It's in the blood, I tell you! There wasn't another manager in this whole section that could hold a candle to the old Senator, in his day,—and if he could keep track of things now I imagine he'd admit that his grandson was no slouch."

Albert chuckled quietly at the slang word, the expressiveness of which pleased him, and at the vision of the satisfaction of the departed ancestor which it suggested. He proceeded:

"I can't tell you all my plans, but I am in a big combination. I have made use of my large connections as a lawyer in New York to arrange some things which would open your eyes if you knew them. It is all settled that I am going on to a committee which will be worth while, I can tell you. And then, once started in the thing, with my grandfather's name back of me, there is no telling where I may not climb. A name that has figured in the blue book as ours has is a tremendous power. The Republic derides heredity, but the public believes in it. It is human nature, my boy. And in this rehabilitation of the family name you have as much concern as I have—in fact more than I have—for you will enjoy even more than I shall the fame and wealth I am going to get out of this thing for the family."

"Where does the wealth come in, Albert? There is no money honestly to be made in politics." Seth had forgotten his earlier embarrassment now, and the spirit of dispute was rising within him.

"My dear fellow," said the elder brother, comfortably contemplating the rings of cigar smoke he was making, "to the wise there is money everywhere. The word 'honesty' in politics is a purely relative term, just as it is in your line, or in law, or in medicine. If we lawyers strictly graded our charges by the net value of our services to our clients, if doctors refused to make all calls upon patients that were not altogether necessary, and based their bills rigidly upon the actual good they had done—by George! the poor-houses would have to be enlarged. Take your own business, for instance, or I ought to call it a profession, too, I suppose. Are editors invariably candid with their readers, do you think? Do they always tell the disagreeable truth about people they make their money from? And don't they have an open hand behind the back about the same as other folks do? Occasionally, I admit, an ass like our brother John does drift into the profession, and retains his childhood belief that the moon is made of green cheese. But I have noticed that such fellows as he, who run their papers on an exalted moral plane, generally come around to borrow money from the ungodly, toward the close of the year, to make their accounts balance. I am sorry to see

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that John and Ansdell have filled your head with all this nonsense. A newspaper man tearing his shirt in defence of financial fastidiousness in politics presents rather a comical spectacle, if you only knew it."

"You have no right at all to say that!" Seth answered hotly. "I believe firmly that the newspaper men of this country, considering their influence and the great temptation to make money out of it, are as honest a body of men as you can find in America. This conventional talk about their venality is the cruelest kind of libel, and if you knew them as I do you wouldn't lend yourself to circulating it."

"Oh, I am not entirely without acquaintance in this white-winged profession of yours," replied the lawyer, smilingly. "I know Mr. Mortimer Samboye, for example. I could tell you too, you confiding youngster, just his figure, and where the check, made payable to his wife, was cashed."

"If you do know about Samboye, you know what I believe to be the one exception to the rule in the State. I don't for a moment believe that there is another editor whom your people could have bought. It is an odious exception, to be sure, but exceptions prove the rule. If journalists and journals were in the market, as you and your machine friends seem to imagine, there would be no such widespread bolt against your machine ticket to-day."

"Oh, you think so, do you?"

The lawyer was getting vexed. He stood up, thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, and spoke with more sharpness than before.

"You think so! Why, man alive, this same d—d *Chronicle* of yours has been in the market since before you were born. I bet you to-day that Workman would rather plank out five thousand dollars from his own pocket than let me cross-examine him in the witness-box on his recollections of the *Chronicle's* record. Why, that is the very last paper in the State that has a title to throw stones! Do you want to know when this new reforming zeal of Workman's was born? I can tell you. It was the day that another man (Dick Folts, if you wish names) was appointed to the Territorial Governorship that Workman wanted for his brother. So you thought it was only high morality and noble patriotic sentiments that ailed the *Chronicle*, did you? You never suspected that it was simply a bad case of brother—that it all happened because Samuel M. Workman, of Toboggan, was compelled to continue to adorn a private station? You think the world is run on kid-gloved, scriptural ethics? It reminds me of a novel I read here awhile ago. It set out to describe An American Politician, and in almost every scene in the book where he appeared, he was drinking tea in some lady's drawing-room, declaiming to the fair sex on how he was going to reform politics. He thought he was a deuce of a fellow, and so did the women and the author too. This politician was a good sample of all your reformers. I tell you, the men who go to afternoon teas in America exert no more influence on American politics than—than a hen who was too refined to scratch in the barn-yard for worms would exert on the question of female suffrage. Now *don't* make a fool of yourself, Seth. Your predecessor, Samboye, was in no way your equal—some fellow at the club once, I remember, just hit him off in a phrase which he had hunted up in the dictionary to sling at him: 'a nugipolyloquous numbskull'—but he knew enough to feather his own nest, and to take men as they are, and not as the Prophet Jeremiah might think they ought to be. *Don't* make me angry with this pharisaical nonsense! You are very young yet. You will see things differently when you have rubbed up against the world a while longer."

Seth also stood up now, with his hands deep in his pockets—a trick of all the Fairchilds when they were excited.

"I have no desire to make you angry," he answered, beginning with an effort at calmness, but soon raising his voice, "and I shouldn't have dreamed of inflicting my juvenile views on you if you hadn't insisted, even to the point of a threat, on my coming here. I would rather not argue the thing at all. We regard politics from totally different standpoints. I believe that your methods and aims—by 'your' I mean your wing of the party—are scandalous, corrupting, and ruinous. I believe that if

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some check is not put upon the rule of the machine, if the drift of public acquiescence in debased processes of government is not stopped, it will soon be too late to save even the form of our institutions from the dry-rot of venality."

"Seems to me I've read all this. Don't work your old leaders off on me. Talk sense!" said Albert.

Seth dropped rhetoric. "All this is very real, very big, to me. To you it is impracticable and meaningless. You don't at all believe in the dangers which are so apparent to me. Perhaps if you did you wouldn't care. That is all right. I have no desire to convert you, or to debate the question with you. I simply want to explain that there is no community of premises, even, between us on this subject. As for your explanation of the motives underlying the *Chronicle's* attitude, I shan't contradict you. So far as I am concerned, the matter is not in argument. It is enough for me that we bolt the State ticket, and occupy the ground we do. It is no concern of mine by what path we got there."

Albert had heard his brother through with contemptuous impatience. He said now, with one foot on the stove hearth, and in a voice which, by its very coldness of calm, ought to have warned Seth of the temper underlying it:

"You may bolt the State ticket as much as you d—d please. I don't like your doing it, and it will injure you more than any efforts of mine can make good, but I can't help it, and it wasn't for that that I wanted to see you. But if you bolt *me*, Mr. Seth, or put so much as a straw in my path, by God! I'll grind you, and your paper, and everybody responsible for it, finer than toothpowder! However, we will exhaust the other side of the subject first. I've had it in mind for a long while, in fact ever since I first procured you a place there, to buy you a share in the *Chronicle*. Workman would be glad of the ready money—he itches for it as much as any living man—and it would be a good thing for you. Would you like that?"

"You haven't told me yet what you dragged me up here, away from my work, for," said Seth. "You presumably had an object of some sort."

"Ah, you want to get down to business, do you? You shall have it in a nutshell. I want you to see Ansdell, and get him to promise that if I beat him in the convention he will support me squarely at the polls; I want you to get a pledge from Workman that the *Chronicle* will come out for me, solid, the day after I am nominated. *That's* what I want, and it is mighty little for *me* to ask of *you!* And you may tell Workman for me that if he and his paper give me the smallest ground for complaint, and waver in the least in backing me up, I'll start a paper in Tecumseh before Christmas that will crush the *Chronicle* out of sight. The paper is no good, anyway. I know hundreds of good citizens who would rejoice to have a decent substitute for it."

The pride of the editor was wounded. "You seem to worry a good deal about this worthless paper, at all events," he said, bitterly.

"Don't bandy words with me, youngster!" cried Albert, scowling and pacing the floor. "I want your answer, or the answer of your employer—yes or no! I'll have none of your impudence!"

Seth held his temper down. He could not help feeling that his brother, from the fraternal standpoint at least, had some pretty strong arguments on his side. He made answer:

"I should have no influence with Ansdell, one way or the other, even if I talked with him. He knows his own business best, and if he has made up his mind to a certain course, nothing that I could say would move him. As for the *Chronicle*, we've kept our hands off, thus far, on your account, and we've said nothing at all about your leading the Dearborn County delegates into the machine camp at the State Convention, although the whole rest of the State is ringing with it. But I am charged to say that that is as much as we can do. If you are nominated, we can't and won't support you. It is not a nice thing for me to have to say to you, but there's no good mincing matters. Besides, you know—there may be a way out of it; you may not be nominated to-morrow."

"All hell can't prevent it!" The words came forth in an explosion of wrath. Albert stamped his foot and

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clenched his fists as Seth had never seen him do before. He tapped his breast three or four times, significantly, as if there were something in the pocket to which he was referring—Seth remembered the gesture long afterward—and repeated that his nomination was assured. He seemed to dislike his passion and strive to restrain it, but the choleric vein between his brows grew more swollen, and his black, keen eyes flashed more angrily than ever, as he strode up and down before the stove.

"Yes, and I'll be elected too! All the white-livered hounds in Adams County, from my own brother up, shall not stop me! I'll stump the district every night and day till election. I'll speak in Tecumseh—yes, in Tecumseh, at the biggest meeting money and organization can get together—and I'll handle this whole bolting business so's to warm the hearts of honest men all over the State. By God! I'll shake Workman as a terrier shakes a rat, in view and hearing of his whole community! Won't he squirm, though! And won't the crowd enjoy having him shown up! And *you*"—there followed some savage personal abuse, profane in form—"after to-morrow morning, never let me lay eyes on you again!"

"It is not for the pleasure of seeing you that I come here, ever," Seth retorted, the words coming quick and fierce. "Be sure I'd never trouble you again, if you were the only one in this house!"

The lawyer's eyes sparkled with a sardonic meaning, and Seth, as he saw it, bit his tongue with impatience at the thoughtless form of his speech; for he read in this cold, glancing light that nothing had been lost upon his brother's perception when he entered the room.

There was a full minute's silence, in which the two men faced each other. Albert was busy thinking how to put most effectively the things he was now moved to say. At last he spoke, coolly, incisively once more, while Seth, flushed and anxious, pretended to regulate the flame of the lamp.

"Yes, I have no illusions about the motive of your visits to the farm. I am not blind; even if I were, others about the house are not. I am not going to say what you are doubtless expecting. I might point out to you that a young man who comes to a brother's house—I will say nothing of the debt of gratitude he owes him—and steals chances to make love to that brother's wife, is a pitiful cur. Stop!"—for Seth had straightened himself angrily at this epithet, despite his consciousness of self-reproach. "I repeat that I *might* say this—but I will not. I prefer to view it in another light. I don't think you are a knave. To be that requires intelligence. You are a fool,—a conceited, presumptuous, offensive fool. You set yourself up to judge *me;* you arrogate to yourself airs of moral superiority, and assume to regulate affairs of State by the light of your virtue and wisdom—and you have not brains enough meanwhile to take care of yourself against the cheapest wiles of a silly woman, who amuses herself with young simpletons just to kill time. You take upon yourself to lay down the law to a great National party—and you don't know enough to see through even so transparent a game as this. Get out of my sight! I have wasted too much time with you. It annoys me to think that such an idiot belongs to the family."

Albert had rightly calculated that he could thus most deeply and surely wound Seth, but he was mistaken in his estimate of the nature of the response. If Seth's vanity was scalded by his brother's words, he at least didn't show it. But he did advance upon Albert with clenched fists, and gleaming eyes, and shout fiercely at him:

"A man who will speak that way of his wife is a coward and a scoundrel! And if it is my cousin Isabel he means, he is a liar to boot! If you were not my brother——"

"If I were not, what then?"

Albert waited a moment for the answer, which the conflict between Seth's rage and his half-guilty consciousness choked in the utterance, and then calmly turned on his heel and left the room by the same outside door at which he had entered.

As Seth went up-stairs he heard Isabel's door close softly. "I wonder how much of it she heard?" he said to himself.

(To be continued.)

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AN ISLANDER.

By Margaret Crosby.

I.

At four o'clock on a September afternoon, Vestal Street, Nantucket, is curiously quiet. The square, white houses stand on either side of the sandy road. The lowering sunlight is beginning to cast a gray shadow across its glaring whiteness. The houses have no outside shutters, and the closed inside blinds, of solid wood painted white, have a sightless expression. Beyond, in Lily Street and in the lower part of the town, many of the houses have a railed platform on the roof, called the "walk," where the Nantucket wives were wont, in former days, to watch longingly the outward or homeward bound sails; but in Vestal Street the houses have not this dignity. From their upper windows is seen the old wind-mill, on its green mound, and the moor, undulating unbrokenly for three miles until the sea is reached.

On such an afternoon in one of these houses an elderly man and woman sat in the living-room talking together. Both were seated in black wooden rocking-chairs; and as these two persons talked they rocked, the creaking of the chairs keeping up a groaning accompaniment to their conversation.

"So Eunice wouldn't go to the Continent with Mrs. Lane?" said the old man. "Well, Mrs. Adams, I always said she was one of the Elect."

He was small and thin; his face was smooth-shaven, all but a fringe of white beard that started close to his ears and ran around under his chin. The same fringe grew low down on his bald head and waved on the collar of his blue-flannel coat. His face, thus left exposed, had an expression of innocent curiosity and kindliness.

At one of the windows a shutter was open, and a square of blue mosquito-netting in a frame fitted into the casements and kept the flies out. Mrs. Adams sat by this window making a patch-work quilt, and rocking gently as she sewed. She had a rigid, cautious face and gray hair, brushed smoothly down on either side of her forehead. She spoke with emphasis.

"You are right, Deacon Swain, Eunice has always had a *calling*, as I may say. From the time she was right small she was seriously inclined. She's a conscientious girl, if I *do* say it. It *was* a chance to go to the Continent to New York, and it weren't nothing to be governess to Mrs. Lane's children compared to teaching school here, but she had a call to stay right here. She said she couldn't go off suddenly and leave everything at loose ends. She'd undertook the grammar-school, and this was her place."

Deacon Swain's face glowed with approval.

"Yet it *was* a chance to go to New York," he said, as if to provoke Mrs. Adams to further speech.

"So folks said," Mrs. Adams answered, dryly. "But Eunice only said as she didn't know as they *needed* her over to the Continent and they did here, so 'twas her duty to stay."

By "Continent" a Nantucketer always means the main-land. Mrs. Adams paused and then resumed, with a slight change of tone:

"Have you called a minister yet?"

"Well—no——" replied the deacon.

"Should think you'd best be hurryin' up," said Mrs. Adams, with some severity. "It's a cryin' disgrace that the Congregational Church of Nantucket should be so long without a minister. There's a fallin' away, and it'll grow. I heard of Maria Barnes and all the Aaron Macys at the Episcopal Church last Sunday."

The deacon looked uneasy.

"That's so," he assented; but he added, guardedly, "We had a meetin' yesterday, and we're bringin' matters to a p'int's quick's we can. Where's Eunice?" he concluded.

"Out in the back lot, parin' apples for apple-butter," Mrs. Adams answered.

There was a pause of a few moments,

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while the two rockers creaked in concert.

"How does your boarder suit?" inquired the deacon at last.

The cautious expression deepened in Mrs. Adams's face.

"Well enough!" she said, shortly.

The deacon looked at her with mild yet active curiosity.

"Does he—um—pay regular?"

"Yes, he *pays* regular enough," Mrs. Adams admitted.

The deacon gazed meditatively at the ceiling. He did not wish to appear eager, yet he was anxious to discover the secret of Mrs. Adams's dissatisfaction with her lodger.

"I must say the young man commends himself strongly to me," he said. "He came into my store for some cigars the day he come, and he didn't seem much to like Nantucket. He'd took a room to the Springfield House. He's kind of foreign and open-spoken, you know. He said he didn't want to stay to a hotel, when he came to Nantucket, with a lot of *tourists*. That's what he called the strangers."

The deacon laughed gently as he made this comment.

"Said he'd come to study the place and inhabitants; that what he wanted was *local coloring*. I've been a-kinder ponderin' that term ever sence. Thought he'd go back to the Continent right off. 'Now,' says I"—the deacon was warming to his subject, for Mrs. Adams had stopped working and regarded him with deep attention—"says I, 'don't cross the bay to-day, it's as rugged as fury; stay a few days and you'll shake down. You see,' I says, 'this is a corner grocery, and folks drop in afternoons and it's real social. You're welcome,' I says, 'to come in and get weighed as many times a day's you want.' He seemed kinder pleased, and then he wanted me to recommend him to some private house, in a quiet street, where he could take a room; and I told him about you, for Eunice said you was thinking of taking a boarder. I'm sorry he don't suit."

He paused diplomatically. Mrs. Adams began to sew again.

"'Tain't that he doesn't suit," she said. "He's *taking* enough; but it's against conscience, my keepin' him. He's a godless, Sabbath-breakin' man!"

She uttered this terrible accusation in a calm, dry voice.

"You don't say!" said the deacon, breathlessly. His face was unaffectedly regretful. "Yet," he continued, "he's full of natural grace."

"Natural grace ain't goin' to help a man where his eternal salvation is concerned," Mrs. Adams returned, severely. "You know that, deacon, as well as I do."

The deacon made an unwilling movement of assent with his head. "Yes, we are taught so," he said, musingly; "and yet it seems strange, for we are all made in the image of God."

Mrs. Adams was too much occupied with her own thoughts to heed him.

"The question is," she continued, "whether, as the wife of a Presbyterian minister, I am justified in keeping him in my house."

The old man looked distressed. "It's a question, it's a question," he said; "but what makes you think he's—in an unregenerate state?"

"Plenty of things. He ain't much in the habit of making friends with strangers; but after he came I told him that, though we wouldn't vacate the sittin'-room for anyone, he was welcome to come in and sit and play on the music. I *do* say he makes a sight of music come out of that melodeon; sounds like the organ I heard when I was to Boston with Ephraim."

"Yes," nodded the old man, "I remember your mentioning it to Lucilla when you came back to the Island."

"Well," said Mrs. Adams, "Sundays Dr. Otto played and sang same's other days, and such music! I can't liken it to anything I ever heard. It sounded, well——"

"French?" suggested the deacon. His imagination had been fired by the widow's eloquence, and the word came patly to his lips.

Mrs .Adams gave his eager, simple, old face a sharp look over her glasses.

"Persian, more likely," she said, shortly. "Heathenish, anyhow. I soon put an end to that; but that ain't all. He works at his paintin's all day Sundays. He let fall in conversation that he makes

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a habit of attendin' the play. In Germany he had a seat regular, same as we have a pew in church. As far's I can see he has no Bible. The other day I gave him Ephraim's tract, 'Going to the Play,' you know." The elder nodded. "He was polite enough to me about it; but when I came in after, he was readin' it, and as far as I could make out he was laughing. It just showed his feelin's on sacred subjects."

A look of helpless distress had come into the deacon's face.

"What does Eunice say?" he asked.

"Well, Eunice always looks at things in a high kind of way. When I spoke to her she only says, 'Mother, perhaps his comin' here is a leadin' of Providence, and we ought not to bar the way.' That was three weeks ago. I don't know *how* she feels now."

The old man seemed relieved. "Eunice ain't likely to be far wrong in such matters. The things of God are spiritually discerned, and it is given to such as her to discern them." He rose and took his hat from the table. "I must be goin' along." He shook hands somewhat limply with Mrs. Adams who did not rise from the chair. "You'd better let Eunice settle that matter." His face became very grave and tender. "Eunice is one of the Elect, as I said before. It's my belief, Mrs. Adams, that the Lord has great things in store for her."

Mrs. Adams only gave him another scrutinizing glance. He left the room and, as he let himself out of the door, she resumed her work, only calling to him:

"I'll send Lucilla some of my apple-butter; she told me she wa'n't preservin' this season."

The back porch of the house looked out on a small enclosure of sandy grass. There was but one stunted tree and no flowers. The gabled end of a neighboring house, painted a dull red, jutted out beyond the rickety fence, at one end of the enclosure. Beyond could be seen the wind-mill, on its mound, and the green moors. The atmosphere was so clear and sparkling that it lent an actual beauty to the very simple elements which made up this scene.

In the porch a man sat before his easel, painting. He had evidently intended to paint simply the gable of the house, with the glimpse of the wind-mill and the moor beyond—for this part was almost completed—but Eunice Adams stood at a table just beyond the porch. On the table lay a pile of rusty-yellow and red apples, which she was paring. The background of the red house threw her figure into relief, and the temptation to add it to his picture was too strong for Dr. Julius Otto. He had sketched in her figure hastily, and was working carefully on the face. He seemed to be about thirty-five. His light-brown hair grew straight up from his forehead in a thick mass. His moustache swept away from his mouth in a bold wave. His beard was parted in the Prussian fashion, and he had a slightly obstinate mouth and chin. In the turn of his head, the expression of his eyes, in his whole manner, there was an enormous naturalness that was almost startling. He was speaking in rapid, fluent English, with a marked German accent.

"For my part," he said, "I am glad I am going to Vienna. I have been five years in this country, and it has treated me kindly. But I find you Americans too prejudiced, too narrow. Now, if you, for instance, could shake off some of the Puritanism that is blighting your life, you would be far happier."

He threw off this suggestion in a half-teasing manner, yet with a vivid heartiness that was like a cordial.

Eunice remained silent for a moment. Then she spoke with an effort.

"It is not always necessary to be happy."

Her face was one of those we sometimes see in New England. Her forehead was somewhat high, and her features had the same regularity that in her mother had hardened into rigidity. Her skin was colorless, and her dark hair was twisted in a heavy, waveless mass at the back of her head. Her eyes were a singularly clear gray, with dark lashes and eyebrows. Her face had much beauty; but, more than this, it was so refined and spiritualized by some inward experience and an habitual moral loftiness that it made a vivid impression on those who saw it for the first time. The Nantucketers were accustomed to this quality in her face, and took it as

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a matter of course; but the summer visitors who met her in the street used to wonder at the strange, exquisite face, afterward remembering its transparent lambency of expression as something rarer and more exquisite than beauty.

Dr. Otto received her remark with a sort of kindly amusement.

"Why, if you please, Miss Eunice, is it not necessary to be happy?"

Eunice looked at him anxiously as he bent over his easel. She seemed to force herself to speak.

"Because, if we do our duty, it makes no difference whether we are happy or not. Things may seem hard here, but in another life——" She stopped suddenly, catching her breath nervously.

Dr. Otto's face had an expression of half-pitying protest.

"All very well," he said, with the same heartiness, "if one could be guaranteed the second lease. But you know we are only sure of *one* life!"

He laughed good-humoredly as he spoke.

The girl's face only became slightly paler. She dropped the knife and apple she held in her hands.

"Do not say that!" she said, in a low voice. "Everyone can be sure. You *do* believe that?"

Her voice was so urgent that the German spoke with more seriousness.

"Really, Miss Eunice, do you wish me to speak the truth?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Well, then, I will tell you frankly, I have long since arranged my life without reference to any such beliefs."

"How can you live, then?" Her eyes dilated as she looked at him.

"All the better," he answered," since I have ceased to support or torment myself with false hopes or fears. The world is wide. There is so much to do, so much to live for, that there is more than scope for the largest intelligence. It satisfies me. If I complain and wish for more, I am not worthy to have standing-room. Out of it, and let some better man take my place! But I have not come to that yet. It is true there is misery and suffering, but we can all help each other. Let us do our duty. Yes—but let us be happy also, and not starve our lives as you do."

Eunice had remained motionless—then she spoke again in the same low voice.

"Do you mean to say you have no hope of immortality?"

Otto laughed.

"My dear Miss Eunice," he said, gently, "spend six months in a dissecting-room, and your ideas of life and immortality will undergo a startling change."

His words seemed to give Eunice a momentary insight into his habits of thought. Her face was strangely illuminated as she answered.

"It does no good to talk about it, Dr. Otto. It is not in my power that you shall or shall not believe. But the spirit of God is stronger than the mind or will of man. It can teach you and lead you as I cannot, as your own understanding cannot—whether you believe it or not, this is true."

At any other moment of his life Otto would have looked upon such an outburst as a pitiable exhibition of superstition. But perfect sincerity has a power of its own, and he was strangely impressed. To his surprise, Eunice suddenly gathered up the basket of apples and went rapidly into the house. As she passed him he saw that tears were streaming down her face. Their talk was only one of many, but none had reached this point. He whistled very softly to himself, and then went on painting in silence. Dr. Otto had little instinctive reverence, or, as he would have expressed it, no superstitions; but he had broad sympathies and a tender heart. He began to regret having spoken so frankly.

At meals Eunice first served her mother and their guest, and then took her own seat at the table. When he first came this proceeding was highly embarrassing to Otto. If Eunice had been less educated and less refined, it would not have seemed so incongruous. He used to jump up from his seat to assist her; but he found that this was only disturbing to both Mrs. Adams and her daughter, and he now submitted with a good grace. This evening Eunice was unusually quiet. Long before now Otto had learned the secret of waking her laughter. It had a fresh, unused sweet-

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ness, and he learned to wait for this sound and to enjoy it genuinely when it came. But now this pleasure was not in store for him. The girl's eyes were swollen from crying, and her manner was full of the dignity of a quiet sorrow. After supper Mrs. Adams took her seat in the rocking-chair of the living-room, with her knitting. Eunice was clearing away the dishes. Otto, who had lingered in the room, spoke suddenly to her:

"Miss Eunice, I am afraid my thoughtless remarks this afternoon have troubled you?"

She made no reply, but stood with her eyes cast down. He went on with his usual fluency:

"Even if one has no household gods, one should not try to knock down one's neighbor's. I have no desire to shake your faith. I have no creed to offer you in exchange but the very finite one I proposed this afternoon"—he broke off—"in fact, I can only ask you to forgive me."

She looked up quietly, and he saw that, in spite of her reddened eyes, her expression was lofty and collected.

"You have not shaken my faith. It is only terrible to know that you—that anyone should feel as you do. If you were ignorant, it would be different"—she stopped—"but it does no good to talk about it." She took a dish from the table and left the room.

Otto, a little baffled, went into his own room and lighted his lamp. Mrs. Adams and Eunice had arranged this room with their own hands. The walls were whitewashed, and a square of blue and gray ingrain carpeting covered the floor. The drop-shades were of thick light-blue paper, and the window-curtains of blue and white mosquito-netting, looped back with a wide strip of the blue paper of which the shades were made. The furniture was of the cheapest painted wood, with the exception of a mahogany bureau with small brass knobs.

Above the looking-glass hung a worsted-work sampler, framed, and covered with glass. There was an inscription thereon to this effect:

"Mary Folger is my name,
America is my nation;
Nantucket is my dwelling-place,
And Christ is my salvation."

The figure of the German was in curious contrast to the air of humble sanctity which this room possessed. He looked too large for its small proportions, and too aggressive for its timid propriety. His tweed shooting-jacket and a pair of muddy corduroys sprawled over a chair, where he had flung them when he came in from a sketching expedition the day before. His portfolio lay open on the table, and he sat down by it and looked at his sketches. They seemed to him monotonous—some of the most characteristic Nantucket houses; one or two of the narrowest and crookedest lanes; and the rest of the moors, always the moors. At sunset, in the golden haze of the setting sun; at twilight, purpled and shadowy; at dawn, by Tom Never's Head, the brown moor and the still sea, reddened with the flush of the morning.

For a moment they brought back the perfect reality woven into his mental fibres by the tenderest thoughts of his life; then they seemed only faded reflections. He pushed them aside almost angrily.

He had graduated from a medical college in Berlin as a physician some years before; but after a couple of years he gave up his practice, and became an artist from sheer inability to keep out of his studio when he should have been cultivating the good-will of his patients. He came to America; and although he made little money, his artistic reputation induced his friends in Germany to secure for him the position of professor of drawing in the principal art school of Vienna.

He was to sail in a month more, and had come to Nantucket to sketch, as well as for a rest before sailing. Now, as the weeks passed, Dr. Otto realized that he was painfully unwilling to go away. He was almost impatient of this feeling, yet he could not overcome it. The remote oddity of the place and people, with one exception, were repugnant to him. The fact that the little island was sea-girt and thirty miles from the mainland gave him a sense of confinement. The four walls of his room seemed to suffocate him. He started up and opened the door of his room. The chill September air blew in at the open hall-door.

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"I shall sail two weeks earlier," thought Otto, "and go to Italy for a fortnight before going to Vienna."

He went into the sitting-room. It was deserted. He heard Mrs. Adams moving about in the kitchen. Eunice was nowhere to be seen. He sat down at the open melodeon and played and sang the *Mignon's Lied* of Liszt.

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blüh'n
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glüh'n?"

floated out through the open door into a room across the hall, where Eunice Adams sat at a table piled with books and papers. She was correcting the children's exercises for the next day. She had not been at the Nantucket high-school, nor had the run of the town-library, for nothing. She understood the words Otto sang. The mellow, pleading tones seemed to curl around her heart and sink into it.

"Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin! möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter, ziehn."

After a moment she got up, walked firmly across the hall, and softly closed the door of the sitting-room; and, coming back, shut and bolted the door of her own room. In the slightly built house the music still sounded, but she bent her head in her hands, as she sat by the table, and then went on slowly and patiently with her task.

Dr. Otto was beginning to enjoy thoroughly his own music. He made the little instrument tremble and vibrate and give forth grandly the rich harmonies of the song. He sang with feeling, with soul. Suddenly, he heard the door shut gently, and footsteps retreat across the hall and the shutting of a second door. He sprang from his chair.

"Barbarians!" he muttered in German, "they do not even appreciate good music."

Then he laughed and, shutting the melodeon, looked at his watch and yawned—nine o'clock.

Mrs. Adams put out the light in the dining-room and looked suspiciously into the sitting-room.

"Oh, you can put the light out here," said Otto, apologetically, as if he had been discovered in a crime.

"I s'pose I might as well," said Mrs. Adams, dryly. "It's gettin' late."

"Late! O ye gods," murmured Otto.

He went down the passage to his room and went meekly to bed.

II.

Two or three days later Otto was standing at the window of the sitting-room. As he looked down the road he saw Eunice Adams coming toward the house with a young man. They were in earnest conversation. The stranger was evidently a clergyman, from his provincially clerical dress and white cravat. He was tall and slender, with a thin, intellectual face, a long nose, and meditative blue eyes. Otto saw a look of deep affection and respect in these eyes as the young man bent them on Eunice. Otto turned abruptly away from the window, and, taking his hat and sketching materials from the table, went out into the hall, meeting Eunice and her companion as they entered. Eunice looked at him with vague anxiety. To his surprise she spoke to him.

"Are you going out, Dr. Otto? Dinner will be ready in a few minutes."

"I shall not be at home to dinner. I am going out to sketch," he replied.

He almost brushed by the young clergyman, who stood against the wall of the narrow hall to let him pass, and left the house. A half an hour later his cheeks tingled at the recollection of his childishness. "Blockhead!" he muttered to himself, "thou art not a boy, why shouldst thou care?" and later, "Why not have waited and found out——"

Otto managed to get some dinner at a farm-house on the moors that day. Something seemed to be dragging him back to the little house in Vestal Street, but he obstinately prolonged his own suspense. He made sketch after sketch, painstaking and laborious, and ended by destroying them all.

In a sort of inward vision he had seen all day the figures of Eunice and the young clergyman. It was dark when he reached the town, at last, worn out with his long struggle with himself. The moon had come out and bathed the still, white streets with its pure light. It

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was as still and warm as a midsummer night. The houses looked blanker than ever as he passed them. As he neared the Adams house he saw a figure approaching him; small, and walking with a tremulous step; his head was uncovered, and his white locks floated in a silver aureole as he came toward him. He held a tall bunch of white, feathery grasses in his hand, and looked not unlike an elderly Angel of the Annunciation. It was Deacon Swain. He moved his hat into his left hand, and held out his right in greeting to the younger man. His face shone with a gentle radiance as he looked up at him.

"A beautiful night, doctor," he said.

Otto assented. The old man looked up at the night sky.

"It reminds me of the hymn we sang last Sunday," he said.

"'Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
And all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.'

"It seems as though such nights as this came to show us that God's mercy to mankind is as boundless as His universe." He put on his hat as he ended. "Good-night, doctor!" he said, and passed on.

Otto's footsteps made no sound on the sandy path as he reached the house. At the gate beyond the house, which led into the "pasture," as the enclosure was called, stood two figures. In the moonlight Otto recognized them as the realization of his vision that day. The man held Eunice's hand in his, and she looked at him earnestly. Otto stood still for an instant; then he turned quickly aside, and going up the three steps which led to the door, opened it and went in. Mrs. Adams confronted him in the hall, with a startled face.

"How you scart me!" she exclaimed. "You came in so quiet. There's a letter for you here," she continued.

She led the way into the sitting-room, and Otto followed.

The letter was a brief summons from the directors of the art school, requesting him to come to Vienna to begin his duties at once. As he stood by the table reading the letter, Mrs. Adams went on speaking. Every word she said pierced his consciousness like an electric shock.

"It was a pity you wa'n't in to-day. My nephew, the Rev. Amos Lathrop, was here. He came over from Wood's Holl for the day, and his conversation is of a nature to improve the most hardened person. Deacon Swain came in to tea, and he and Amos and Eunice talked. It reminded me of the millennium. Amos planned to bring his wife with him, but she couldn't leave the children."

Mrs. Adams turned to go out.

"Have you had your supper?" she added. "Because, if you haven't, Eunice saved some for you."

She left the room without waiting for a reply.

Otto stood motionless by the table for a moment. Then he threw back his head and laughed—a low, happy laugh. He went out in the hall to the open door at the back of the house. A figure stood in the moonlight near the porch. It was Eunice. He went toward her. His happiness at the sight of her overflowed in his eyes and whole expression. In the moonlight her features had an ineffable suavity and purity. She spoke to him gently.

"You have come back. I'm sorry you could not have talked to my cousin, who has been here all day."

Otto almost laughed at the earnest anxiety of her look and words. What were the speculations of a worn-out theology to him compared with the reality of his love? It carried him on like a great tide. Its strength must carry Eunice with it.

A half an hour later Mrs. Adams was sitting in her room, reading her Bible, when Eunice came and stood before her. Mrs. Adams closed her Bible, keeping one of her fingers between the pages as a mark, and looked up at her daughter. Eunice was very pale, and her manner was filled with an intense, controlled excitement.

"Well," said Mrs. Adams, calmly.

"Mother, Dr. Otto is going away."

"Well," said Mrs. Adams again.

Eunice turned her head away, and her

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voice sank. Her mother watched her with immovable confidence.

"He asked me to marry him and go with him." She waited a moment, and went on slowly: "I told him I could never marry an unbeliever; and more, that my life was promised for another service."

Mrs. Adams opened her Bible at the place where her finger divided the pages. She read aloud with emphasis:

"No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God." She turned the pages and read again: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

"I know," said Eunice. The words came with a deep expiration of her breath, a sigh that was like a renunciation of her whole nature. She turned away and slowly left the room.

The next morning Otto waked late. In spite of the confident spirit of mastery in which he had finally fallen asleep, he awoke with a feeling of overpowering desolation and found his eyes wet with tears, a thing which was so novel that it startled him. The rebuff of the night before was puzzling, and he began to feel that there might be something in Eunice's theology which was stronger than he, stronger than herself. By the time he was dressed he had reasoned away his fears. It was Saturday, and he congratulated himself, with a sense of triumph, that there was no school that day or the next, and that Eunice would be free. He found his breakfast saved for him in the dining-room; the striped cotton-cloth turned back at one end and his plate laid on the unpainted wood. Eunice was nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Adams came into the room. He was not in a mood for *finesse*.

"Mrs. Adams, where is Miss Eunice?" he asked, abruptly.

Mrs. Adams looked at him inscrutably.

"Eunice is over to Surf-side, to my sister Mrs. Burdick's. She's gone for Sunday."

On Monday Otto was going. His pride was stung, and he made his preparations to go away. If the desire of his heart was to be unfulfilled, he would burn his ships behind him. He would go without seeing Eunice again. Twice on Sunday he watched Mrs. Adams, in her rusty black dress and bonnet, go down the sandy road on her way to church. The warm weather still held, and the sun shone through a golden September haze. In spite of this sunshine in the still, darkened house and glaring, shadowless street, life and hope seemed dead. Otto thought of Eunice, with her violin-soul waiting for the strings to be touched, and then of Vestal Street, and the grammar-school—forever! Why should such things be? Then passion and hope rushed back in a warm, indignant tide. He would not give her up. . . .

The last rays of sunlight bathed the sea. The bronze moors were laid with cloth of gold. At the western horizon the sun's own majesty was lost in a blaze of transparent light.

Eunice Adams stood in the porch of her aunt's house with Deacon Swain. His box-cart stood before the house. Eunice's face was turned toward the sun, but she did not see it. The light touched the white hair of the old man as he stood before her.

He held her hand in his.

"You have decided, then. The Lord has called you, Eunice," he said, with tremulous solemnity. "Thank God, that your ears have not been closed, but, like Samuel, you have heard and answered His voice. I always said He had great things in store for you."

He turned away, and getting into his cart, drove away.

Eunice looked out on the sea, rapt in a peace from which there seemed no recall. The future seemed to her like the path of light from the setting sun on the western sea—lonely, perhaps, but clearly defined, and ending in a glorious infinity. A sound roused her. She looked and saw Otto standing before her. To see him there was like the sound of a loved voice calling from earth to a ransomed soul in bliss.

He told her he was going away; that he must speak to her before leaving. He spoke in abrupt, short sentences, almost in gasps. With her calm, glorified face she seemed to be slipping away from him.

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"What is the use?" said Eunice, slowly. "Do not ask me to listen."

In her quiet resistance he felt the hopelessness of the early morning stealing over him.

He began to speak with enforced self-control.

"You are sacrificing yourself—me—to some principle—some idea—which has no reasonable foundation." His German accent became stronger than ever as he rolled out these words. "Why should you not be happy? You are young——"

"I am twenty-eight," Eunice interrupted with mechanical truth. Her lips had become very white.

"It is cruel," Otto began, vehemently. He stopped abruptly.

With one hand he had grasped the post of the porch; the other hung at his side. He turned away and looked out over the sea. The glory had faded, and there was only a gray expanse of water.

"I have made a mistake," he said, heavily; "I thought perhaps you loved me a little."

Eunice stood with her hands clasped tightly, her eyes fixed on his face. She suddenly caught the hand that hung by his side and pressed it against her heart, and then raised it to her lips. In her face was an agony of love and renunciation.

"You don't understand," she murmured; "I must do what is right." She seemed about to say more, but before she could do so, a third person came from the house into the porch—a middle-aged woman, sallow and dark-eyed. She looked sharply at Eunice and Otto.

"Won't you ask yer company into the house, Eunice?" she said, reproachfully.

"Yes, aunt Eunice," she said, faintly. "This is mother's boarder—Dr. Otto—please excuse me, I do not feel well."

She left them, and going into the house, went wearily up the narrow stairs to her room.

"Come in and take a seat, doctor," said Mrs. Burdick.

Otto waited ten minutes while Mrs. Burdick subjected him to a cross-questioning; at the end of it she decided there was "something between" Eunice and "doctor." Then at Otto's request she went to call her niece. After a few minutes she came back with a message that her niece was not well, and was sorry she could not see him again.

"I s'pose you'd like to know about Eunice's plans, doctor," she said; "I could tell you," said Mrs. Burdick, peering sharply at him in the dim light.

But Dr. Otto seemed in no mood for listening; and after a brief good-night, he walked away over the darkening moors. From a window in the farm-house someone watched him through blinding tears. The next morning he had left Nantucket.

It was curious that, after a month of rusticating, Dr. Otto should have been seized with a low, nervous fever. Instead of sailing for Germany he remained with an artist friend, who took care of him until he was well enough to go out again. It was Friday, three weeks after he had left Nantucket; his passage in a German steamer was taken for the following Wednesday. It has been said that he was well enough to go out, and Saturday evening found him again in Nantucket. He had overrated his strength, and when he arrived at the hotel his head swam and throbbed with a dizzy weakness. It conquered his impulses, and he was obliged to go to bed and toss about all night, and all the next day, half blind with headache and fever. Toward evening the pain ebbed away. He dressed, ordered a cup of hot coffee, drank it, and felt that his nerves were steady once more. He waited until he knew that the Adams's supper-hour was past, and then took a carriage and drove to Vestal Street. The church-bells were ringing for evening service as he drove through the dark streets. The sparkling October air refreshed him. When he reached the silent house he got out and rang the bell, his heart beating wildly. There was no answer; he rang again, and waited with a vague apprehension. The driver suggested that "perhaps the folks was to evening church." Otto smiled at his forgetfulness. He would drive to the church and wait in the last pew until Eunice came out, and then—

When he reached the church Otto dismissed the carriage and slipped silently into the last pew. The lights at the

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back were dim. The sermon was just ending. There was perfect stillness except a single voice. This voice gave Otto a strange thrill. He thought he was dreaming. Eunice Adams stood in the pulpit speaking in a low tone of entreaty, a slight figure in a black dress. Her face was pale, but it was illumined as from an inward radiance.

Otto only received a bewildered impression of the self-forgetful tenderness of her face, as she plead with the listening people before her, dedicating her life to the mission of their salvation. She ceased speaking and, clasping her hands, looked upward. There was a breathless hush; then the congregation bowed their heads for the closing prayer. In the rustle of the bending forms Otto left the church. His brain was in a turmoil. He seemed to hear in the air around him a voice saying, "*Your God is not my God, nor your ways my ways.*" . . .

He made no effort to see her again.

The next morning Otto sat on the deck of the boat as it steamed out of the Nantucket harbor. He felt strangely weak and quiet. He watched the gray town, throned like a queen on the rising ground of the Island. The shore became blurred as the boat travelled silently over the shining water. The town sank as the distance from it became greater, until at length there was only a faint, white line on the horizon where the blue sea met the blue sky. A few smoke-wreaths shadowed the sky above the place where the town had been. At length they, too, had vanished. Only the sea glittered under the sun.

A sick man has strange fancies. Had the Island ever been there? Perhaps, like Eunice's God, the Island—Eunice herself—were dreams. Yes, but Eunice and the Island existed although he could not see them. Why should not the same be true of . . .? Eunice seemed cruel, but perhaps they would both understand some day. Pshaw! the light dazzled his eyes. He would go to sleep. Dr. Otto pulled his hat over his eyes and slept; or, at least, the pilot, who sat just above him in his little house, thought he did.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

By Arlo Bates.

THERE is, perhaps, at this particular time less outspoken opposition to what is known as programme music than there has been in times past, but the contest over the principles involved in the existence of this form of composition is by no means permanently settled, and continually is it breaking out afresh. The immense advance in influence and popularity which the works of Richard Wagner have made, with the fact that modern European composers have rendered concert-goers and critics pretty well accustomed to programme music in all its varieties, has done much to quiet controversy, and to force those who are still unconvinced to subside into at least temporary silence; but even should the present state continue long, it cannot be considered that the question is really disposed of.

Sir Charles Grove defines programme music as "music in which the endeavor is made to represent a given scene or occurrence by the aid of instruments only, without the help of voices," a definition which is sufficiently inexact, including as it does any piece to which the composer chances to give a descriptive title, and, what is of more importance, excluding any work in which the programme is given to a singer instead of being printed on the score. The fact is that the definition should be made to cover every case in which the hearer is told what emotions he should feel while hearing it, no matter by what means the information is conveyed. Sir Charles remarks of the military movement which introduces the third of the vocal numbers in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, that it evidently alludes "to the 'heroes' and the 'vic-

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tory' in the poem," of which a stanza is to follow the long orchestral introduction, yet it does not occur to him that this is really describing it as programme music. The truth is, that in strict logic all vocal music — save, perhaps, those trivial compositions in which what is called the instrumental part is a trifling and paltry accompaniment, of no place or value — is programme music; since whatever we may have been accustomed to consider to the contrary, poems and words set to songs or longer works are practically, from a musical standpoint, nothing more than explanations of the emotions the sounds are intended to represent or convey. Take, for instance, the imitative music of the "Creation," who can suppose that it would be intelligible without the words; and who, it may be added, can pretend that music should be thus dependent upon explanations for its effect? Works written from what may perhaps be called the musical, in distinction from the literary, standpoint convey their meaning to any understanding ear without verbal interpretation. The whole cycle of Wagnerian operas might be intelligently performed in pantomime, the vocal parts given with musical syllables, before a cultivated audience, with no more comment than is often printed on the bills in elucidation of the intention of a piece of descriptive music, and it is in Wagner's operas that the union of poem and music is most complete. His musical genius, however, overmastered his theory concerning the place of the words. If this is less true of any other works it is so chiefly in the same proportion as they are less effective when rendered in their present manner. The libretto, whatever it might be alone, is, by the exigencies of musical composition, forced into the subordinate place of becoming practically a running commentary, even with a composer one of whose highest canons it was that it should hold equal rank with the score. The place to look for the realization of this ideal is, if anywhere, on the comic stage, where in opera bouffe, vaudeville, and their ilk, music is pressed into the undignified service of Thalia.

Of course this is taking music at its highest, and perhaps ideal, possibilities. Any art finds its excuse for existence in the fact that it can express that which can be phrased in no other way. Sculpture can in no wise express the art-thought of a picture, else it would be transformed into painting; music is an independent art because it can embody human emotions for which no other expression is possible. It follows that by no two arts can the same thing be uttered, and a union of two arts is incongruous, and in any ideal sense impossible, because two thoughts are thereby uttered at once. Even if these chance to be similar and harmonious, they are still not a unit, and as the human mind is constituted, the practical result is the reception of one only at the expense of the other. The man who into his painting should introduce carved figures would be regarded as ridiculous; the man who joins poetry and music practically does the same thing, and we pass it over because familiarity has hardened us to it. Formerly painting and sculpture were blended by the coloring of statues. This error the art world has outgrown. If progress continues, why should not the other and similar mistake be left behind?

The truth is that, as music is the most intangible and ideal of the arts, mankind is likely to be longest in arriving at a power to assimilate it *per se*. Everywhere in varying forms we see the concessions which are made to the popular taste, which is to a greater or less degree willing to listen to music if sufficient inducements be offered in other forms, or is even capable of deriving a certain sensuous pleasure from sound, quite independent of any intellectual emotional art appreciation in a true and high sense. Charles Lamb in his essay "On Ears" is only more frank than most and more extreme than some when he says:

"Above all, those insufferable concertos and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; . . . to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book, *all stops*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter;

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to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mind—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music*."

Here is the whole story frankly told. Only the highest musical intelligence, only the musically imaginative hearer comprehends, and more, feels that the sound is not alone the frame but the picture, that it is the text of the book, the tragedy itself in its very essence. To the rest of the world "the words are something." Possessed with the idea that there must be a meaning somewhere, alike unable to receive the musical idea and to comprehend that it can be expressed in no other way than by these very sounds of which they seek a translation in a tongue they may comprehend, most hearers welcome anything which will serve to dispel the unpleasant sensation of confronting an enigma. Painters meet the same difficulty by making a picture tell a story, or by labelling it with an attractive title. The genuine connoisseur of painting ignores these unworthy devices; the far rarer connoisseur of music ignores the words which are added to the art he loves as a sop to the Cerberus of musical insensibility.

In ordinary song-singing this use of the words is well enough recognized. Who knows or cares what the words of most songs are, beyond getting a phrase here and there to serve as a clew to the sentiment of the singer. The vocalist might as well—and in common practice not infrequently does—sing a gibberish of vocal sounds with no resemblance to language except in the catch words which make the song in reality an example of genuine programme music. If one wishes to admire the poem, he takes it apart from the music, reads it, and judges it by itself. The fact is that words have no legitimate function in connection with music at all, save in this programme service, a use more or less exalted as one chooses to regard it.

"Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerey," wrote Beethoven at the head of the Sixth (Pastoral) Symphony; and therein, to quote Grove, "he fixed forever the true principles of such compositions." The difficulty is that the ordinary hearer is incapable of receiving impressions through music because he continually seeks for something more tangible from his point of view; something which he can express in a tongue he understands. Music is to him a language of which he comprehends no meaning unless it is translated into his own vernacular. Painting, representations of things he has seen, he can to a degree seize upon; feeling that can be put into words conveys to him some meaning at least; beyond that he is as unreceptive as a stone, and the essence of any art escapes him because by nothing but that art can it be uttered.

Yet although words have theoretically no place in the highest music there is still a place for the human voice. It is an instrument of incomparable beauty and value, and as an instrument of sound—an instrument of sound in the same sense as a violin or an hautboy—it must ever hold its place in the front rank of the resources at the command of the composer. Of less range, power, and reliability than some others, it yet has capabilities which more than compensate for these limitations; and it being understood that the voice is but a part, however important a part, of the orchestra, there are perhaps but two objections to the use of words instead of unintelligible articulate sounds: that empirical sounds can be managed to be more effective musically, and that words cannot be dissociated from their meaning, and therefore must tend to confuse the mind by distracting attention from the music. It is noticeable in this connection how many folk-songs have in their burdens and choruses reached forward to the ultimate principle of art as have primitive peoples frequently in the decoration of their pottery or textile fabrics. The burdens "tra la la," "ouidee, ouidee," "tridl twee ah," and so on, of the Tyrolese and other European songs reduce the matter to one of pure sound, and thus take theoretically the highest plane of art in their intention.

In Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and in Mendelssohn's "Lobegesang," where the concluding portion of a symphony

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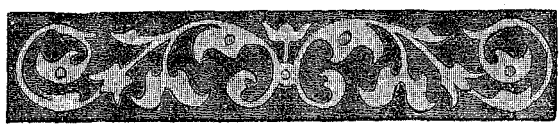
is made vocal, we have a distinct movement in the direction of counting the voice in with the orchestra. Beethoven went so far as to treat the voices as instruments. He has somewhere said that when an idea, a musical thought, occurred to him, he always seemed to hear it given out by an instrument, never by the human voice, from which it might be argued, did one care to go so far, that art not having advanced to a point where the voice was recognized as the instrument which it is, the great composer was too truly of musical imagination not to cleave to what in his day was looked upon as the only means of expressing pure music. In the Ninth Symphony he used, it is true, Schiller's ode, yet he cut it, rearranged it, and phrased his tones in a fashion which often renders the words necessarily unintelligible. He desired the color of the human voice, and instead of getting his effects, as he undoubtedly might have best done, from a purely musical standpoint, by the employment of arbitrary syllables, which he would probably have found it impossible to induce a chorus to sing, and certainly could have found no audience sufficiently musical to listen to in an appreciative mood, he contented himself with "An die Freude." It is perhaps not wise to insist upon this view of this especial instance, since Beethoven wrote songs, but in any case the intention and method of the Ninth Symphony are given here merely as example and not as argument.

Theoretically, whatever may be true practically, the musician of the future will as soon think of giving a poem to the kettle-drum as to the singer, and will as soon think—indeed, sooner, the two arts being less widely asunder—of calling upon painting as upon poetry to assist his work. Practically, of course, one must recognize the value and the place of the song and of vocal music as it is now understood in general; but to say this is simply to say that the multitude will never be educated to the highest in art. To the difficulties which prevent popular appreciation of other arts, music adds that of the extreme refinement and subtilty of its essence, and a number of accidental impediments, such as the fact that religion makes music subservient to words in its services, that sentimentality finds a vague background of pleasing sound an agreeable accompaniment to its outpourings, and similar circumstances which will occur to anyone who thinks of the matter. It is perhaps not wholly whimsical to regard as a straw which may show the direction of the current the recent publication of a song by a European composer in which the voice ends abruptly upon the sub-dominant, while the accompaniment goes on to the ordinary conclusion on the tonic. This is at least an indication that the writer did not hold to the old tradition that the vocal part was the work and the instrumental portion a setting; and it has the appearance of his regarding voice and instrument as on the same plane, an idea which must appear irritatingly novel to the ordinary admirer of songs, who begins to talk or to applaud the instant the voice ceases, wholly ignoring the fact that the instrument may still have the composer's final thought to add. In the same direction look the songs of composers like Jensen, Lassen, Nicolai, and Kjerulf, in which the voice is not only not made of more importance than the piano, but of which it is hardly too much to say that not infrequently the vocal part appears little more than an accompaniment to the instrumental portions.

That popular music will ever be freed from words is not to be supposed; but that classical music will ultimately employ the human voice without them is the legitimate conclusion from the study of the progress of music thus far; and it is a conclusion, moreover, which is most absolutely proven by the splendid works of the master who has just closed a life devoted to demonstrating the contrary.



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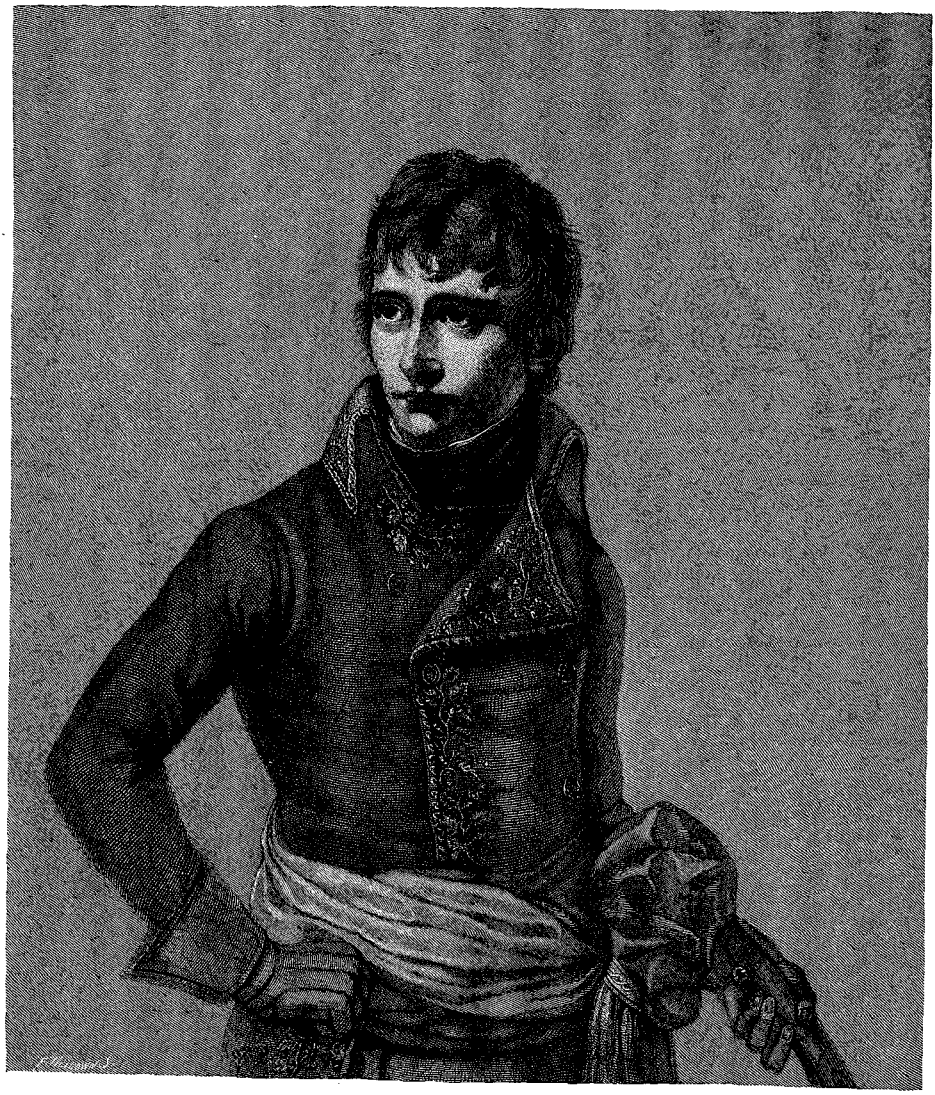

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